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By ANNA C. ELLIS-REIFSNIDER

Author of "How She Earned It," etc., etc.

"Pride hath no glass
To show itself, but pride."
—*Shakespeare*

TRADE MARK.

ST. LOUIS MO.
THE ANNA C. REIFSNIDER BOOK CO.
PUBLISHERS

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1893,
BY THE ANNA C. REIFSNIDER BOOK CO.,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

In Memory of My Father.

2132344

CHAPTER I.

"Two long, long years!"

A pair of dark eyes swam in tears, and two cherry lips quivered as Juliet Hudson said, or rather sighed, these words.

She had just completed an exquisite toilet, and stood a moment before a mirror to see if the picture reflected there was adorned with perfect taste.

The tears and trembling lips certainly did not please her, for she dried the former upon a lace handkerchief, and resolutely compressed the latter.

"It shall never be said of me, that I hesitated to do anything to please those I love, and who love me, when I know it is the best thing to do. I should only be too glad to go."

But the tears did not cease to flow so quickly, nor the red lips remain compressed; and being quite alone and feeling that it was a good opportunity to indulge them, she sank down in a velvet chair and gave way to one of those little showers of tears which come to us like April rains, that freshen and revive, and after which the sun seems to shine more resplendent than before.

When Juliet stood before her mirror again she was more pleased with her reflected image, for it was a very rainbow in its brightness.

She was going to Europe to complete her education and finish music and painting. Going away for two years! It was the first time in her life that she had ever anticipated a separation from her parents and brother, and — was there another whose name came first in her thoughts? perhaps, but we write it last — Constantine Jeffrey.

Her friends were to come this evening to say good-bye, for the ship would sail in two days, and as Juliet consulted her watch she saw that it was time for the guests to gather in the drawing-room below, and she descended to assist her mother to welcome them.

"Two years!" Belle Morton, Juliet's favorite friend, uttered the words as she stood before *her* mirror, arranging the soft lace about her throat in preparation to be one of Juliet's guests that evening. Her cold, white face wore a look of triumphant joy, and her steel-blue eyes glittered as she uttered the words that had caused Juliet's tears to flow, and her lips to quiver as imagination spread out before her a weary waste of water that would divide her for two long, long years from all that was dear to her on earth.

Why was it that Belle, Juliet's most devoted friend, should speak the same words in such a different tone?

Why? Why is it that friends are always crossing each other in some cherished plan or purpose in this life?

Why is it that those who seem so happy to have our love and confidence, and strive so hard to win them, when they succeed would be happier still to have us beyond the sea?

Among the friends of Juliet whom she welcomed in the drawing-room that evening were Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Sr., and their daughter Belle; Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Morton; a young Spaniard, an admirer of Belle's; Herr von Stein, Juliet's master in drawing and painting, and Mrs. Hellwald, his sister (the latter two of whom were to be Juliet's traveling companions abroad), and last, but not least, the Rev. Constantine Jeffrey, Juliet Hudson's betrothed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, Abbe and Juliet mingled among their guests with that sincere cordiality and unaffected effort to please that rendered them the most charming hosts in the world. As upon all such occasions, by mutual understanding, after the first hour, they were grouped off, each little circle complete in itself, with an occasional conversation that became general.

Mrs. Morton, Sr., who was a loud-spoken woman affecting much knowledge, and usually monopolizing the conversation wherever she was, and whoever was present, after the first greeting all round, called Mr. Jeffrey to her side, and at once took him to task for something she had heard him say in his sermon the Sabbath before; and then continued to give him her interpretation of that portion of the Scripture, with many tosses of her head, and affected folding and unfolding of her arms, much to the annoyance of that gentleman, and to the amusement of Abbe Hudson.

After Mrs. Morton had exhausted the theme upon which she had first addressed Mr. Jeffrey, observing that

his glance was frequently directed towards Juliet, who was engaged in an animated conversation with Alvah Morton, the Spaniard and Belle, she said:

"What a bewitching creature Juliet is! Strange that she is so little spoiled. She makes every one her willing slave. There is Alvah Morton, for instance, a perverse, contradictory man, who will differ with, and maintain a point against every living creature except Juliet Hudson. But from her sarcasm, her scorn, he shrinks like a child; and a word of approbation from her is worth more to him than that of any learned sage of this century."

Mr. Jeffrey saw no deeper than the speaker's words, and they pleased him. For, if Juliet could influence a man like Alvah Morton, of unquestionable attainments, it was a surer test of her power than to be able to influence fifty shallow society women. And he observed with pleasure that Mrs. Morton was right. He did *not* observe, as Mrs. Morton intended he should, that both Juliet and Alvah Morton seemed to strive each to please the other, and that Mrs. Morton, Jr., looked on from her place in the window, with a sad, weary look, that sometimes changed into one of indignation.

"The time has not come," Mrs. Morton, Sr., whispered, "I can wait! Juliet is going abroad."

Alvah Morton stood beside the piano, and turned the leaves of music, Juliet played and sang. He praised her execution and her voice. What she loved best he praised most; and for no living being could Juliet Hudson perform so well as for Alvah Morton.

Why? Had you asked her, she would have said:

"He is my father's friend. He has encouraged me, and aided me, since my childhood, with his knowledge and accomplishments. He is a musicial and art critic, and what he tells me I know is true, and his praise is worth more than that of most of men. He is a literary man, and has done much to develop my taste in that direction. Through him I hope to attain a higher degree of perfection in music, art and literature than I could hope for without such a friend."

Why? Had you asked Morton, what his answer would have been takes much of this story to reveal.

Mr. Morton, Sr., was a small, quiet man, who was seldom seen in company with his wife and daughter, except at Mr. Hudson's house.

There never was a married couple more unlike in taste and disposition than Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Sr. They were second cousins, and bore the same name before marriage, which seemed to be her husband's only redeeming trait in Mrs. Morton's eyes.

Mr. Morton, Sr., was a literary man, and given to the most lofty flights of fancy. The facetious Abbe Hudson had invented a wonderful story, the only solution, he declared, of this strange marriage, which was: That Mr. Morton, being given to aerial flights of soul, had at one time remained absent from his tenement of clay longer than was good for either soul or body; for when he returned, he found the present Mrs. Morton in peaceable possession, and that he gradually realized that she had even been married to himself during his

absence, and that henceforth he was to remain bound to earth. He bowed his neck to the yoke, and had ever since been a meek, obedient husband. But any one who observed him and his wife, could readily see, that how they came to be united was as great a mystery to Mr. Morton as it could possibly be to any one else. He habitually wore a doubtful, mysterious appearance, and never seemed to have recovered from the shock his unnatural marriage had given him.

Abbe Hudson confidently affirmed that his theory of this marriage was correct, and that if he had written it out and given his manuscript to Washington Irving to embellish, it would have excelled any legend he had written of the Alhambra.

Mr. Alvah Morton was a journalist of note, and connected with one of the leading papers of New York. Things seemed strangely reversed in his family. Mr. Morton, Jr., was the undisputed head of the family; and his wife, a shy, timid creature, seemed only an echo of himself.

Just before the guests withdrew Mr. Alvah Morton said to Juliet:

"Now that I have marked your improvement in music, let us repair to the studio and see what you have been doing there."

Juliet acquiesced and invited all to accompany them to the studio. Mr. Jeffrey, stepping across the room, with a gallant smile offered his arm to Mrs. Alvah Morton, and going out immediately after Juliet and Alvah Morton, they were followed by all in the room.

Herr von Stein had preceded them to the studio by an hour, and sat near the window reading, but rose with a pleasant smile when his pupil entered.

The studio, a long hall-like room, was a most charming place. There were studies from Raphael and from Michael Angelo, original designs, and scenes from Juliet's favorite authors — all showing a competent and enthusiastic master, and a gifted, almost inspired pupil. Prominent among them were illustrations from David Copperfield.

David Copperfield making his appearance before his aunt, a ragged, dirty boy, with a face full of sad, tender anxiety, while he notices her look of horror as she surveyed him, when he says: "Please, Aunt, I am your nephew."

Herr von Stein pointed out the peculiar beauties of each picture.

Here again is David Copperfield and his Child-wife. A vision of loveliness was Juliet's conception of that sweet child, who took such hold of Copperfield's admiration, while the true, earnest, faithful Agnes held his heart.

"Ha!" ejaculated Herr von Stein, stroking his long white beard, "I am proud of this."

"A sweeter face never lay upon canvas than fraülein's ideal Dora. See Copperfield's face as he looks upon it; admiration, tenderness and sympathy beam from his eyes. But there is something lacking; the expression is almost painful. See how correctly fraülein read his heart, and put it on his face.

"But, here" — and turning to another picture — "here is Copperfield in his glory. He leans over his aunt's chair and presents Agnes after *their* engagement. Such a face is Agnes'! So pure, so spiritual, so beautiful only in the sublime purity and faith of her love, and yet more beautiful in that than all else could make it, that I believe the same spirit that moved Dickens' pen to portray her character touched fraülein's brush when she painted that face. See Copperfield now; the sad, unrestful lines are gone. She has read his heart truly, and painted the effect of this higher, holier, better love in every feature."

As Herr von Stein spoke his face grew radiant, and he drew, as if accidentally, though really with design, his pupil to himself, and away from Morton, who stood like one entranced before that picture, wondering if any one else traced, as he did, the likeness of Mr. Jeffrey through all these pictures of Copperfield, and the more perfect resemblance to him in the last.

What strange and different emotions stirred the breasts of each, as they gazed upon the work of the gifted Juliet.

"What is this we have here?" said Morton, at last, turning aside, and taking up a manuscript the artist had dropped when he rose to greet them.

"O! that is *bewunderungswürdig!* I require fraülein to write out for me her criticisms of Masters, that is, the peculiar and striking characteristics of each, which are as marked as can be, and which few thoroughly understand and appreciate. I doubt if you,

mein Herr, could draw out more forcibly the subtle change wrought by the softening touch of Raphael's pencil, from the deep, bold stroke of Michael Angelo. Such a future as lies before her! Michael Angelo had four souls, so has fraülein. If she can do this from the imperfect imitations she has seen only let her soul meet his in the Sistine Chapel!"

So the enthusiastic artist continued, while Juliet heard with a smile, and a look of admiration for her master, but with a quiet reserve, as she surveyed her own work (no piece of which had ever reached her aim), as one does who feels "I have made an earnest effort; it pleases those who love me, but it is far from perfect."

Nothing had ever soothed Mr. Jeffrey's feelings in parting with Juliet to go abroad as the artist's words — "Let her soul meet Michael Angelo's in the Sistine Chapel."

Juliet! *his* Juliet, meet, comprehend, appreciate, copy, *perhaps equal or excel Michael Angelo.*

When the artist was left alone again in the studio he stood before the picture of Copperfield and Agnes. Like Morton he traced the perfect likeness to Jeffrey in David's face, softened perhaps, and more charming than any one's eyes but hers had ever seen it, but surely Jeffrey's face; and the artist, with arms folded upon his breast, and features white as his floating beard, gazed upon it with glittering eyes.

"Such a future as is before her! I said it; I say it still! But it is a future of brightest joy or deepest

woe! Do I read her aright? When this proud, arrogant heart proves false will she droop and die? Will she sit down among the colors and brushes with idle hands, never to believe in absolute beauty again — to lose her faith in all else when it is lost in him? Will this wonderful inspiration forsake her? Will she no longer sound the depths and scale the heights of human woe and joy, and with an inspired hand spread it out before her? Will the heavens be a blank scroll, no longer unfolding visions of glory and lifting her up in spirit to glimpses of the eternal throne? Oh, if I could only tell this! Will a long blank mark the period of her life that should accomplish most; or when she sees the hollow pretense of his love — when she weighs the dross measured out for her pure gold — will she scorn all earthly love and material life, and soar away from it forever? Tell me, ye gods, who seem to vie in endowing her with gifts — tell me, when this battle comes betwixt the spirit and the clay, which shall the victor be? When her love for him is dead, as it will be when she understands him, will her heart be utterly dead, too; will the spirit have received so great a shock that, robbed of its anchor — love, it will drift about on an uncertain sea, and at last be wrecked upon a rock of infidelity or go down in a whirlpool of despair?"

Having given vent to his emotion in burning words, the artist, weary with his own vehemence, paced the long room with a nervous tread, while the shadows of the declining day gathered over the city, and the pict-

ures and the statuary in the library began to appear in uncertain shapes.

Juliet bade her guests good-bye, and for a moment clung to Belle with a long, loving caress that showed plainly how truly and tenderly she loved her.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Jeffrey was not only a handsome man, but in every word and gesture betokened something superior, both by birth and education, to the generality of men. He was too unbending and formal in his manner to be in harmony with his handsomely fitting clergyman's suit, yet there was something so bright in his smile, so like a sudden burst of sunlight over a handsome picture, that it surprised and attracted one.

Juliet was rather tall, with a slender, willowy form, oval face, clear, olive complexion, regular classic features, bright cherry lips, and great, glowing, dark eyes, shaded by fringes of jet black lashes, and an exquisite brow. Natural and unaffected as a child, every movement was full of grace. Upon this occasion she wore a black lace dress. A bunch of pomegranates of brilliant scarlet hue pinned at her throat heightened the color in her cheeks. Her ebon hair was wound in a heavy coil low upon her shapely neck and held by golden arrows. Her jewels, ear-rings, necklace and bracelets were of pure Etruscan gold and finest workmanship.

And yet, Juliet's chief beauty did not consist of what has just been described. Her charm was in her presence; her rich, clear, pure voice, with its perfect modulation; her sunny smile; her great, dark eyes, from

whose depths a joyous spirit, unconquered and unstained, beamed forth. The broad, low brow, smooth as polished ivory, seemed never to have been contracted by unpleasant thoughts. Her heart was so full of sweet music and gushing happiness that it flowed over, brightening her face with a strange, rare beauty, and filling her voice with a tender, thrilling melody.

Mr. Jeffrey remained after the other guests were gone, and had Juliet all to himself for an hour or so. The blinds were closed and the gas turned on. Juliet was now a different creature. The proud light of her eyes softened as they returned his look of love, the warm color stealing over her cheeks as she heard his words of praise and encouragement, showed Juliet Hudson in her most bewitching mood — as different a creature from what she appeared in the crowded room as if she were not the same — a household angel, a loving, lovely, tender woman. Mr. Jeffrey drew her near to him, called her endearing names, and told her how proud he was of her.

"How sweet it is to strive, Constantine, for such a precious reward. There is no labor in the effort. God has bestowed these gifts upon me, has given me the grand opportunity of improving them, and has made me so happy in your love, that nothing I can accomplish can show half my gratitude. If I were poor, I sometimes think, it would be sweet to toil through every difficulty to prove my devotion."

She folded her hands in a thoughtful, child-like way, and looked up into his face with a worshiping idolatry,

which so softened and beautified every feature, that his proud heart in answer said:

"God knows where to bestow His best gifts, and casts not His pearls to swine. There would not be so much merit, darling, if you were poor, and had to strive to win fame and fortune with your God-given talents. Poverty has developed genius that gold would have hidden and suffered to die in its infancy. There is bread and butter in the genius of the poor. They fight their weary way with the energy with which the woodman plies his axe in the forest. But you, my love, Fortune's darling, spending your time to brighten heaven's glorious gifts, looking out upon beauty to reproduce it, seeking the higher, purer life through earnest effort and methodical labor, when you have but to wish for the luxurious idleness and ease that money brings and it is yours, is to me far more grand than any achievement Necessity was ever the mother of. Ah, Fortune's darling shall accomplish through love's inspiration nobler things than Poverty's haggard sons and daughters have ever dreamed of, in my Juliet! my love! my life!"

He told her then of places in Europe she must visit, of pictures she must see, scenery she must copy, until Juliet felt glad to know that she was going. How hard she would work — how much she would accomplish.

"Constantine, I will go gladly. Not that I care to accomplish grand things for the world's applause. My life-work is to strengthen my better nature, to exalt and purify my soul, to lift me above the grosser things of

life, to make me — oh, Constantine — to make me dearer to you; to show my gratitude for the blessing of your love. My work may be sold and the proceeds given to the poor, or treasured up by those who love me; so that life's rosary tells its prayer each day, turning on in one completed row, with the crucifix ever before me, reminding me of His life of labor and of love."

Could mortal man possess a greater treasure than the love of such a heart, awakened to the highest, holiest, purest faith in God, and to His image, man?

Did Constantine Jeffrey value his treasure rightly; did he even understand what he possessed?

The next day was warm and rainy, but Juliet remembered an errand that she must attend to, and while in the city went into a restaurant to enjoy an ice-cream.

When half way down the long room she perceived a drooping figure sitting at a table alone, and, recognizing it as Mr. Morton, Sr., seated herself beside him. It was a gloomy day — the rain now pattered, now poured, but never ceased to fall.

Her cheery voice aroused him from a deep and apparently painful revery.

"Is it really you, Juliet, or have my thoughts materialized?" he said, looking up with an effort to smile.

"Then you were thinking of me?"

"Yes; thinking that, of all the world, this dark day I had rather see your bright face. It is a dark day without and a gloomy day within. I wanted to be alone."

"Alone! and come into a public dining room?"

"O, yes, here I am alone, for I know none of the faces I see, and no one recognizes me. At home I am surrounded by people I must entertain, but for whom I care nothing, and who care nothing for me. It is strange, but it is true, that in my own house I am more utterly alone than in a public one. But, excuse me, I must not speak of this even to you. You say, in your little German chatter, '*Das Leben ist zu kurz.*' I say to-day as I have often said before, Life is too long." And his head drooped wearily between his hands.

"Come, cheer up! You are not well." Juliet tried to smile, but his words, tone and manner had shocked her.

"Ah! I am often not well. I am often weary, and need quiet, peaceful rest. But where on God's great earth am I to find it? Rest for mind and body! God pity the man who has a house, and no home! O, this wretched, wretched world!"

Juliet recalled her own morning psalm, when, with clapsed hands and eyes raised in ecstatic joy, she had cried, "O! the beautiful, beautiful world, that God in His goodness has made!"

In vain Juliet strove to draw his mind away from some brooding melancholy. When she left him the memory of his sad face haunted her; and if ever she had questioned the goodness of Belle Morton it was on that day.

Never had her own parents seemed so dear, or their

own parlor so bright, as when they gathered together that night. Shut out from all the great, noisy world, Juliet recalled more than once the drooping figure, the sad face and despairing voice of Belle's father. And then thought of his house, which doubtless at that moment was the scene of a brilliant social gathering, where his wife and daughter mingled with smiles and gossip and all the fashionable small-talk of the season, and to-morrow's paper would contain a glowing account of the evening at the unhappy husband's and father's house.

What a sarcasm upon their religion!

"God pity the man who has a house and no home!" How often did Mr. Morton's words come with a sad voice to Juliet's heart. And she thought of how many Mr. Mortons there are. How many men have houses and no homes, land and no resting-place. And her great pitying heart cried:

"God pity the man who has no home, where he may feel, 'here I am safe from every temptation. Here, when all things else have failed me, I may return for love and sympathy!' Ah! God pity the man who has no home!"

Juliet looked round upon her own happy home! Whose heart was so free from desolation as her own dear father's and her manly brother's? Whose face so beautiful and beloved as her dear mother's, whose life-work had been to beautify home and exalt home-life, and who had taught her to share the task from her earliest childhood. Never in her life had Juliet Hud-

son kissed them all a more fervent good-night than she did this dark night, so bright within her own home.

Mr. Hudson's words to Herr von Stein just before their departure were:

"My daughter is not going abroad with a view of studying any one thing, but to increase her knowledge of the literature and art of the Old World; to study the countries and the people. Therefore, take her everywhere worth seeing, regardless of expense; aid her with your experience and knowledge to make good use of the time and opportunity."

"I understand," said the artist. "At first I was under a different impression. I thought she was to go abroad to perfect herself in painting, but I see your view is broader than one art. Fräulein need not be a professional nor a specialist — she must excel in all things."

"She could not be a specialist if she would. My theory is, a liberally educated person excels the specialist in his own specialty. My object in allowing her to go abroad is to give her pleasure, and to fit her for the highest sphere a woman can adorn — a home! She has chosen wisely in the effort to improve her talents in earnest study, rather than waste her life in society and fashion. She can be a better daughter, a better friend, a better sister, and a better wife, with the right kind of culture, and that is the kind she seeks. But, Juliet has been taught that culture is a blessing *only* when it is the means of raising us to a higher and purer life, and a truer appreciation of our

life-work; but that it can be carried to such an excess as to bring destruction upon nations and individuals. To gain true wisdom, and apply it in our daily life, should be the aim of the wise and good; not to search for knowledge in science or in art as an excuse for neglecting the sacred duties of life. The most useful knowledge has been attained while on the post of duty, from observation. Knowledge that is not rightly applied for the promotion of human welfare, and in strict conformity with the Divine command, is a curse. The wife or daughter whose knowledge renders her less fitted to fill the place God assigned her had better be ignorant. The nation that seeks to educate and cultivate her sons and daughters without a true application of knowledge to the great principles of government will fall.

* * * * * *

The ship is on the sea. Juliet having left all that was dear to her on earth behind, with true heroism resolved not to look back. All the energy of her nature now was bent upon her journey and its object, and in conversation with Mrs. Hellwald and Herr von Stein she more frequently alluded to her plans and to their travels than to home and friends.

Mrs. Hellwald was of the highest type of German character. She was naturally intelligent and well read; an ardent sympathizer with youth, never having forgotten her own. She was thoroughly American in politics and habits, but had fond memories of her

Fatherland. Juliet felt proud to be the instrument of giving a fellow-creature so much joy as Mrs. Hellwald felt in the journey, and Mrs. Hellwald seemed determined to repay her kindness with a cheerful face and pleasant words.

She told Juliet stories of her youth, described her home, and speculated on the changes that had probably taken place in Heidelberg, where she still hoped to find many of her old friends and relatives.

CHAPTER III.

One year from the time our party left America we find them in the beautiful German city of Heidelberg. They had spent the previous winter in Florence, where Juliet had worked with a new and more powerful inspiration. Juliet found Heidelberg a delightful summer resort, and one of the places in Europe which is not overrated. They had engaged four rooms on the Anlage, the popular promenade of the city.

Juliet and the artist were systematic in their labors, employing the morning hours in music, drawing and painting. She had secured the services of an excellent teacher in vocal and instrumental music, and rented a fine instrument. The afternoon had its pleasures free from any thought of work. The walk over the hills, or drive outside the city, varied occasionally by the rainy day which kept them indoors, when the hours were spent in games or conversation, and the pleasant task of writing to her parents, brother and betrothed; or the pleasant reunions where Juliet joined Herr von Stein's and his sister's friends, and they formed a happy group of reunited hearts. Here was the home of their childhood and youth, and Juliet had never enjoyed anything so much as Herr von Stein's and Mrs. Hellwald's delight in everything connected with these reunions.

Juliet was toasted and flattered and petted by all. "*Die kleine Amerikanerin*" won their hearts with her pleasant manners and sweet German. Herr von Stein had said to Juliet when they first reached Germany:

"Now, not one word of English, and I will guarantee that during this summer, with constant practice, you will become quite an improvement upon the "American-German," or the language as you so often hear it spoken in the United States."

His words were verified, and she entered now into conversation with them upon all subjects with perfect freedom and ease.

It would take a large volume to describe these pleasant reunions. They are only mentioned as one of the greatest sources of enjoy ment of the artist's and his sister's journey, and a consequent pleasure and diversion for Juliet. There were among them artists, authors and musicians, in whose companionship Juliet learned to appreciate the true worth of the German mind and heart; and she often questioned which evenings were fraught with most benefit to herself, those which brought together the educated and cultured, and was a purely intellectual feast, or those evenings when only a few of Mrs. Hellwald's lady friends called, and the time was spent in recalling the past lives of each during the long years of separation, where the heart spoke to heart, as it were for the last time, for it was not probable they would ever meet again. There were many missing, and they must recite to her the last days of the absent ones' earthly pilgrimage. There

were new faces, and she heard with interest how many years ago they first appeared. Some had been successful and happy, others unfortunate and miserable.

Mrs. Hellwald was a most thorough American in all her views. She recited to her friends incidents of her life; her sorrows in the death of her husband, and her struggle with poverty.

"But I was in America," she would add, "where the poor, if honest, are honored with the best, and have a fair show to rise. I found the noblest and best of assistance given me in the shape of work that I could do, and was well paid for it. I lived through it, and here I am in the dear old Fatherland once again."

There were quite a number of American girls in the city for the purpose of studying the language; but as Juliet had known none of them at home, she did not care to form their acquaintance.

Adjoining the house in which our party had rooms was a young American girl who watched Juliet with the deepest interest, and had made up her mind to know her. She, therefore, first formed the acquaintance of the artist, and asked him to introduce his young friend. The artist was so pleased with her that he at once said:

"Yes, I will take you with me right now. You will like Miss Hudson, and she will like you."

Juliet and Mrs. Hellwald were sitting near a window chatting and recalling the incidents of their journeying when a knock at the door disturbed them.

To the call "*herein*," Herr von Stein and his companion entered.

"Miss Hudson," he said, "this is Miss Johnston, of St. Louis. She wishes to know you and my sister, and will tell you all about how she comes to be so far away from the home she so tenderly loves."

Mrs. Hellwald and Juliet gave the young girl a warm welcome. She had a bright, sweet face; but had unmistakably been indulging in a good cry, which was not completed when the artist presented her to them, for the tears still glistened in her eyes, and in a moment flowed over upon her pretty cheeks.

"Are you not well?" asked Juliet, taking her hand and gently leading her to a sofa.

"Yes; only homesick."

The artist and his sister thinking it best to leave them alone for a little while, quietly withdrew.

"Now, let us see! What shall we talk about? Ah? I see, it would be difficult for you to be interested in but one thing. That dear home is in St. Louis?" said Juliet.

"Yes;" trying to dry her tears.

"And you came to Europe, as all Americans do, to see the sights and learn French and German?"

"I came because I thought my uncle and my brother wanted me to come."

"Then you have no parents?"

"No," she said, "I do not remember them at all. My uncle has been everything to me. My brother brought me here; and he is extending his travels round

the world. He took me all through England, France, Italy, and Switzerland."

"What do you study?"

"Music, German, and French."

"O! then yours is the beautiful voice we hear every morning. It is strange such a volume of music could burst from such a tiny throat."

"Uncle loves my voice, and is proud of it, and when I think of him I sing — or cry.

"You read of course?"

"I am afraid I do not as much as I should — but I am too homesick for anything now."

"Have you no acquaintance among the American girls here?"

"No, my brother introduced me to a few of them who were fresh from a fashionable boarding-school in New York, but they seemed as foreign to me as the natives."

Juliet readily perceived that this was a petted child of fortune, and also inferred that she had been brought up in comparative seclusion, before she made this remark.

"My uncle is a lawyer — a judge. We lived in New York until five years ago, when a number of English capitalists, who were interested in mines in the West, persuaded uncle to go to St. Louis for a few years to look after their interests. I have not formed many acquaintances there; but, O! I have such a dear home, and the kindest, best uncle in all the world."

"Do you understand German sufficiently to con-

verse with the people with whom you come in contact?"

"O, yes! besides my instructor has studied English."

Here Bertie wiped away her homesick tears, and laughed till tears of merriment stood in her eyes.

"It is about the only amusement I have had since Alexis left (I don't mean the Grand Duke of Russia, but my brother). This German teacher of mine is one of the kindest-hearted people I ever saw; but O, what English! He cannot pronounce the *th* at all, and only knows one synonym in English for a German word. He is a great admirer of our country, and loves to show me how well informed he is in our history and Constitution. He said to me one day, when ending a ludicrous speech on the subject: 'Ach! fraülein, George Washington was ein great man; er hat the greatest ghost von all together?'"

"I see," said Juliet, smiling, "he translates *Geist* ghost instead of mind. It is very amusing."

"Again, he told me one day that he knew a man who drank so much that he '*became a nose so grosz*'"; putting her hand to her face. "If he finds he has made an error, he says he 'didn't go to went to done it.' And one day when I had gone to the library he wrote me a note that read thus: '*Deer* Fräulein — Come home by 3; I will *meat* you then."

"Ha! ha! what a sweet little morsel he would have had."

"I think I never laughed so much over one little

mistake. I like the Germans, but, like all other nationalities, they are so *eingebildet.*" Bertie fell into the habit of frequently using a foreign word where she knew she was understood. "For instance, each one thinks he alone speaks the language correctly. When we came to Europe, a year ago, my brother, instead of rushing from place to place, remained long enough in one locality to become somewhat familiar with the peculiar characteristics of the inhabitants, and particularly in Germany, for the purpose of becoming familiar with the dialects spoken in the different localities — the South from the North German, the Berliner from the Darmstadtite, etc., etc — and was amused to hear each declare that he only spoke the most correct language, and it somewhat unraveled to us the mystery of German text-books. Oelsehläger and Otto are both standard authorities, and yet, you know, differ so widely in some instances in pronunciation, both claiming to be correct."

"Yes, it is a very strange phenomenon to an American, since all standard English authorities agree."

"One day since I have been in this city, I noticed a brother and sister in conversation; one of them I observed said *zee* and the other *sie;* and on remarking upon it, and asking them why, I found they had attended different schools, and the different teachers used the conflicting text-books; but each declared he or she was correct, and that the other did not speak a correct German, and knew nothing about it. After that I gave up all hope of ever learning correctly a

language where the best authorities could not agree. I made up my mind to try to make myself understood, and to understand them — in that I have pretty well succeeded."

Juliet was glad to see Bertie's mind diverted from her home, and encouraged her to continue relating incidents of her sojourn in Germany. She found her to be a bright, intelligent girl; a strange mixture of a tender woman and a merry child. Bertie gave evidence of the best and most careful home training and instruction; and Juliet became very much interested in this wonderful Judge and handsome brother who had done so much for the orphan girl.

"You shall come to see me every day," said Juliet as Bertie rose to go. "You must join us in our drives and walks."

"Yes," she answered, "while I remain I shall; but," she said, putting her hand on Juliet's shoulder, "I am going to run away."

"Run away! where, child, and with whom?"

"To America, to my uncle. I cannot wait until Alexis returns; I should die."

Kissing Juliet, and promising to see her the next day Bertie tripped off and disappeared like a fairy.

Juliet did not mention Bertie's intention of running away to the artist or his sister, but they spoke frequently of her during the evening, and each seemed attracted by her charming face and manner, and her devotion to her uncle.

CHAPTER IV.

Leaving Juliet to her studies and reflections in Europe, we turn again to her friends in America.

Mr. Jeffrey had met the Hudsons at Cape May the season before our story opens, and as Mr. Hudson had been a college friend of his father he sought his acquaintance — was introduced to Juliet, and at once bent all his energies to win her.

Mr. Jeffrey was ambitious in every signification of the term; he was a journalist of rare promise, but, after studying the surest plan of gratifying his ambition, he believed it to be through the ministry. He believed also, that much of a professional man's success depends upon his wife, and determined to choose wisely. He recognized in Juliet, though scarcely more than a child, all those traits of character so much admired by men, and striven for by women, and yet so rarely possessed, and he determined to make her his wife. He found Juliet the woman whom he sought, being trained just to suit his taste and his profession — proud, gifted, intellectual, beautiful, accomplished and wealthy. What pleased him more than all was that she knew nothing of so-called fashionable society. He was frank in his avowal to her father; and Mr. Hudson was not displeased, but told him that his plan for Juliet's education was not to be interfered with, and that, if he won

her love, he should have his consent, provided he would wait until her education was completed. This, of course, Mr. Jeffrey cheerfully agreed to, since it was in strict accordance with his own views.

Mr. Hudson knew Juliet to be anything but susceptible to ordinary attraction, and had no fears that his daughter's love could be won by an unworthy object.

Constantine Jeffrey was of a bold determined nature, and in nothing, so far in life, had he been more determined than to win Juliet Hudson's love; and when our story opens they had been engaged six months. She, too, was ambitious. Not as he was; but he had imparted something of his nature to her, without letting her see *too* deeply into his heart, and she, for love of him, whom she idolized, was willing to put forth all the energy of her nature to excel even his fondest hopes. He had only to suggest that she should accomplish a certain thing, and, if it cost her years of labor, she would have joyfully undertaken the task for one smile of approbation.

The idea of Juliet's going abroad had originated in Belle Morton's mind, but was looked upon so favorably by Mr. Jeffrey from the very inception, that Juliet, as we have seen, yielded to his wishes, and went to Europe.

Since Juliet's absence, Mrs. Morton and her daughter had devoted themselves most assiduously to the task of winning Mr. Jeffrey. His opinion was asked upon every subject, and they were tireless workers in

his church. He was the lion of all their entertainments; and Belle arranged to have him as her special escort whenever she chose, for was she not his affianced dearest friend, and must she not cheer him while his loved one was absent? Ah! she would talk of Juliet — no one but Juliet, if it pleased him; talk of, and praise her, if her own heart burst with jealousy, only to have him near her.

Mrs. Morton's house, since Juliet's departure, had been a scene of successive entertainments. Abbe Hudson, a young man of twenty, with a handsome face and merry eyes, was generally the life and spirit of all these gatherings. Not boisterous, but always gay, he was a most fascinating addition to any circle, and many bright eyes looked with peculiar interest at the young millionaire. Many people predicted that Belle Morton, the sister's favorite friend, would win the brother's heart. Mrs. Morton might have had such aspirations, so far as Abbe's inheritance was concerned, but united to a bigoted Hudson — as she inwardly termed them — there was little hope of any woman ever gaining a position in fashionable society. Mr. Hudson's money seemed a barrier to shut him off from the outside world, and only a few chosen friends gained access to his family circle. Mrs. Morton desired nothing so much as position, influence, notoriety, though she would have the world believe she sacrificed herself daily for the good of others.

Having known Mrs. Hudson when a girl, it had served her purpose to court her favor for her fortune's

sake, and after her marriage to Mr. Hudson (whose position and wealth was unquestionable), Mrs. Morton had clung with great tenacity to Mrs. Hudson, whose liberal hand, when an orphan and an heiress, had lavished luxuries upon her that her own purse could not have purchased.

Had Abbe not been "a chip from the old block," as she declared, she would have manœuvered to win him for Belle; but in doing so she would have defeated, signally, her most cherished plan. "A Hudson sets himself up as a king in his household, and rules absolutely every one within his realm. He chooses whom he pleases to enter his fortress, and closes his golden gate against the dazzling world." So she reasoned.

Mrs. Morton had almost despaired of finding a suitable companion for her daughter, through whom alone her hopes could be realized, until she met Mr. Jeffrey. And her plan was scarcely matured when she was informed of his engagement to Juliet. Nothing daunted, the good mother set carefully about the task, to impress the minister with the superior charms of Belle. In him she recognized the man through whom she might win the coveted position. He would be a demi-god! He would win the world to him, and make it subserve his wishes! From the altar he would grasp the reins! Having gathered into his fold society, with its wealth and influence, he would rule as master and monarch all around him. "So," she said complacently, "let Abbe learn from his proud father how to rule his little realm of worshiping hearts. Mr. Jeffrey, who can win with

his magnetic smile whomsoever he pleases, must be Belle's husband."

Ah! Mr. Jeffrey, secure in Juliet's love, spread his net carefully but confidently out, dragged his admirers close to him, and smiled upon them most benignly.

Mrs. Morton gloried in the name of being hospitable, and her doors were opened to anybody and everybody, for in this way she would become known throughout the length and breadth of the land; people would talk of her, of course, after being a guest in her house for several weeks. Indeed, it is safe to affirm that Mrs. Morton, Sr., neglected nobody — but her husband.

Mr. Hudson's family acted upon a different theory, and believed that good perverted is evil; that hospitality is a virtue, but when carried to excess amounts almost to crime. And they who neglect their own for the sake of others, sin against the Divine law; that the hospitality which renders home obnoxious, and drives any of its inmates to seek quiet and rest elsewhere, is a questionable virtue.

"Call it what you may," Mr. Hudson would say, "a man's home should be his castle, and nobody but his family has a claim upon it. Bread may be given from its doors, shelter extended until labor is secured for an outcast; but she who makes hospitality an excuse for idleness, and gives the time and attention to visitors which should be bestowed upon an overworked husband or child, commits a crime!"

The Hudsons had never accepted many of Mrs. Morton's religious maxims. For to have believed in

them would have been to accept a doctrine of fore-ordination, and predestination, which would have destroyed their simple christian faith of the truth, love, and justice of God. In other words, they must accept a theory which was in substance this: That God had created a family of people, and called them Morton, given them an inheritance of certain lands in the United States of America, and imbued them with a spirit of religious and political tyranny; had poured into their veins a kind of blood differing in color and quality from that of other mortals; had built His church upon this rock, and had given to the special care of the present Mrs. Morton the great key thereof, which had for so many years been erroneously supposed by pious Catholics to have been bestowed upon some one else hundreds of years ago; and that every man, woman or child who refused to accept Mrs. Morton's established views *upon any subject* was a heretic.

Mrs. Morton took upon herself the special care of converting the Hudsons from the error of their ways — which consisted in refusing to accept her views; to convince Mr. Hudson of the lack of wisdom in his Western plan; to persuade Mrs. Hudson into society, etc., etc.

Mr. Hudson only replied:

"People view wealth differently. Some prize it for the power and influence it gives. I care for it only as a means of securing independence and seclusion. I do not call the years that I have spent to gain it wasted, since now I can command advantages for my children

that they could not otherwise have had; but the greatest charm of it to me, is that I can take my family away to myself, and spend my remaining days in the enjoyment of their companionship."

He was immovable. She endeavored to make him understand that he owed a debt to the world that could only be repaid by being an active worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

"There shall be no complain t of my lack of generosity in the right direction; indeed my Western scheme is to buy land, and furnish employment for every man who will leave the crowded cities and accept healthful labor. I shall encourage and aid industrial schools, and homes for the helpless; but shall never countenance associations for breeding pauperism in the land."

"So the rich always say, and to people of moderate means is left the task of devising to aid the indigent."

"And, I hold, my dear madam, that if people of moderate means — in fact, if all classes of people would look well to the interests of their own families, there would not be so many indigent people to look after; for, it is frequently the case, that while women are from home, looking after jail-birds and paupers (most of whom are able to work), their own children go to the bad. I have kept my eyes open these many years, and, whatever other people may think, I adhere strictly to Channing's doctrine of associations, and practice it. If all parents looked first carefully to the training of their children, and to the comforts and welfare of home

all evil woul d be diminished more rapidly and effectually than it ever can be by charitable missions."

Mrs. Morton got little encouragement from Mr. Hudson and Abbe, who were both lovers of home, and knew that there could be no such thing as a home, without the ruling spirit of a devoted wife and mother there to keep the wheels of the machinery oiled with her own gentle hand, so that its creaking disturb not the household.

Mrs. Morton invariably, when defeated or contradicted in her theories, fell back on her favorite expression of the errors of the people of the present day and the enormity of the task imposed upon her of setting the world aright, and ofttimes rounded off her periods by the wish that Christ would come to relieve her of the task specially assigned her, and which she must perform until He came.

Nothing Mrs. Morton ever said irritated Abbe Hudson so much as this favorite expression. It happened once that she had been preaching her favorite doctrine, of looking after the poor, and berating rich people who wrapped themselves in a cloak of selfishness, and at length wound up with:

"O, dear! I wish that Christ would come; I do wish that Christ would come!"

Abbe answered, half seriously, half earnestly:

"I have no doubt, Mrs. Morton, but that you would do your best to entertain Him, if you put Miss Belle in the garret and Mr. Morton on the roof; but I do not believe that He would remain when He saw how much

you inconvenienced your family for Him; and when He found you *neglected your own for others, I do not believe He would reward you either.*"

From that time Mrs. Morton had hated Abbe as only a hypocrite can hate the being who reads his heart. The truth is, Mrs. Morton hated everybody whom she could not control. Not that she did not smile upon him as formerly, but she never forgot that one home-thrust.

After all, since they could not be managed by her, Mrs. Morton was not sorry when the Hudsons set out for the West. Mr. Jeffrey would be more lonely still, and visit Belle more frequently.

CHAPTER V.

" Die Flamme lodert, und die Sonne steigt
Ich fühl's, ich bin erhört! Habt Dank ihr Götter!

Nun hin! Dort an der Liebesgöttin Altar
Erfülle sich der Liebe dunkles Loos.

So zahle ich die letzte Schuld des Lebens —
Ihr Götter — nehmt mich auf! "

Juliet repeated these lines from Grillparzer's Sappho, as she contemplated her ideal picture which the poem had suggested. Herr von Stein and Mrs. Hellwald gazed upon it entranced, the former assuring her that it was her greatest success, and added :

" Only a touch of your skillful brush here and there, and you will have a picture that no living artist could excel."

It was a fresh, bright morning, and a cool breeze came sweeping down from the hills through the open windows. Inspired by the beauty of the day, Herr von Stein's words of praise, and more gratified with the result of her effort than anything which she had yet produced, Juliet took up her palette and brush and stepped back to see where the first stroke could improve the picture.

A foaming sea, and frowning rocks ; a solitary figure

with upturned face, her dark hair floating on the breeze, her arms thrown up and hands clasped in wild despair, her broken lyre crushed beneath one white foot, skillfully and with wonderfully powerful effect produced, made up a picture of living, breathing, despairing agony that caused Juliet's heart to beat high with hope and pride as she gazed upon it. The spirit of some great master had touched her brush. Aye, it seemed as if a host of spirit artists had suggested and directed those grand, powerful, masterful strokes in sea and sky, in face, in figure and in gesture.

Bertie Johnston stood still in the open door and gazed silently upon the fair artist and her fine execution several moments before she announced herself.

Bertie wore a pretty morning suit. Her hair hung in floating curls about her neck and shoulders, and partially concealed her white forehead. She had bright grey eyes, that sometimes seemed blue; a sweet mouth, and a pure, fair complexion, indicating the most perfect health. And as she stood in the doorway, swinging her hat by the strings, fearful to enter lest she should disturb them, and gazing with wondering admiration upon Juliet and the painting, the artist and his sister thought they had never seen a fairer or sweeter face.

"Do come in!" said Juliet, happening to turn her head and see her.

"I will if you will let me sit beside you and watch you work; if not, I must go home, for I see you are interested in what you are doing, and I would not disturb you."

"Very well;" Juliet resumed her seat and made room for Bertie to sit beside her, and allowed her to hold her palette, and hand her brushes. They would sit perfectly silent for minutes — Juliet deeply interested in her work, and Bertie almost holding her breath as she watched the effect of Juliet's skillful brush; then Juliet would pause, and ask Bertie questions, and insist that she should answer only in German.

During that morning they became still better acquainted. Bertie repeated little poems from Heine in German, and surprised Juliet by her correct, and sometimes beautiful, translation of them. They seemed attracted to each other more from the fact that neither had ever met just such a nature as the other. How different she was from Belle! What different feelings she awoke in Juliet's heart! And Bertie compared Juliet favorably with all the other girls she had ever met.

Their friendship in a short time ripened into a pure, trusting love, and they were inseparable, except when Bertie studied and recited her lessons. Juliet loved to hear her sing, and often they spent whole days together; for Bertie would practice in Juliet's room, and sing for the pleasure of Juliet, the artist, and his sister. They walked out over the hills, they drove, and Juliet had hoped that, as the weeks glided by, Bertie had forgotten to run away, until one morning, with every appearance of having indulged in another bitter cry, she came to her and said:

"I shall not remain with you this morning; I have only come to tell you that I am indeed going to run

away. I concluded last night that there is no use to try to wear this homesickness off. I determined to tell you, and you can speak to your friends about it, and perhaps save me some trouble. Don't try to dissuade me. If you refuse to help me, then you force me to act for myself. I will surely get sick. Waking or dreaming, I see my dear uncle sitting alone in that great house, grieving about his Bertie, yet writing me long, cheerful letters, and praising me. I know he has to drink bad coffee and sloppy tea; I know he has nobody to read his paper for him, or to peel his orange at breakfast, or to bring his slippers and dressing-gown when he returns home, tired out, in the evening. Truth is, he is a most shamefully neglected dear! No one but servants there."

She broke down, and after a few more sobs continued:

"I know he sits alone evenings, and thinks of me. I know he dreams of me, and wakes up to find that I am far away; and turns over to sleep, only to dream of me again. Oh! I can't bear it! I will run away! He was so unselfish to let me come, because he thought it best for me; but he cannot make a brilliant woman of Bertie Johnston."

Juliet promised to speak to her friends about it and then proposed a walk. They went out into the city, and up over the hills, but Bertie's mind was too full of her plan to return home to be diverted. She could see no beauty in nature. Her uncle's lonely face was reflected in the skies. The trees whispered about it, and the breeze sighed about it.

"I rather think," said Herr von Stein, "it would be better to humor her. It would be an easy task to find American tourists returning now, and I will at once make it my duty to find a suitable party in whose care to place her."

It was soon arranged, and one morning they kissed Bertie good-bye, as she stood, with a radiant face, upon the steamship A——, which sailed from Hamburg, whither they had accompanied her.

"She would have gone alone," said the artist, wiping his eyes, "bless her heart! She said to me, 'Ah! I believe, at times, that I could walk across the ocean dry-shod.'"

Bertie said good-bye, with the promise to write to them, and to see them as soon as she heard they had arrived in America.

The nights were fine, but Juliet's good-bye to Bertie had made her heart ache for home, too. When she retired she could not sleep, and, lured by the moonlight, rose from her bed, and sat beside her window. The city was wrapped in slumber, while the distant hills, like sentinels, kept vigil over it. It was a habit of hers, if wakeful, to rise and look out upon the night, whether the moon or stars brightened it or whether the street lamps alone pierced the darkness. It was a time to reflect, to recall the visions of home and friends; to study herself. She realized that she was undergoing a mysterious change. She could not understand it. She knew that the artist and his sister perceived it; she saw it reflected in her mirror, and yet she could not explain

it. Somehow life seemed to have taken a deeper hold upon her; the bright, joyous eyes were sometimes thoughtful, and, the artist thought, too earnest in expression. No one was more puzzled than Juliet; she was not unhappy, she was not sad, but somehow the shadow of a great mysterious change was falling about her, and she seemed to be gathering together all the strongest elements of her nature to resist some awful gloom, some impending evil, that imperceptibly and inevitably was just beginning to close in around her. She did not know from whence it came; she would not have spoken of it lest she should fail to make herself understood; yet she waited daily for this feeling to be revealed to her in some tangible shape. But the days passed, the nights came in their beauty, and she gazed out upon them; but the twinkling stars and the silver moon whispered naught of the mysterious future that was being woven for her; whether of silver, or gold, or iron threads, who could tell?

Her mother had written her that they were living now in their Western home; had described the house, the furniture, and the grounds. Juliet pictured her loved ones far away, recalled each face and voice, and thought how sweet it would be to be with them once more, and to know that never again while life should last would they be separated so long.

To be at home with Constantine! But why was it she felt the mysterious shadow draw nearer to her, and grow darker when she thought of him? Was there some great sorrow in store for her, with which he was

connected? Would death rob her of him? Ah! surely death only could part them.

And thus Juliet would muse, looking out upon the sky, the church towers, the hills — all seemed peacefully to sleep beneath Night's sable veil. She thought of how many, like herself, might then be looking out upon the silent city, the distant hills, and moon and stars, pondering some great problem of this life, which grows more mysterious to us year by year as we grow in strength and education, and causes us sometimes, like Euripides, to ask: "Who knows, if life be not death, and death life?" Are we not dead and buried so long as the spirit is imprisoned?

CHAPTER VI.

There was a grandeur in the picturesque hills, and craggy bluffs, the uneven, broken earth, covered with cedars of various sizes, suspended, it seemed, in the frosty mid-air; the moisture from the rocks seized by the frost and held fast in glittering enchantment; the stillness, unbroken even by the note of a bird, which made a picture of Nature's beauty that held the members or the Hudson household mute in admiration.

The 20th day of December, 18—, Hagar walked out upon the observatory; Abbe stood upon the upper veranda, and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, from the parlor window gazed out upon the scene of white glory glittering in the morning sun. The river lay still and cold in its winding-sheet of death. Indeed, it seemed that the Winter King had exhausted himself in his work of beauty over hills, trees and rocks, and, reaching the valley below, had fallen asleep in the contemplation of his own handiwork, and that Nature was holding her breath till he awoke.

At length Abbe joined his parents, with a merry "good morning," and said:

"I wonder if Juliet feasts her eyes upon a grander view this morning than is spread out before us. A kiss, mother mine, for your birthday. Many joyous returns of this blessed day."

"Hagar says that breakfast is waiting," said Mr. Hudson, "after which we will see who has given your mother most substantial proof of devotion."

Mrs. Hudson took an arm of her husband and son, and they repaired to the cheerful breakfast-room where a tempting country repast was spread.

Mrs. Hudson had taken unusual pains with her toilet, though she was always carefully dressed; and the happy memories of this day, forty-five times told, made her face very bright, especially since her husband had just said:

"Five and twenty years ago to-day, Felicia, you became my queen, and are lovelier this morning and more beloved than on that day."

Abbe, fair-browed, bright-eyed Abbe, now sports a moustache, and is broad-shouldered and strong.

The meal was enjoyed, and enlivened by pleasant conversation, after which they returned to the parlor, where the servants were busy opening boxes and packages.

Neither father nor son were wounded when the fond wife and mother, with trembling fingers, began first to unpack the foreign packages, the box containing which had been opened by the thoughtful Hagar's directions, and there, sure enough, packed carefully, lay the image of their child.

"Juliet!" burst from the lips of all, in one joyous greeting. Mr. Hudson and Abbe took the portrait from the case, and placing it upon the table they all stood back to gaze upon it. A breathing image of

the pride of their hearts. Juliet! Juliet! but what a change! A round, full figure; an earnest, thoughtful face; a woman, with faultless features, and great, glowing eyes, and cherry lips that seemed half open, as if about to speak.

"This is Herr von Stein's masterpiece," they cried.

"What is this?" said Hagar stooping, and lifting another picture from the same box.

The same form, the same features, but with sightless eyes raised up, and written underneath, in Herr von Stein's writing, the word "Faith." The pictures were placed side by side, and other boxes were opened containing specimens from Juliet's own brush. The servants all came in — all pronounced the pictures perfect, and each seemed proud of the beauty of their gifted young mistress.

When they had been shown everything, and retired, the parents and Abbe again sat down before the glowing fire. How perfect that household picture was. The sweet-faced mother; the calm, dignified father; the strong, vigorous son. Each turning his eyes now to see some new charm in that pictured face, so dear to all, and then to her own paintings, with a new comment upon her improvement.

"Please God," said Mr. Hudson, "Felicia, while we live, this is your last birthday that shall find a vacant chair in our midst."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Hudson; "these have been weary years; but summer will soon be here again, and with it comes our Juliet."

Hagar had lowered the crimson curtains, for she declared the reflection of the sun on the snow made the light too dazzling to bear. She returned later with a tray of rosy-cheeked apples, and glasses and sweet cider, and putting them before the glowing fire said:

"Mistress, I wish you much joy, and many returns, as the white folks say. I have been thinking this is just such a day as the one on which you were born. I was eight years old, but I remember it better than other things that have happened many years since; for I was made nurse to the new baby; and I know how jealous all the other darkey children were, for each one had expected to be raised to that position of honor. I was called the 'half-breed,' and hated by them on account of my Indian blood. I remember when your grandmother said, 'Hagar is faithful, Hagar is strong, Hagar is careful — I rather think it shall be Hagar.' And then I was called in, and had new clothes put on me; a beautiful white apron, and my straight, coarse hair — that told the tale of my Indian blood — bound back with a red band. When I was dressed, Mistress (your mother) said: 'Let the child see herself;' and I was led by your grandmother to a large mirror to see my new self; then they laid in my arms the new baby. Many years have passed, Mistress, since then! but the half-breed servant loved the little baby, and I hope to-day, when five and forty years have passed, I have proven faithful to my trust."

She reached out both hands, and tears sparkled in

her small, black eyes. Mrs. Hudson took Hagar's hands, and laying them together, put her own fair one upon them and said:

"God has been very good to me, Hagar, and has blessed me, it seems, in every way — in my parents, now up in heaven; in my husband, the noblest man on earth; in my children, who are all I would have them be; and in yourself, no longer slave or servant, but my friend, whose cradle songs have lulled me to sleep — whose feet never wearied, before mine were strong enough to walk — whose fairy tales are fresh in my memory still — whose faithfulness has been to me one of the most beautiful things of my life. I have tried only to be as faithful to you as you have been to me."

It was only a dark servant bending over the hand of her mistress; but Abbe and Mr. Hudson were silent, with the feeling that it was a sacred tableau upon which they gazed, and wished the dark-eyed portrait whose eyes were fixed upon the scene were indeed the living Juliet, that she might fasten it upon the canvas.

When the little tableau was over Hagar turned to Mr. Hudson and said:

"Master, did I ever tell you how I first learned that names had a meaning?"

"No, Hagar, I believe not. Let's have it now."

"Well, no baby ever brought as much joy into one family as your wife. Her mother was an only child; her parents and husband worshiped her, and when this baby came everybody was wild with joy; of course the baby must have a name, which was talked of for a year,

and just such a day as this, when she was a year old, her mamma said to the family, who were loading her with presents: 'She has brought us all so much happiness, let us call her Felicia.' Afterwards they told me Felicia meant happiness. Since then I have never seen a person whose name was peculiar or unusual, or that I have liked or disliked the person, but I have found out the meaning of his name. But everybody don't seem to have chosen their children's names with regard to their meaning; but many of them suit as though they had; for instance, yours, master — Henry, the head or chief of a house — is well chosen. Constantine — resolute, firm. Alvah — Mr. Morton's first name — means *iniquity*. One would not suppose that his mother knew what that name signified; and I study their verses in the Bible. My mistress' is, "She stretches out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy."

Hagar had always been a privileged servant. Not more so since her freedom, which had been given her by her young mistress on her wedding-day, than before. She had been taught to read, and many times surprised them with her good sense, and ready application of what she learned.

The day drew to a close. The fire was replenished, and the curtains drawn closely; the shadows danced upon the wall, and, moving upon Juliet's picture, seemed to make her bosom heave, and gave the features a living, mobile expression.

"But why," mused Mrs. Hudson, "should Herr von

Stein take Juliet as a model for faith, and paint it sightless. What has he seen in my child that awoke this vision of a blind faith in his imagination? What! what! Is it her love for Mr. Jeffrey? Does Herr von Stein read him as her father does? Is his pride stronger than his love? O, my child! my child!"

The trio sat in the flickering light, each busy with his own thought — thoughts of one and the same person, and yet so different. But the book was sealed! not one could read a page.

We leave them in that dim, uncertain light, and cross the sea to Juliet. What thoughts now come to her?

CHAPTER VII.

While in Munich, Herr von Stein said to Juliet:

"Each city of Europe we visit must be made memorable by a gem of your own production. I have a fancy that you may make our stay in Munich particularly so by painting your conception of Little Nell."

"Oh! no," she answered; "what I cannot comprehend, I can not attempt to produce. Little Nell is a beautiful fancy of the author — most of his characters are living creatures; but I could no more comprehend Little Nell than I could her weak and wicked grandfather. Love to me has been so different a thing — those who have loved me have been so earnest to make me happy, so thoughtful and so good; so anxious to lift me higher and higher, that I cannot call the feeling love that caused the old man, Nell's grandfather, to do what would break the gentle, loving Nell's heart. To drag her hither and thither, heedless of her health and strength, even stealing her money, and so near being the robber of their benefactress. Oh, no! I can not conceive such an idea no more than I could imagine so pure and noble a child clinging with such a fond attachment to such a wretch."

Juliet's face paled at the very thought, and Herr von Stein looked at her with a new interest.

"Then you could not cling to and love one whose very love for you had become a disease (as it undoubtedly had in this case)? You could not cling to the object who" ——

"One moment, mein Herr; my idea is that love is such a high and holy thing, that even if it were to become a disease, as you suggest, it would be a disease of an exalted nature that could never stoop to do a degrading thing. No one who loved another would or could degrade that other by a single act, much less through a long series of years."

Herr von Stein turned away for a moment, and then asked:

"You do not believe that one can love a degraded object?"

"Impossible! I can no more comprehend such a thing than I can comprehend Nell being the grandchild of such a man."

"Then your love could not outlive shame and disgrace?"

"How?"

"I mean, if you loved — Mr. Jeffrey, for instance — and he should commit a crime, you could care for him no more?"

"Certainly not! I might pity him, but I could not love him. Understand me; you say, '*if he committed a crime*'; you make it absolute."

"Or, if he were *accused?*"

"That is a different thing; an accusation from all the world could not change me."

"Then you have a faith in those you love, strong as the love itself?"

"My love is born of my faith in them, and could live as long, but no longer, than that faith. We might pity one we no longer love. I might go on performing a sacred duty, with no heart in it, no love, until death released me."

"Ah! just so. Little Nell, with a high and holy sense of duty, with a pity and tenderness that made her angelic, walked fearlessly in the path of duty, till the Angels, no longer permitting it, came down and took her home."

Herr von Stein paused, and looking earnestly at Juliet's changing color, repeated:

"Little Nell, in her purity, too good for earth, was taken home."

If his words had materialized and spread themselves in floating visions upon the canvas before her, Juliet could not have seen more clearly the artist's wish.

"I know," he said, looking sadly upon her, "in this bright world, where you have been bathed in heaven's pure sunlight, in love and honor, in true goodness, in the highest aspiration for a purer existence, your young heart has never known and can not yet comprehend that phase of character, that kind of love; but the day may come when you can realize it. We may carry wounds to our graves dealt by the hand of one we loved the most, and whom we believed loved us best. The highest, holiest type of love, according to the Christian belief, was born of pity for sinning

degraded mankind. Does not your Bible say, that, "He so *loved* the world"? I do not say that the word was translated rightly, and should not have been, "for He so *pitied* the world."

Juliet was silent, and her thoughts were for once, bewildered and confused; yet the picture remained so vivid in her mind that she worked with almost a fever of excitement till the fair face and delicate form lay upon the canvas — dead, as Dickens describes her, "like a creature fresh from the hand of God, waiting for the breath of life," and angels hovering round her.

As his pupil worked, Herr von Stein mused upon Juliet's love — the love which he knew to be the inspiration which moved her brush even now! — the love which made her tireless to prove its strength, and yet the love which she avowed could not endure when she had lost faith in its object — the love that could not stoop, but must ever rise higher and higher. He wondered if her love was repaid in kind, and if Mr. Jeffrey even now knew the value of what he possessed. He wondered if pride and ambition were not the names *his* feelings deserved to be called, rather than *love*; if *he* had ever had any conception of this spiritual feeling that lifted Juliet above all other women in his estimation. And then came the old question, will she go on in this blind faith till her fate is sealed — until she is bound irrevocably to him? He shuddered as he pictured her awakening to such a life when it was too late to remedy it.

As we perceive, Juliet did not catch Herr von

Stein's meaning, or, at least, made no personal application of it, as yet; but the day came when she recalled his words, when they wore a new and different meaning, and when she traced in them the wise and prudent way in which he had endeavored to open her eyes. But she was blind now, blind as the sightless Faith he represented her.

All unconsciously, though, Juliet's soul was expanding, as it were, the grand truths of the artist touched heart and brain, leaving deep and lasting impressions.

In the meantime Belle and Alvah Morton had many earnest consultations, the character of which furnishes material for several chapters.

CHAPTER VIII.

So far Belle's plan had worked admirably. Alvah Morton had sailed for Europe, and she was left to manage the rest of the plot with Mrs. Morton and Mr. Jeffrey.

She visited Mrs. Alvah Morton, and found her bitter against her husband and Juliet. Hitherto she had grieved in silence, telling no one of her husband's neglect of herself and his devotion to Juliet; but his going to Europe to see her was more than she could, in silence, bear, and she told Belle all her worst fears.

Mrs. Morton was naturally a weak woman. Perhaps her greatest weakness had been in loving Alvah Morton, and entrusting her entire fortune into his hands. Since her marriage she had been managed by her husband, managed by his aunt, and managed by Belle, until what little courage she might once have had was all managed out of her. Her husband and his family were so strong-minded, so strong-willed, so determined to rule or ruin everybody who came within the circle of their influence, that she, as a timid, shrinking girl, had never opposed them; and as time passed she lost what strength of character she might have possessed at the time of her marriage, and had been only a tool for the rest of the family to use as suited their purposes best.

Did Mrs. Morton, Sr., want to make a trip and find her wardrobe scant, Florine's clothing fitted her and she appropriated them. Were Belle's jewels old style, there was no use of purchasing; Florine would invest a handsomer sum in the most approved pattern, and Belle could use hers. Was it inconvenient to use a stage or hire a carriage, Alvah Morton's (Florine's) was at their disposal. Thus the young heiress, who came into the family, lavishing her money upon her idolized husband and his family, was slighted, and imposed upon by them all. Belle had always had a powerful influence over her, for Florine hoped through her to learn how to win her husband's love.

A few days after Morton's departure for Europe, Belle, with her well matured plans, called upon Florine, who received her in her own room, where she was alone, and would not suffer her children even to come near her. Belle found her in a morning wrapper, negligently worn; her hair not yet arranged, and indeed, her whole appearance indicating the most abject wretchedness. And when Belle kissed and caressed her, she burst into tears, and without explanation knew that her misery was understood.

"It's a shame!" said Belle, "indeed, mamma says she will never countenance Alvah again. It was plain to be seen that Juliet was doing everything in her power to win his admiration before she left. But who would have thought she would carry the matter so far as to correspond with him, and persuade him to visit her? But, come, do not grieve so, Florine! Juliet does

not really care for Alvah. It is only an inordinate love of admiration from every desirable source, as a tribute to her beauty and her genius, that she craves. It is a kind of fascination that will wear off with him, and when she is married she will care no more, perhaps, even for his admiration — we must hope so at least."

"O! but you can't imagine how dreadful it is to love one as devotedly as I love Alvah, and to be neglected and slighted for some one else."

"Yes, I can."

Had she not realized it long ago — did she not feel the pang even now of such bitterness?

"But you can not realize it with so terrible a force as I, who am married to him I love, and who I know loves somebody else."

"Listen to me, Florine; take my advice, and it will all be well. Of course, Juliet loves Mr. Jeffrey, and will do what he says. He does not suspect things are as we know them to be (although I think mamma has opened his eyes somewhat, lately). So you must send for him. Tell him about these letters; tell him to warn Juliet of the trouble she will cause us all, if she does not change her course immediately; tell him this, and he will ask her to return. They will be married — and mind my word — he will then rule her absolutely. Her proud spirit has more than a match in her straight-laced clergyman. Alvah will return again to the true love of your pure heart, that he knows never had a pulse that did not throb for him. This is a mere infatuation on his part. There is no use in your ever allowing Alvah,

or anybody else, to know that you spoke to Mr. Jeffrey about this matter. Make him promise secrecy; he will keep his word, and it will result as I tell you. This is the surest and safest way out of the difficulty. Mr. Jeffrey will thank you for it."

Mrs. Morton caught at the straw, the first one that had been thrown out since she found herself drowning in the pool of despair. And, as Belle talked on in her soft, flute-like tones, making her believe that this was only a little incident that might occur in any life nowadays, and that it only required a small amount of tact on her part to manage it, Mrs. Morton's face grew brighter. She ordered her breakfast, which she had refused at the proper time, asked Belle what dress she should wear to receive Mr. Jeffrey, and thanking her for advice, grew cheerful.

"Dear me!" she said smiling, "I wish I had been born a Morton instead of only being able to wear the name. You are all so strong, so self-sustained, always know what to say, and when to say it, and what to do and at the proper time. Why Belle, would you have believed it? I was positively contemplating suicide before you came; now I can laugh at the idea."

Belle shuddered at the very idea of such a disgraceful occurrence in the Morton family.

"That, Florine, would be a public disgrace; a stain upon your children. This will never become public, and there is no need of its becoming so. It would be humiliating to you; it would anger Alvah beyond all reconciliation if you were to speak openly of this."

"I see you are right. You are always so cool, and can calculate so well the cost of all false steps. I shall take your advice, be sure."

Belle was so well pleased with the success of her scheme that she really did mean what she said as she assisted Florine to dress and promised to stand by her in her trouble.

"You shall find that Alvah has no sympathy from mamma and me — you shall have that, dear; but bear in mind that publicity will not do. Alvah has an extensive acquaintance, whose respect and confidence are essential to his success; and you know he is the pride and darling of the Morton family."

"O, Yes!"

The silly little woman ought to have known that too well. Such words had ruled her foolish heart, and gained all their objects in so doing, ever since she had been married.

Belle knew that in order to gain her object entirely, she must not be suspected as even knowing anything of the matter. Florine must be the tool; Florine must pour the poison drop into Mr. Jeffrey's ear, and she must comfort him if he spoke to her on the subject.

"Florine," said Belle, watching Mrs. Morton's returning cheerfulness and brightening face with some apprehension, "you must impress Mr. Jeffrey with the importance of this matter to himself as well as to you, and you cannot do that if you are *too* cheerful. You must look at the matter earnestly and seriously, and tell him that the honor and happiness of us all depend upon the right step being taken at the right time.

Write him a note to call this evening, and, as I am anxious to hear the result of your interview with him, I will remain in the house, but do not let him know that you have seen me since Alvah's departure. Take the credit of this wisest course to pursue to yourself, and impress him with the fact that you have spoken of this subject to no one but himself. He will enter with his whole heart into your plan. He will hasten his marriage with Juliet, and then, of course, Alvah's allegiance returns to yourself."

Mrs. Morton dispatched a message to Mr. Jeffrey; had a glowing fire built in the library, whither she repaired, and where she paced the floor with nervous excitement, never doubting the wisdom and prudence of following Belle's direction, but endeavoring to consider the manner in which to broach the subject wherein her husband's loyalty to herself was questioned, and that of Mr. Jeffrey's affianced to him. It was a delicate subject, and more than once her heart failed her, but her faith in Belle's judgment was paramount, and her words "he will return again to the true love of your pure heart, that he knows never had a pulse that did not throb for him," fully decided her, for if that was accomplished the wretchedness of this hour would be forgotten. Mr. Jeffrey would come — of that she was confident — and promptly, too.

Belle was elated. She saw her well matured plot about to be executed after all these years. She read, walked the floor, beat tunes upon the window-panes, and watched the clock upon the mantle-piece; how

slow and methodical it was — but surely he would come.

The messenger returned, saying that Mr. Jeffrey was not in, but he had left the note to be handed to him immediately upon his return.

It was too provoking, they both declared. They had dinner, and then, each disposed to be alone, took her respective place — Belle beside the grate in Florine's room; it was a raw, damp day, and Florine continued her walk in the library.

As Belle counted the hours, and saw the heavy clouds fall darkly over the city, she dropped the curtains, lighted the gas, and sat down again before the fire, saying softly:

"If he comes at all, he will be here soon now. If this plan succeeds — and it will, for it is only bringing two proud, stubborn natures in opposition to each other, and any simpleton knows the consequence of that — he will have his pride and jealousy aroused, and do or say something which will cause Juliet to resent it. The nature that can do what Juliet Hudson has done for love of him, if unappreciated, will turn with a violence in the opposite direction that will take them all by storm. Only a breath of suspicion is all he need give — only one word of reproach. He can not mention this subject without insulting her. And I who have studied her, as no one else ever did, know her better than any one else. Yes, I know what she will do. I wish I was only as sure of how he would act after" ——

She laid her hand upon her throbbing heart, her face

pale as marble, and her eyes gleaming, strained her ear to listen. Through the storm and rain and wind rang the clear sound of the door-bell.

Mrs. Morton walked the long room, pausing only to listen as the hurrying footsteps passed, or to look out of the window, hoping to recognize in the many faces the one she awaited. At half-past seven Mr. Jeffrey was ushered into her presence. The long waiting had made her look anxious and pale, and indeed, Mr. Jeffrey was also quite pale, or else the gas-light fell with wonderful effect upon his features.

"My dear madam," he said, taking the chair she offered him, "I am sorry not to have received your note earlier; but I am preparing to go West, and find myself quite busy in arranging my affairs for departure. I hope, however, that I am not too late to serve you."

"No; but I have waited anxiously for you, and as my mind was very much disturbed, the day seemed quite long."

"May I ask in what way I can assist you, or as to the cause of your mental disturbance?"

"It is something that concerns us both, materially; it is in relation to this visit of my husband to your wife."

Whether it was her tone, or the word with which she closed her sentence, accidently or intentionally, matters not; it had its effect. Mr. Jeffrey started from his chair, pale as marble, and with a look upon his face of one who had carried a terrible secret in his heart, imagining that no one knew it, and was suddenly con-

fronted by one who taunted him with it. His breathing was labored, and Mrs. Morton for a few minutes was too much shocked at his appearance to proceed. She had never seen any one, except herself, who seemed so perfectly bereft of self-control.

"It is not so serious as that," she said, putting her hand gently upon his arm, "I have been, perhaps, foolishly alarmed at my husband's increasing admiration for, and interest in, Juliet Hudson. And, as I did not desire to make either of them the subject of gossip, for the sake of us all, I thought best that you and I, who are the most concerned, should consult, and decide what was best to do for those we love. They have been in correspondence for some time past, and, although I have read none of her letters, I have seen the envelopes addressed in her own writing, and it was, I am sure, with some mutual understanding that Alvah went to Europe. He has reached there by this time, and I do think that, inasmuch as I can not influence Mr. Morton to return, that you should request Juliet to return immediately."

Not one word escaped Mr. Jeffrey's lips. She only knew that he heard her by the expression of his face. When she had finished, he arose like one in a horrid dream, and, bidding her good-night, left the room and dashed out into the street. It was a wild night. The wind howled like mid-winter, the rain, freezing as it fell, drove down in thick, blinding sheets. Mr. Jeffrey heeded it not. The bitter waters in his heart were stirred to the bottom. He clenched his teeth in impo-

tent rage, and strode furiously on, and never paused for hack nor stage, until drenched and chilled, he entered his own room on ——— avenue. His fire still burned brightly. The gas was turned low. He did not heed his damp clothing, but sat down before the fire, and burying his face within his hands, gave way to his misery. Wounded pride, anger, jealousy, hate, all of the baser passions were aroused. There came to him no vision of the dark-eyed girl who for love of him had left father, mother and brother, to go abroad and win honor and fame, for him. No vision of her, far away this wild night, with no familiar face near her but that of the German artist and his faithful sister; or, sitting alone, perhaps thinking of, or writing to him. No picture of tenderness was painted by his jealous and angry imagination. He saw only a vain, proud, unscrupulous woman, who, perhaps, even now was smiling upon his married rival. The very memory of her beauty increased his anger. Her accomplishments! what were they to him now? The warm room thawed the ice upon his coat, and the water dripped in tiny pools upon the floor. The clock ticked solemnly, the shadows danced upon the walls, the sleet beat upon the windows as if to rouse him from his dark revery, the wind tore madly on, but unheeded; it gathered strength, and, whispering sadly, winged its way beyond the sea, carrying strange dreams to Juliet's pillow that dark night.

Belle Morton heard Mrs. Morton's description of her interview with Mr. Jeffrey.

"I shall never forget his face as he left me, never, never! What I have suffered I know he suffers now; and I only wonder what he will do."

"Did he say nothing?"

"Not one word. I had expected he would laugh at my fears, or become indignant with me for expressing them; but what he felt or thought, I could only read in his white face. He was dumb with awful sorrow; and, Belle, it has somehow awakened a kind of nameless horror in my soul!"

Poor Mrs. Morton! If the shadow of that night's work was already beginning to fall so heavily around her, happily for her, she could not penetrate the gloom it was to throw upon the lives of all, from the bowed figure beside his dying fire, to the young head that pressed its soft pillow far away.

CHAPTER IX.

Our party was in Paris, and Juliet was counting the days that must elapse before she would return to her native land. The two years had been well spent in point of improvement by her. She had accomplished much in music, drawing and painting. Indeed, Herr von Stein, whose praise in Juliet's estimation was the most gratifying she could have had, pronounced her travels a success in every respect. The change of climate and her regular exercise had developed her physical beauty and strength. Her earnest study and accurate notes had furnished her inexhaustible material for future use in literary pursuit. She was a thorough German and French scholar, both in her appreciation and knowledge of the people and their language. Herr von Stein expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with her attainments, knowing that she had now really acquired the taste for study, and procured the necessary implements with which to work.

It was their second visit to Paris. Juliet desired to replenish her wardrobe, and, of course, fashionable Paris must be consulted. A few days after their arrival, Mr. Alvah Morton presented himself, to their surprise, at the hotel at which they were stopping. Juliet was delighted to see him, and plied him with so many questions of home and friends, that almost an

entire day was spent before they were aware of the fleeting hours. He noticed her improvement in every respect, but in nothing so much as in her appearance, which was now stately and elegant, with a dash of hauteur, which was to him most charming; her exquisite taste in dress, her brilliant conversation, her keen perception of beauty, her appreciation of all she had seen, heard and read.

It was remarked in the early part of this story that Juliet Hudson never appeared to better advantage than when in company with Alvah Morton. Whether it was her effort to appear well before him, as the most talented man she had ever known, or his true knowledge of her character, and his own power of drawing out the sweetest music of her nature, no one ever knew; but it was a fact noticeable to all, that Juliet Hudson, naturally, and by education a charming woman to all who came within the influence of her magnetic attractions, surpassed even herself in the presence of Alvah Morton. Later in the afternoon, when Juliet had caused a luncheon to be served in their parlor and all the questions of home and friends had been asked and answered, Morton said:

"Tell me where you have been, what you have seen, and when you sail for the Land of Liberty, since you say your paintings are packed for shipment?"

"Oh! I have been everywhere and seen everything worth seeing. I have nothing to regret in these years of absence from home and friends, now that my trip is almost to a close, because I find that my mind is

expanded. I can live in America the rest of my life, and yet, by consulting my note book and retiring to my own thoughts, can recall all Europe. For what I have seen is painted upon my heart. What I have learned from observation of the people can never leave me as long as memory lasts. We have remained in each locality long enough to become thoroughly familiar with it; we remained in London long enough to see its smoke clear away, and some of its glories revealed."

"Herr von Stein and his sister have been, I perceive, the most beneficial companions for you, and you have gained a well-spring of resources against weariness, against all the allurements of society and fashion. Indeed you are a woman now; and have absorbed beauty and granduer enough to be able to live alone, with such thoughts and feelings, all your life."

"Yes, I have trodden the soil over which Lord Byron sported when a child, and drank in the inspiration of his divine gift. I have stood in the church of the Holy Trinity on the banks of the Avon and looked upon the tomb of the immortal Shakespeare. After seeing all in England we cared to see, we went to France, and thence across the Pyrenees to Spain. I will show you, when we return to America, the best sketch I made while in Granada, of the Alhambra, which, at first, bewildered me with its many towers, fountains, baths, courts, gardens, halls, and apartments; and then the grand old ruin took hold of me with a powerful fascination. Its fine and varied marbles, its

carvings and paintings, haunted my dreams. I wandered through it evening after evening, listening to the nightingales singing to the soft moonlight, recalling all that I had ever read of it, and realizing how powerless the pen is to do it justice, and picturing what it must have been in the days of the Moorish kings. As the result of conversations with Herr von Stein, and my own dreams and fancies, I have a picture that I prize more than anything I have accomplished in that line, and memories worth more than those of the Coliseum at Rome."

"What did you think of the Rhine? of course you admired it."

"Certainly; we traveled down the Rhine and made some sketches of the ivy-covered castles in their grand decay along its shores."

"Switzerland, your mother told me, you praised most in your letters."

"I was not disappointed in Switzerland, although my expectations were extravagant. Northern Italy and Switzerland, with their lakes, beautiful sky, and changing shores, and lofty snow-capped mountains, all wore an additional charm for having been praised by Virgil, Voltaire, Goethe, and Byron, and being associated with Rousseau and Gibbon."

"The waterfalls — how did you compare them with our dear old Niagara?"

"I saw them all. The Staubach spangled in the morning sunlight, with its rainbows that swayed in the breeze, and the Trümlenbach, fed by the glaciers of

the Jungfrau, tumbling down with a noise like the roar of hundreds of lions, and Giessbach and Reichenbach plunging down in foaming billows; but none excels our own Niagara. Besides, you know, we have waterfalls in America that, in height and grandeur, excel any in the world. You remember our journey through the Yosemite Valley. Do you not recall the rumble and roar of the falls, that at evening seemed to cause the very earth to shake? O! yes, we have scenery that compares favorably with any other in the world; but we need not disparage Europe to praise America. I have enjoyed my travels, and can appreciate both Europe and America better for the contrast."

"Which place of all that you have seen has had the most pleasant associations?"

"Zurich; perhaps it was because I was surfeited with sights of cities, and landscapes, and foaming cataracts; but Zurich was the sweetest resting-place we found, and I promised myself that should I visit Europe again I would stay there and dream those bright dreams and happy hours again."

"Florence is my favorite European city except Paris."

"Florence had a charm for me, which grew upon me as we wandered through its imposing churches. I worked systematically in Florence, for my inspiration never left me. I had but to see the art collections in the Ufizzi and Pitti palaces, and then I worked away as though I had taken a draught from some magic spring, whose waters gave me a new perception,

opened my eyes to new beauties, and nerved my arm for increased exertion."

"How was it with Rome?"

"I was disappointed at first. I reviewed mythology there, and traced in the symbols of Christianity, but a change of name from heathen gods. I would rather have lived in Rome in the days of the Cæsars, when every emblem was an honest symbol, than at the present time. But there I looked upon the work of immortal Angelo and Raphael."

"You sent us a most charming and vivid letter from Naples."

"I liked Naples; it is lively. I made a sketch of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples. We scaled the summit and viewed the crater, and though the task was a wearisome one, and the sulphurous odor clung to us as though we had made a visit to Pluto, the view of the descending sun flooding the bay and the distant city, and the scenery for miles around, with a golden glory, repaid us; and no memory will come to me oftener, I imagine, than the splendor that was spread out before us as we stood upon the verge of the gloomy and terrible crater, looking at the gorgeous shadows falling on the vision of beauty below, while the smothered Gehenna boiled beneath our feet."

"I see," said Morton, turning to the artist, as Juliet seemed to have wound up her description of their travels, "these two years have been profitably spent, and that our young friend's mind has expanded most wonderfully."

"*Ich bin überhaupt zufrieden* with fräulein's improvement," answered the artist, so abstractedly that he did not perceive that he spoke in German, and walking to the window, as was his favorite custom, he stood looking out, apparently absorbed in watching the passers-by; but Juliet had learned to know him better, and knew that was his favorite manner of meditating when anything specially disturbed him. When Mr. Morton was gone, she drew near him and asked, gently touching his arm:

"*Was denken Sie, mein Herr?*"

"I could not recall all my thoughts, fräulein; I was thinking the thoughts that so often come to me, and puzzling again over the problem of life. What a strange play it is! And I ask what mighty Being constructed this great theatre, and assigned us the parts that we must act — for few of us would have chosen the parts we take in the drama of life — For whose amusement does it go on, day after day, and night after night? Is it, indeed, the great God whom you worship, who delights in it?"

"But, oh, Herr von Stein, is not this world beautiful? Does not Nature, or this theatre, as you call it, furnish us new harmonies, new contrasts, and new combinations, ceaselessly? Do not visions of loveliness come to us in the long, slanting beams of sunlight, and float in clouds of topaz and gold, so that we must involuntarily exclaim: O, this beautiful, beautiful world, that God in his goodness has made; this grand, this glorious world! How sweet it is to live! Were not the

skies, the trees, the flowers, put here to give us ever changing joy? Nature, with her singing birds, and buds and flowers, impresses us with the beauty of life; now fading, reminds us that we must die; yet, blooming again tells us of a resurrection; and faith, looking beyond, catches glimpses of the glory of an eternal life to come."

"Ah, my fair one, if after shadows fall, and the storms of life gather, you can look beyond to a brightening day, and exclaim, 'O! the beautiful world that God in His goodness has made,' then have you, indeed, attained the highest faith."

"Why is it that you so often seem to think of shadows? Do you think that the sunshine necessarily casts shadows corresponding to its brightness; that because its rays are so bright to me, its shadows must be correspondingly dark? You do not speak, dear friend; but I will tell you what I have learned in studying this matter — that *with one's face toward the sun, no shadow goes before.* So I will live, verifying this scientific truth, and never frighten myself with my own shadow — at least, as many people do."

"May this love of absolute beauty, this faith in the absolute goodness of the unseen King, remain with you and grow stronger with trial. Or, what I would wish more earnestly, may the part assigned you in the great drama of life be adapted to the nature that must act it out. What better wish could I make for you?"

And, as the artist spoke, he raised his hand over the head of his young friend, as though he had called a

blessing down upon it; and Juliet, thinking best to leave him alone with his thoughts, withdrew.

The next morning after Mr. Morton's visit, Herr von Stein surprised Juliet and his sister with the announcement that he had made arrangements to leave Paris that day, and would go thence immediately to Havre, and take the first steamer for home.

"These," he said, handing Juliet a couple of letters, "are the last you will receive. I hope soon to restore you to your friends."

Juliet did not understand why Herr von Stein had so suddenly resolved to leave, taking them back to America at least two months sooner than she had expected; but there was really no reason why they should remain longer, and she did not question him, as she was only too anxious to go.

Juliet sat down to read her letters, in the familiar inscription of Mr. Jeffrey and Belle Morton. Herr von Stein noticed that it was with a trembling hand that she opened the former, and he grew more and more interested in the silent drama that he felt was being enacted on both sides of the ocean; he understood, he believed, as no one else did, how it was being played, far better than Juliet or her parents; and yet he dared not interfere, but must look calmly on with glittering eyes and indignant heart. As Juliet read, her bright face paled, and the long lashes drooped, and the red lips quivered. It seemed only a note, but, turning and seeing the artist's eyes fastened upon her, she said, in German:

"Our friends expect us so soon that they do not write long letters now, only to say that they are awaiting impatiently our return. Belle, dear girl, has done better;" she was opening the second letter as she spoke, and now had a closely written page before her in Belle Morton's handwriting. "There must be some mistake," she said softly, and glancing at the beginning read, "My dear cousin "—— but Juliet had seen enough to shock her so that the white fingers released their hold upon the deadly tidings, the arms hung limp, and the letter went fluttering down to her feet; and Juliet Hudson, for the first time in her life, had swooned. It was a letter from Belle to Alvah Morton, telling him of his wife's and Jeffrey's jealousy about his going abroad — telling him of Florine having sent for him, and that since then Mr. Jeffrey was a changed man; that she had seen him several times, and scarcely recognized him. It was a letter so different from anything Juliet ever imagined that Belle could write, no wonder the shock had been too great for her. Juliet's first conscious thought was to connect Mr. Jeffrey's short note with the information given in Belle's letter. Its brevity had at first only disappointed her; now it wounded and insulted her. Ah, let those who have had their faith in one upon whom they have lavished a pure and unselfish love shattered by a word, and their hearts laid desolate by such a shock, tell what Juliet Hudson suffered then. While Mrs. Hellwald had applied the necessary restoratives, Herr von Stein had looked on Juliet's apparently lifeless form, powerless to move. His face was pale, his eyes dilated,

as if he had suddenly confronted something he had long dreaded to meet.

At length Juliet opened her eyes and sat up, and declared herself restored, and although her pulse was natural, and she assured them she was well again, the glowing beauty of her face seemed to have utterly died out, never to return.

They supposed she would tell them what had caused so great a shock to her, but the proud heart refused to humble itself by showing that he, whom her soul had worshiped, doubted her; or, she said to herself, perhaps Belle has wronged him. I will not believe him false till I hear it from his own lips. But, in spite of herself, she felt that this was the storm the mysterious cloud had portrayed. She retired to her room, promising to prepare for the journey, and there glided through her mind the thought that Mr. Morton's appearance had had something to do with the artist's sudden decision to return. It seemed that all at once the broken links of a chain were woven together, and she could not separate one from the other now, even in her own thoughts, but she was silent.

When Juliet joined them again it was in her traveling suit, ready for the journey. To the artist she appeared another and different creature. The bright, joyous face was pale; the proud features encased, as it were, in a marble mask; her voice was as sweet, her manner as courteous to them, but the old joyous look was gone.

CHAPTER X.

Once more the ship sailed safely over the sea, and our travelers arrived in New York on the —— day of June, 18—.

To Herr von Stein's inquiry of Juliet, if she would visit her friend, Belle Morton, or go to a hotel, she replied:

"I would rather not wait at all; if you can arrange to have our baggage forwarded, I will take the first train for the West."

Whatever Herr von Stein's thoughts were in regard to Juliet's lack of interest in meeting her old friend, and her anxiety to hasten home without so much as even speaking of Mr. Jeffrey, he kept them to himself, and went out and made preparation to carry out her wishes as soon as possible. When he returned to the hotel he was accompanied by old Mr. Morton, whom he had met on the street, and who insisted upon Juliet remaining in New York long enough to see his wife and daughter; but Juliet was resolute.

"Your friend, Mr. Jeffrey, is absent now," he said to Juliet *soto voce*. "I do not know exactly where a letter or telegram would reach him, but be sure I shall ascertain his whereabouts and advise him of your arrival as soon as possible."

The old gentleman seemed to have grown much

older in the past two years, and was apparently quite feeble.

"Did you see Alvah Morton?" he asked as he rose to go.

"Yes," replied Herr von Stein, "he arrived in Paris just the day before we left, and consequently we only had the pleasure of receiving one call from him."

"He has been absent some weeks. I rather think he expected to find you in Northern Germany or Bavaria."

"Very likely. He would not be apt to find us easily unless he had been in constant communication with us."

"Congratulate your parents for me, Juliet, upon your safe return. I have grown old fast since they left New York. I have missed those pleasant visits to their happy home."

If Mr. Morton thought strangely that Juliet sent no message to his wife and daughter, or even speculated upon it at all, he only attributed it to her anxiety to hasten home.

He surprised Belle and her mother with the announcement of Juliet's arrival; and when they spoke of hastening to see her, he told them that she had already departed upon the evening train. He invented a courteous message from her to them, that they should visit her soon at her home. And then the old gentleman, with the memory of Juliet's face, which seemed less joyous than of old, before him, went out to visit some of Mr. Jeffrey's church members, and ascertain

where a message could reach him, that he might surprise him with the pleasant news of Juliet's return; and he smiled with satisfaction to know that the roses would bloom in her checks, and the bright eyes beam with joy to see her betrothed once more, and his kind heart was glad that he could be the instrument of hastening that joy. Mr. Jeffrey, he was informed, was spending a few weeks with his mother in their old home on the Hudson and Mr. Morton wrote him there.

A few days after the arrival of our friends Alvah Morton also appeared in New York, and to Belle's inquiry, if he had seen Juliet, he said:

"Yes; but as sure as you live that artist has checkmated us — how far I do not know; but that he led Juliet to believe, and write you, that they would be in Northern Germany or Tyrol when he intended to be in Paris, I am convinced; and that he hurried her away from there when I arrived, I am also certain, for in my conversation with Juliet she gave me no reason to suppose that she would leave there so soon. When I called the second day, they were gone, and from a friend of Mrs. Hellwald I learned that they had left for Havre, and would sail immediately. I followed on the next steamer, and here I am. We must go West without delay, at any rate be there when the reverend gentleman makes his first call."

CHAPTER XI.

The pen is powerless to describe the happy reunion of Mr. Hudson's family, and I leave for those who have been separated from loved ones and reunited to imagine the joy of that hour.

Juliet found her home quite as attractive as her mother had pictured in her letters, and the surroundings even more picturesque than she had imagined.

The first few days after their arrival, during the morning hours, Herr von Stein and Juliet superintended the hanging of Juliet's pictures, and the parents and Abbe looked on in wondering admiration at the perfection she had attained, and the industry her numerous pictures displayed, and listened to the artist and Juliet describe the place where this or that picture was painted, and how the leisure hours had been spent — these in Rome, those in Florence, the others in Munich, Heidleberg, Naples, and Granada. Besides, packed away among them were many well-chosen parlor ornaments for mamma, purchased in Pisa, Milan, and Dresden; and handsome watches for papa and Abbe, purchased in Geneva. When they had finished, the rooms were beautiful indeed, and hallowed even to the fond parents as they gazed upon this labor of love.

How Juliet's heart fluttered at the question, "what will Constantine say?"

Upon the morning of the fourth day after their arrival, Juliet received a telegram, delivered from the nearest station, dated St. Louis, from Mr. Jeffrey, saying that he would be with her that evening.

Herr von Stein watched the roses stealing again into her cheeks, and the dark eyes softening with thoughts of him. The cloud for the time was gone, and the bright joyous look returned at intervals, like flashes of light from the dying day. She stood upon the veranda and looked over the green hills and listened to the singing birds, and as her eyes were lifted up to the floating clouds, he knew whose face she pictured in them.

Ah, Juliet! Juliet!

What cared she for Belle and her treachery! she could pity or despise her; Constantine would be with her in a few short hours.

Never had Juliet looked so beautiful as when she dressed herself to meet Mr. Jeffrey that evening. She wore a soft, floating mull dress, with flowers — Constantine's favorites — at her bosom and in her hair; and each member of the family, and Mrs. Hellwald, too, wondered what Mr. Jeffrey would think of the change in her — from the slender girl, with that joyous, childish face, to the magnificent woman she now really was.

They were all sitting upon the veranda chatting when a carriage rolled up to the gate, dusty, and with tired horses, as though they had come a long journey that day. In a moment the door was thrown open and

Alvah Morton leaped out, and assisted his cousin Belle to alight.

Juliet had, as yet, said nothing to her parents of the misdirected letter — she had intended to see Mr. Jeffrey first. Belle was, therefore, received with the usual cordiality by Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, and hurried to Juliet with an affected scream of delight, and half smothered her with kisses.

As it was near tea time, and Belle said the drive had been a warm, tiresome one, Juliet led her to an upper apartment, and bade Hagar carry thither fresh water, while Abbe attended to the comforts of Mr. Morton.

With Belle's appearance returned the cloud that had ominously, at times, fallen about Juliet, and a strange presentiment of evil she had never known before seized upon her now.

Belle was changed, too, and much improved; her red hair was now a bright blonde, and, as Abbe had declared, made her quite handsome.

Juliet led Belle to an apartment, separated from her own by a hall, and bade her be seated until Hagar should appear; and, without any demonstrations of pleasure at seeing her again, asked her a few polite questions concerning her health.

Juliet noticed the dark expression, almost evil look, upon Hagar's face as she entered the room with fresh towels and water, and sullenly deposited them upon the washstand, watching Belle with her keen, black eyes, till she backed herself out of the room.

"What a terrible countenance that Hagar has," said Belle, with a shudder, pouring out a bowlful of water.

Belle was more slender now, and fair as a lily, and her blonde hair suited well her pale blue eyes; and Juliet, as Abbe had done, pronounced her wonderfully improved. Her arms were white as alabaster. Juliet remembered the delicate, beautiful hand, with its soft, cat-like folding, when she threw aside her dress, and, putting on a sacque, began arranging her hair before a mirror. She recalled the soft, flute-like tones of her voice, the low, insinuating laugh, the studied expression of her face, and wondered how it was ever possible that this woman had once exercised more influence over her than any one else living. The scales had fallen from Juliet's eyes, and she shrank with loathing from the fair wicked face.

"Why did you not answer my letter, Juliet, love? it must have reached you in Paris."

"Exactly; but it is growing late; you will please allow me to make an explanation at another time." A cold, sarcastic smile curled Juliet's lips as she uttered these words, and she was about to leave the room when Belle said, with a loving smile.

"We met Mr. Jeffrey last evening in St. Louis. He will arrive here on the evening train, which is due, I believe, at 7:30."

Juliet started, a flush shot across her brow, and a dark ominous feeling took possession of her soul. She sought her own room, locked the door, and threw her-

self prone upon a couch. Three long years had she worshiped Constantine Jeffrey. With the great ocean between them, she had in spirit dwelt with him. But for the past few months the tone of his letters had changed. Dark, unshaped shadows haunted her dreams. There was in her mind no idea why he could change towards her, unless he had suffered some one, as Belle's misdirected letter hinted, to prejudice him against her. She had received letters of praise and encouragement from him; but her heart yearned for words of love and confidence from his own lips. It was growing late, and, after the first struggle with her feelings, Juliet strove to calm herself; but from her face every vestige of color had fled; her large eyes were bright and luminous, but the rich warm tint was gone, and she was cold and white as marble when Hagar entered and announced tea.

"Goodness mercy! Miss Juliet, has that viper stung you? You are white as a tombstone."

"Hush, Hagar! I am feeling ill just now; I am afraid that I am not well."

Juliet joined Belle in the hall, and they walked down to tea. No one remarked her pallor; but Belle studied her face, with her cold, glittering eyes, while she arranged the snowy lace upon her own bosom, like a bird dressing its feathers. Purposely Abbe introduced a subject that he knew his sister would become interested in, and presently her cheeks glowed, her eyes dilated, and she was herself again.

Belle manœuvered to have Morton and Juliet stroll

among the shrubbery for a while after tea, but Juliet excused herself to them, and sought her own room to regain complete control over herself before the arrival of Mr. Jeffrey.

While Belle and Morton strolled among the roses talking softly, Hagar stealthily walked on the other side of the hedge, and listened.

"He told me last evening that he was really going away. He is coming to tell her good-bye," said Belle.

"Do you suppose he will not return?"

"No, never! not for her. If you had not been here to-night there might have been a reconciliation; as it is, never! He is jealous of you, and feels contempt for her for trying to win your admiration. There is his buggy; he is pale as a ghost. See, how the parlor glitters! Wax candles must be cheap out West."

A few minutes after the above conversation Hagar carried into Juliet's room a white card — "Constantine Jeffrey." Why should a cold spasm again seize her, and the blood recede from her face and lips at sight of that name! She rose, and caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror. It was so deadly white that she started back affrighted, then chiding herself, she took a trinket from a jewelry-case, and a fan, and, with a desperate effort at self-control, started down-stairs. When half-way she paused, laid her hand upon her heaving bosom and gasped for breath. In all her life, Juliet Hudson had been a stranger to such emotion, and she was frightened and ashamed. Seeing Morton cross

the portico, she made a bold effort and succeeded in reaching the parlor door before he saw her face; passing quickly into the room, she advanced towards a figure moving slowly across the floor with his chin upon his breast; and the whole form bowed like a proud soul with a great shame. She paused and waited till he turned in his walk, then, reaching forth her hand, spoke his name —

"Constantine!"

He raised his head proudly, and in a moment his form was erect. He took her hand, pressed it gently in his own, looked at her face closely, and was startled at its wondrous beauty as the light of fifty candles fell upon it, sighed, drew her hand through his arm, and paced slowly the long room. She could feel the beating of his heart as he pressed her hand within his trembling arm. Finally he led her to a sofa and seated himself beside her. Then she noticed that he was pale, haggard, worn, and indeed so changed that her heart smote her for having even allowed a shadow to flit across her mind against him.

"You have been ill, have you not?" she asked, in a sweet, earnest voice that thrilled his soul. "You are so pale. Oh! I have been so wicked to blame you for not writing me long letters of late. I see plainly that you have been suffering."

The gentle solicitude she manifested would have awakened his better feelings, but the memory of his hated rival's face came between him and her; the thought that even now he waited the result of this meet-

A PICTURE OF THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD—Page 95.

ing with wicked pleasure chilled his heart and fired his brain. And yet Juliet's face was, even in this mood, to him beautiful as an angel's in its sympathy; her voice trembled slightly with emotion, and she laid her hand lightly upon his shoulder.

"Yes, Juliet; I am ill indeed, and have been these many months. This meeting has unmanned me."

She noticed now that his hand was white and emaciated and her heart was smitten again and again at the recollection of bitter thoughts against him for neglecting her, when he had so much cause to think of himself.

"You did not allude to your ill health in your letters, and I was utterly ignorant. Come, tell me all about it, and say that you will go at once to Colorado, or somewhere, not too far away, and recruit."

"Yes, I fear I must obey my physician's commands, and leave as soon as possible. I would not go before I saw you, for fear I might never return."

"Oh!" she pleaded, "do not talk so! What would I do without you?"

He turned very pale at this remark, and rose again and paced the room. A new feeling had come over the impulsive girl. The strange presentiment had vanished before his presence, and in its stead was only love and sympathy. She rose also, and timidly took his arm, and accompanied him in his walk.

"Come, Constantine," she said, endeavoring to dispel his gloomy mood that she attributed to his failing health; "look at my paintings, and besides them I have excellent prints of all the old masters here. But

first, let me beg you to accept this for your birth-day gift; I had it made while in Dresden."

She extended her open hand, in which lay a heavy ring. He took it, and examined it closely. The setting was sapphire, and the initial J. inlaid with diamonds; his name and age inside.

"This is very handsome, Juliet, I wonder that you could have remembered me so extravagantly." A faint smile played around his fine mouth, curling his lips with unmistakable sarcasm.

"Why not?" she asked. She did not lose the expression on his face just then, and it pained and wounded her; she recoiled a step, as though that smile had stung her.

"Juliet," he said, while a tremor shook his frame, "you and I must have an explanation. I am pained beyond all measure to have to say what I must tell you. I thought when I came it would be an easy thing to do, but your face, your voice, has awakened a chord in my heart that quivers as old memories touch it. Juliet, a dark shadow has fallen upon your fair name! Whispers at first — but some people speak boldly now. My face tells you that it has broken my heart!"

She staggered, and clutched a chair for support, and a low moan broke from her lips. For several minutes she was white and motionless as a statue, and the twitching muscles around her mouth showed that she strove vainly to speak. Then raising her head proudly, she asked in a hoarse unnatural voice:

"What do you mean?"

"It is scarcely prudent, Juliet, for a young lady to have a married gentleman friend, especially when that man neglects his wife, and sails across the ocean to see that young lady; moreover, when she corresponds with him; and lastly, when the steamer no sooner lands her in New York than that person follows in her path. Juliet! Juliet! is this not enough without adding that even when I come to see you, after this long separation, I find him already here?"

A pause, during which Juliet seemed to look for a moment into a yawning gulf at her feet, ensued, and then, at last finding voice for her indignation, she replied:

"I will take the trouble, for my honor's sake, to make this brief explanation, not for your gratification, since I find you in league with my enemies during my absence to destroy me. I will say in the first place, I have, from my earliest childhood, considered Mr. Morton my true, disinterested friend. He was my father's friend. If he has ever entertained anything more than a friendly interest in me, he has never dared to express it. You know as well as I why I went to Europe — it was to gratify your ambition. As I kept an accurate note book, and so informed Belle of all our travels, Mr. Morton wrote to me and desired me to furnish sketches for an American paper with which he was connected. I promised him to do so, and did, from time to time, write letters for publication, and addressed them to him; he promising to put them in form to do me credit. Mind you! this explanation is

not to palliate my imagined wrong, not to ask your forgiveness, simply the truth, for my own sake. I had, as you know, loved Belle, and confided to her the fact of our engagement. During my absence, she wrote me long letters of love and encouragement, and I had become more and more attached to her for what I thought her faithfulness and constancy. While in Paris, I received a letter addressed to me, but undoubtedly intended for her cousin; it proved her treachery; every line breathed the malice of a perjured soul. Here is that letter," she said, as she drew it from her pocket and handed it to him; "read it."

She spoke in an imperative tone, and he silently obeyed; his countenance changing from surprise to horror. It contained the hope that he would "return improved in health and spirits, after seeing his fair *inamorata;*" and said "a certain clergyman was growing pale, and would grow paler still as his jealousy wore upon him; that Mrs. Morton was also troubled with visits from the green-eyed monster, and was beginning to express her opinion freely."

When Mr. Jeffrey had read the letter, without giving him time to comment upon it, Juliet added:

"Thus you see the perfidy of one who for years has been my sworn friend, who has shared my father's bounty as she has my love and confidence; who — but words fail me. I need not say I shall inform her of her mistake, for certainly she does not suspect it, or even her effrontery would be insufficient to face me after knowing I was aware of so deadly a wrong."

For a time an unbroken silence reigned. Mr. Jeffrey, with bowed head, was battling with his feelings. He saw before him the woman who had so truly loved him, changed, in a few minutes, from a tender, confiding girl into a Nemesis. And Juliet, knowing now that he had suffered his mind to dwell upon this subject, had listened, and nursed the poison in his heart until he could not easily be led to see her in a true light, no more than he could grasp the deep malicious purpose of her enemy, was sick at heart and disgusted, and she wished to draw the interview to a close.

Mr. Jeffrey had not known when he set out to visit Juliet what the result would be; he felt that he had been wronged. He had not studied the matter so unselfishly as to know that she had been most deeply wronged.

He involuntarily took in all her surroundings; her paintings, and relics of her travels, etchings, engravings, and statuettes placed artistically around the apartment; the grand piano was open, and upon it a new opera. Everything was refined and cultured, elevated and gifted. She stood proudly before him, a beautiful genius, with a magnetism about her that no other woman possessed for him. One moment he saw the heaving bosom and changing color — the next, the cold, white face and flashing eyes, bent upon him in defiant scorn.

"A picture of the church and the world! My place in paradise for the brush of Raphael! and I would paint a picture to excite the envy of artist angels."

Alvah Morton said these words softly, as, concealed by a vine near the window, he viewed the scene. Never had Juliet seemed so beautiful, so charming to this wicked man, and his heart beat high with joy as the expression of scorn deepened on her fair, young face.

"We part," she said: "I little thought, an hour ago, to give you up would be so light a thing."

She drew from her finger a diamond ring, which sparkled now like a crystallized tear, and handed it to him.

He hesitated a moment; looked again at the one she had given him, and with a sigh exchanged with her. How many thoughts came crowding up in his mind. The idea that he had wronged her did not yet present itself; for was not evidence so strong against her? Besides, that out of the question, the breath of suspicion and slander had reached her, and how dare he, as a minister of the gospel, take her for his wife?

"Let us part at once," she said. "Go, save your ninety and nine! From this hour I will live in open rebellion to the church, or rather to the office you occupy! Of those who have betrayed me, I name you the chiefest Iscariot. Go! and may the memory of this hour come to you through life like the trailing serpent in the Garden of Eden, bringing only sorrow and remorse! I care not for it, since it has taught me wisdom — since I learn that professions of men of God are naught. Few people, remember, are free from slander, none from envy. Its malicious breath may reach even

the sanctity of the pulpit. I hope that some day you may fully realize all that I am so incapable of telling you. Even your name will not be a shield against its blight."

With a haughty "good evening, sir," she left him, and found her way up stairs.

Mr. Jeffrey extended his hand, with an imploring gesture, as if to say "good-bye," but her face was turned, she did not see him, and the word died on his lips.

"A Romeo without a Juliet," said the voice at the window.

Perhaps she would return! She could not leave him so coldly, so cruelly. He slowly paced the room. Tenderly now he gazed upon every object to which she had given her own individuality. Before him again rose her face, with its bright, timid eyes, as they first looked up into his, and her voice uttered his name—"Constantine!" Now changed—the flashing eyes, the trembling lips, the heightened color that gave place oft to deadly white, the heaving bosom; then the cold look, where all light and look of love died out—the cutting, sarcastic tone, the chilling, thrilling "good evening, sir."

Mr. Jeffrey stood there alone; and yet her presence was with him still in the faint, subtle perfume of heliotrope that pervaded the air, in every picture painted by her hand. How often in after-life was that hour recalled by that little purple flower, and his heart stood still, for the very sight or smell of heliotrope unmanned

him. He took out his watch, and holding it, counted the minutes. Half an hour was gone. Hagar appeared with an extinguisher, walked straight to the mantel, and slowly began extinguishing the lights.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, as Mr. Jeffrey continued his walk, "I thought you were already gone!"

"All right, Hagar, I will be going; where is Miss Hudson?"

"In her room, sir, reading, I think."

"Will you ask her to come down for a moment? Say that I will only detain her for a little while; that I leave for a long absence, to-morrow, and will have no other opportunity to say 'good-bye.'"

Hagar left the room quickly, and soon returned.

"My mistress wishes you a pleasant journey, sir, the restoration of your health, and a good-night, sir."

Stung by the message, Mr. Jeffrey stepped hastily out into the hall, took his hat, and walked slowly down the gravel walk to where his buggy and horse stood.

The moon shone brightly, and the heavens were spangled with stars; katydids, locusts and crickets had formed themselves into a grand orchestra, and tuned and sawed their instruments ceaselessly; the trees and shrubs cast fantastic shadows around; leaning upon the gate-post was Alvah Morton.

"Lovely night, sir," he said, swinging the gate open. "I think another spot so wild and romantic is not easily found. See, yonder deep gorge through which the river flows, the hills to the left, the moonlight glancing on the leaves, the shadows playing hide and seek. Aye,

faith! the fair Juliet chose well when she made this the home of the loveliest of women."

Mr. Jeffrey stalked past him, hearing his words as though with a thousand ears, but heeding them not. A moment more and he sprang into his buggy and was on his drive to the station.

Juliet had gone immediately to her room when she left Mr. Jeffrey. Her breast was torn with conflicting emotions, and her mind tortured by memories and conjectures. That Constantine Jeffrey was the falsest man that walked the earth, she doubted not; that he had suffered his mind to be poisoned against her by Belle Morton and others, must be true; and that she loathed them all was equally true; and yet, O, heaven! how hard to see her idol fall from its throne; how sad to know it could never be re-instated. How memory recalled, in spite of herself, that one deep tone that had first made music in her heart; how she had loved that one — in foreign climes it had been her inspiration; how he had professed to love her; how utterly and entirely she had trusted in his word, his love, his honor; how could he let malicious tongues breathe ought against her — *how dare he?* She opened a window which led out on an iron porch. In the moonlight, hills, trees, flowers, vines, rocks, and water, made a picturesque scene. She sat there till disturbed by Hagar. She received Mr. Jeffrey's message calmly, and sent the reply coldly. She saw him leave the house and walk away, and soon after hearing his buggy start, she saw Alvah Morton walking leisurely towards

the house, and heard him whistling softly sketches from his favorite opera.

"Ah!" she said, trembling with suppressed indignation, "whatever his object has been, I see he has remained till the latest minute. Belle, too, presses her face upon my pillow; how her breath poisons it! Ah, Hagar, what do you want now?"

"It grows late; and, as you ate but little supper, I have brought you a luncheon."

"Thank you; now you may go. No — come take down my hair and assist me to undress."

Hagar silently obeyed, and soon had changed her mistress' dress for a cambric gown, and unbraided her long, dark hair.

"Good-night, Hagar."

The servant, answering with an humble bow and "good-night," disappeared; but stopped and tried the lock of Belle's door. She entered noiselessly. A candle burned on the dressing-case, and Belle lay, with her white face bathed in the moonlight, fast asleep. Hagar looked at her, with an evil gleam in her eyes, for a moment, then took up the candle and left the room, muttering as she descended the stairs:

"How I would love to strangle the white-faced devil! Ah! Mr. Morton, I thought you had already gone?"

"O, no, Hagar, not yet. A glass of water, please, and then for a drive to the station by the light of the moon."

"I guess you wanted to make Mr. Jeffrey think you were privileged to stay and have a chat with my mis-

tress after he was gone," she said boldly, looking him shrewdly in the face.

"Exactly!"

This had been Morton's design, but why he should acknowledge it to a servant was strange even to Hagar.

"Master, mistress, Herr von Stein and Mrs. Hellwald are in the library."

"I have said good night, old girl, an hour ago, to them; so bring me the water and let me be gone."

"And may Satan follow in your path!" muttered the exasperated domestic, as she unwillingly went to execute the order.

Juliet laid down to rest, trying to fix her thoughts upon a truer Friend than the one she had lost. Silently committing her soul to Him, she finally fell asleep, and that merciful oblivion which brings a calm to all stole over her senses.

CHAPTER XII.

Juliet awoke with a heavy heart, and a dim presentiment of evil. The absence of her ring recalled the events of the evening before, and, putting both hands to her face, she wept the first tears that had come to her eyes, and then her better feelings were awakened. She thought of Jeffrey, and wondered where he was. Getting up, and looking at her watch, she found the train, which was to bear him away, must have gone. A sight of her pale face in the mirror seemed to anger her, for, in a moment, she chided her tears, and dashed them spitefully away.

"Why should I grieve for him?

"O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? * * *
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!"

She quoted the words of Juliet of old, as she ran her nimble fingers through her long, dark hair, scattering it about her like a sable veil. How pale and woebegone! "But no one shall see my sorrow. A diamond for this forsaken hand — I have one so near like it, no eyes but mine could detect the change. Ah! this

white morning wrapper is becoming! I'll wear cherry-colored ribbons, and these corals will make me brighter. Who would have thought that I should ever have 'to borrow the trappings of mirth.' There was no need while there was sunshine in my heart! but I am the veriest beggar now, and must court rich colors. Ah! I wonder if every one who uses these traps of joy is but trying to hide an aching heart? I'll have more pity for such, henceforth, than for those who wear mourning for dear friends. There is but this difference, I see — one desires the world to know of her sorrow, the other seeks to hide it from its cruel gaze! Ah, Pride — you're all that's left me now! Oh, serve me well!"

After breakfast, Juliet and Belle went into the parlor, where Belle, walking slowly down the long salon parlors, took minute survey of Juliet's pictures, pausing longest before those where she traced any resemblance to Mr. Jeffrey.

At length she sat down beside Juliet, put her arm around her, and lavished praise upon them. Juliet said:

"Belle, it would be wrong for me not to tell you that I understand you thoroughly. You have been so deceitful, so treacherous with me, that God, Himself, must have guided your hand to do the deed, that, coming from an angel's pen, He knew, would not have convinced me. Belle, that misdirected letter is in my possession; Mr. Jeffrey has read it — he understands you as thoroughly as I do — and though I scorn him for

listening to your falsehoods, I wished him to know the serpent heart within you."

Belle's face betrayed the greatest emotion, and she clutched the side of the sofa. Beside her sat Juliet, a noble presence in her indignation. Belle made a bold effort to regain her self-possession, but signally failed before Juliet's look of scorn. She tried to explain, but Juliet's ears were closed. There was nothing to do but to wait until the arrival of Alvah Morton that evening, and return with him to the city.

Herr von Stein, who had watched all with deepest interest, knew by Mr. Jeffrey's comparatively short visit that the matter was settled, but he did not know how until he stood in the parlor alone with Juliet the morning he left for the East, when she touched his arm, and, with quivering lips and tears sparkling in her eyes, said softly, pointing to his Blind Faith:

"If you could open those eyes, and lift them up, would not the picture be more perfect now?"

He looked at her, and taking both her hands in his, he said, with a trembling voice:

"No longer blind."

"No longer blind, good friend;" and she raised her hand to him from which her ring was gone.

"*Gott sei dank!*" he continued; "and yet, how could that be? and here, too, in the very midst of these" — raising his hands, indicating the paintings on the walls. "These! the labor of two long years of love — love, such as woman never gave to man but once on earth. These, where his own image is blended

in every face — these, where every landscape has dreams of him, mixed in with the very colors. Ah, faithless man; proud, misguided wretch! But, fräulein, bear bravely this deep sorrow, and remember, your revenge will come at last, and be sweet indeed. He shall look at you, as you soar away from him forever, with an awakening sense of what he has lost. What could be more terrible for him to bear?"

And that day Herr von Stein wrote in his diary: Blind Faith has received her sight. That which made her face so bright, so unlike all other faces I have ever seen, is dead; that which will make it more lovely still, is newly born. The glowing eyes which beamed with a joyous fire, and saw love freighted ships in the floating clouds, look beyond them now with a steady gaze, striving to pierce the mystic veil that shuts out that Being who in His great wisdom loved us, and taught us how to love.

Herr von Stein and his sister, after bidding them adieu, then left for New York.

It was a painful task for Juliet; and, therefore, she told her parents as briefly as possible of Belle's treachery and of her broken engagement, and begged them never to mention the name of either her friend or her betrothed again.

Late the succeeding night, while everything was still, and the moon-light streamed brightly over the hill-tops and trees, Juliet rose from her bed and glided down stairs. The portico, with its vines and shadows, invited her, and she walked out.

"Why, papa! up so late?"

"Yes, child, I could not sleep! There are shadows in the house — it is bright here."

"Why, it was the dancing shadows that lured me. See!" She pointed to the shadows made by a vine that swayed in the gentle breeze.

"There is both light and shadow here — in there it is all shadow."

Juliet took a seat beside him, and said, "Father, tell me what troubles you."

"Nothing definite. I am sorry that you and Jeffrey have become estranged."

"But the false lover will be a false husband, you say."

"Yes, but I regret that he was a false lover — I fear you do, too."

"I will outlive the regret. What he *was* to me, God only knows! that he could *never* be the same to me again, my heart tells me too well."

"You are certain there could be no reconciliation?"

"Certain, papa, as that I live. The charm of our love is gone; for my faith in his love for me is destroyed. There is a love, they say, which, like a violin, is sweetest when broken and repaired. That was not my kind of love. I rather think, papa, mine was a worshiping idolatry. My idol has fallen from its throne. Papa, be sure, *it is shattered*, broken, and defaced. I could worship it *no more!*"

Alvah Morton was somewhat disconcerted, but not defeated, when Belle told him Juliet and she were done with each other forever.

He told Belle that he would win Juliet Hudson yet, "and wear her, too," he added.

He hated Jeffrey, envied him as a journalist, and despised him because Juliet had loved him. He did not believe that Jeffrey would marry Belle, so he determined to get rid of him some other way, and injure him, too.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Rev. Constantine Jeffrey concluded not to go West for his health but took the first eastward bound train after seeing Juliet, carrying with him a grand, gloomy sorrow, which was increased by his grand, gloomy religion. Several of his acquaintances were in the car, but he drew apart and feigned to read.

Mr. Jeffrey, as was at first stated, was ambitious; and he had often congratulated himself upon the fact of winning the love of one so beautiful and accomplished as Juliet. How famous they would be in the time to come — Juliet's genius, her literary qualifications!

In the paper he held was a graphic pen-painting by her of "Rome, as it is to-day." Mr. Jeffrey, being a journalist of merit, saw that Juliet needed only time and judgment to develop her into a literary star of the first magnitude. In his pocket there was an exquisite pearl painting she had sent him while abroad. In their stormy interview nothing had been said about returning either letters or pictures; he would, therefore, keep the bright image of his lost love. Brooding over his sorrow, grand, gloomy, heroic, he thought he bore well his fate; and promised, that in his orisons her sins should ever be remembered.

When the artist had seen his sister once more comfortably established in their home in New York, he

sought an interview with the Rev. Constantine Jeffrey, who received him in his room, and at first repelled the artist's approaches upon the subject that now absorbed his entire mind; but the artist was not to be cast aside from his purpose, and he finally said:

"Sir, I owe it to my pupil; I owe it to her parents, and you *shall* hear what I have come to say. I tell you, sir, my pupil has been the victim of a foul plot. I, who had, for reasons best known to myself, doubted human love, and the faithfulness of woman, watched her most keenly. I saw in her the purest and most sublime nature, lifted above material things, and striving for a higher and better life. I learned that this effort was encouraged, if not inspired, by this high and holy love for you. I knew your views on some subjects differed; but she was liberal, and loved you no less. But I feared — I always feared — you did not understand her, and did not understand the other actors in the little drama. I watched and waited with sealed lips. Her beauty, her genius and intelligence would have made her a welcome addition to any society anywhere; but she, during our travels, refused all invitations. She worked like one inspired — never weary of her labor of love; and to-day she is the most gifted and accomplished woman I ever met. I watched the joy your letters spread over her face; I saw the sad change when they grew less frequent; still she did not doubt you — the post was at fault — you might not know where to address her in our journeyings — you might be ill — anything but a doubt of you in any respect.

Perhaps you can appreciate this matter most thoroughly if you take it home to your own heart. You see, even these wretched creatures understood how superior Juliet's love was to yours, or they would have tried their plan in another direction. Answer me — did you ever write a note to Miss Belle?"

"Yes; but nothing to amount to anything."

"However, your handwriting would appear in the address, and that envelope could have been used to prove to Miss Hudson as much as an envelope addressed in her hand could prove to you. But they would not have dared to attempt it. They knew it, and, not doubting her devotion to you, made you the instrument of your own misery."

"Why did Morton go abroad?"

"Ah, why? Perhaps to effect his purpose. Yet, even here, we must not be too severe on him without positive knowledge, for he has made frequent voyages, and we have no right to question his right to go to Europe during the time Miss Hudson was there; and considering the relation of the two families, it does not, and did not, seem strange to me that he should join us. And, be that as it may, grant that Morton is a villain, that he, for some reason best known to himself, desired to separate Juliet from you, and secure you for his cousin Belle (which was her aim in the matter), was Juliet to blame? I'll venture to say he was careful never to let her imagine his design. Now, can you not see that *you* have been duped, and *she* most fearfully wronged? — and by nobody so much as yourself, for

no one should have been so far from misjudging her."

"I see, but I will atone," he answered, looking sadly at the speaker.

"Ah, Mr. Jeffrey, if that could be; but, as I said at first, take the question home. You could forgive the infidel who doubted the divinity of Christ sooner than one who doubted the piety and honor of Constantine Jeffrey. Juliet has some of that pride. Again, Juliet loved you with a worshiping idolatry; you were superior to all men, in her imagination — *not a man* — A KING. Now you are to her *only a man*, and she could love you no better than another man. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, but I will believe differently."

"My duty," continued the artist, "is to see Mrs. Morton, and disabuse her mind of any wrong on Miss Hudson's part towards hereself; then my task is done. Alas, Mr. Jeffrey, in losing Juliet Hudson, you have lost more than you can ever gain in this world, and I pity you from my soul. It will be a life-lesson for you teaching you to remember that circumstances may sometimes convict; but to look well and deeply into any matter where you have any reason to trust, and do not condemn any one for what another may think or say. In other words, follow the teaching of your Bible, and 'judge not by appearances, but with a righteous judgment.'"

Herr von Stein's conversation had opened Mr. Jeffrey's eyes, softening his pride, and giving him

another gauge by which to measure human nature. In this trouble, he found he had been dealing with it in various forms, from the low, intriguing, designing Belle, the villainous Alvah Morton, his weak, suspicious wife, and the self-righteous mother of Belle, to the true Mrs. Hellwald, the lofty-minded artist, and up to the higher, almost angelic, nature of the proud, loving, noble-hearted Juliet, he was now enabled to analyze, and see the difference.

He studied himself more thoroughly; and his self-reproach was bitter indeed. That he had wrecked his own life-long happiness, he feared now; but he earnestly hoped to erase from Juliet's mind and heart the sorrow he had caused her, to devote his life to the task. He could not believe she was lost to him; he was sure to win her back again. Never had he so thoroughly appreciated her nature as when he recalled Herr von Stein's words, "never was such love lavished upon an earthly object before." When he recalled her labor of love for him, and its reward, he said:

"My life-long task must be to atone for my sin."

CHAPTER XIV.

Many people can trace the greatest success of their lives to the deepest sorrow, or bitterest disappointment they have ever known.

Juliet Hudson looked her sorrow in the face; deceived, wounded, insulted by the man she had worshiped, a weaker nature would have grown melancholy and pined away and died. But if she had loved Jeffrey most of all the world, there were others, who had loved her better than he — she owed them a duty, they should have their reward. The proud, loving parents should never feel that their devotion could be forgotten for one whose love paled like the stars before the sun in comparison with theirs. And we affirm that, whatever made her a stronger woman, a better woman, a more successful woman, the ornament of her sex, the pride of all who knew and who loved her, sprang from the heroic resolution she made and kept in that dark hour of bitterness that swept over her soul. The hot fires destroyed the dross, and she came from the furnace of sorrow a nature of burnished gold.

Whatever the apprehensions of her parents might have been, which were so great that they dared not speak of them, even to each other, they were soon allayed.

Daily she joined them with the same loving caress. There was no perceptible desire to be alone and brood

over her sorrow. Though her cheek was paler, and the dark eyes sometimes seemed dreamy with mysterious thoughts, no word fell from her lips to pain them, or even hint that she was sad.

She could not lose her faith in man, because one had not come up to her ideal. Oh, no!

Father, mother, and brother were her companions. She touched up sketches made abroad; she practiced regularly; walked miles over hills and through valleys with Abbe, or drove — just as suited her fancy. Mr. Hudson, now that Juliet's marriage was broken off, hinted to his wife that he would return to New York — for it would be unkind to bury her among those western hills. But no time was spoken of for a change.

* * * * * * * * * *

When the leaves began to turn, and the golden glories of autumn returned, Juliet began to think more and more of the sweet child, Bertie Johnston, and suggested to her mother that she would send for her to spend the nutting season with them.

Abbe, as yet, had no defined plans for the future. So far he had, since out of college, seemed content to whittle and whistle life away; but his industry in school had been so gratifying, that his parents seemed to have no fears for the future of their son.

Abbe had prophesied to Juliet splendid days after the first frosts — nutting and gathering wild grapes in the neighboring forests; and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson pictured for themselves one more happy, quiet winter in their rural home, which Abbe declared could not

be complete unless they laid by a store of nuts to eat, and recount the incidents that had transpired during their gathering, and tell winter tales by the roaring fire.

It was after one of these cheerful talks that Juliet gave to Abbe, as he started to the village, a plain, white envelope, containing the most cordial invitation. Abbe read the address:

"Miss Bertie Johnston.

——— Place,

St. Louis, Mo."

"Pretty name! I say, Juliet, if love was like the small-pox, I'd be vaccinated against it before your friend arrives; but it's a disease worse than all others. Worst is, a fellow can have it dozens of times. He no sooner recovers from one attack from soft, blue eyes, than he is a subject for another from dark eyes."

Abbe had been very much interested in the lovely child, as Juliet called Bertie, who ran away from school to see her uncle, and imagined she would be a delightful bundle of powder, paint, frizzettes, and crinoline, to carry across the little streams when they went out to gather nuts and grapes.

It was a remarkable fact that Abbe Hudson mailed that letter on the self-same day Juliet gave it to him, when he had never been known to post a letter until it was a week or so out of date — his mother always finding her letters in his pockets about the time she expected a reply.

CHAPTER XV.

Bertie Johnston received and answered Juliet's letter promptly, and named an early day when they might expect her; adding that her uncle would accompany her, as he was anxious to see the dark-eyed girl who had assisted his "Birdie to fly across the ocean," and return to him.

Upon the appointed day Abbe and Juliet drove over to the depot to meet their guests.

Bertie's bright face was nestled against the soft laces on Juliet's bosom a moment before she even said "Uncle, this is she, Miss Hudson," and then Bertie was presented to Abbe, who had not expected to see so charming a little fairy wearing a traveling suit.

Judge Johnston was quite a distinguished looking gentleman of fifty, and seemed at once to understand the tender attachment that might exist between two young ladies of such different natures.

Abbe and Juliet's welcome to the Judge was most cordial, and the former, in his usual impetuous way, had pictured the glorious times they were to see before they had driven home. He pointed out the beauties of the country to the Judge as they drove along, who seemed delighted with the prospect of a week in so charming a retreat.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson stood on the veranda to meet them as the carriage rolled up the graveled drive, and welcomed Bertie and the Judge most cordially, the former of whom entered into their hearts, and took quiet possession, the moment they looked into her sweet face and laughing eyes.

After a rural tea, the gentlemen took cigars and strolled among the trees and shrubbery, and Juliet and Bertie sat with Mrs. Hudson, recalling events that had transpired during their absence. Bertie described her return trip from Europe, and how that she had reached home one afternoon, and surprised the housekeeper almost into hysteria by her sudden appearance. How she had then entered into Bertie's plan to surprise the Judge — how she had dressed herself in his favorite dress which he had kept lying in his room during her absence, and when he walked up and down the room alone, neglecting his tea, which was taken to the library, she had stolen in and sat down, and, pouring out a fragrant cup, had called him to her; his surprise and joy at seeing her, and how many evenings he had listened to her descriptions of her life in Germany, her meeting with Juliet and the artist, and her promise to visit them.

* * * * * * * *

Never did autumn clothe the earth in grander glory than in 18—, and a few years succeeding the civil war. Never had nature seemed so luxurious in beauty and rich harvests. Farms, that during the war had lain idle, yielded fourfold to the warrior's hand who once

more became the husbandman. Granaries were filled with grain, orchards yielded plentifully, and the woods were alive with game that had not been disturbed by the sportsman's rifle for four long years. Purple grapes hung in tempting clusters through the rich foliage, while hickory nuts and pecans were most plentiful.

Our party rose early, and with baskets, bags, and a rare hamper packed by the faithful Hagar, drove off for the day's pleasure.

The Judge seemed a boy again that day, and made swings of long vines for the ladies, and carried grapes in his hat to them. They ate on the grass under a spreading shade tree, and drank water from a sparkling spring; they laughed and sang, and Mr. Hudson and the Judge told stories of their boyhood. And when tired out, they returned home in the setting sunlight, each face was brighter as they planned to-morrow's programme.

"What a sensible man you were, Mr. Hudson, to choose such a home rather than a great noisy city," said the Judge. "I have found nothing so enchanting since my boyhood."

There is nothing more charming than a rainy day in a well regulated household, and such Mr. Hudson's certainly was. The machinery moved so smoothly under the magic guidance of Mrs. Hudson and Hagar, that no creaking or jar was ever heard. Every servant seemed to regard herself as filling a post of honor, and resolved to be worthy of the trust.

This rainy autumn day our friends were forced to stay indoors, and Mrs. Hudson ordered a fire of light wood to blaze upon the hearth.

During the forenoon Mr. and Mrs. Hudson were with them, but in the afternoon Mr. Hudson had letters to write, and his wife accompanied him to the library, and Abbe and Bertie were soon sitting alone in the bay window, looking out upon the pattering rain and entertaining each other, while Judge Johnston improved the opportunity of examining critically Juliet's pictures, none of which seemed to have a greater fascination for him than David Copperfield presenting Agnes to his aunt, after their engagement.

"What a fine face that is! What magnificent eyes! Ah, how lovely your conception of Agnes. Indeed, I find your ideal pictures handsomer than your copies. But all of them show a genius I have never seen excelled, and a most wonderful industry for two years' work."

"Some of these I painted (this one you admire so much) before I went to Europe."

"There is a striking resemblance in the brow and eyes of all your male pictures, and when I look closely they all seem to have been taken from the same ideal model, and invested with a new and peculiar characteristic, which makes them, after all, very different — there is something very wonderful to me in this gift — while your female faces are as different as pinks, and roses, and lilies. It seems strange one could paint two ideal pictures, so different, as Dora and Agnes; and

again, this wild beauty of despairing Sappho is most fascinating.

"This Alhambra is superb. Vesuvius could not be excelled, and these scenes from northern Italy and Switzerland are perfect."

Hours and hours Judge Johnston wandered up and down the room, and Juliet walked beside him. He did not see that she flushed and paled at many of his remarks, and when at last the Judge stood before her own portrait, he said:

"The artist must have painted this with an electric brush, for who could otherwise have caught the expression, and held it fast on canvas, that seems only to flit across your face. This is not your most natural expression — your face is more earnest; more like yonder Blind Faith — if her eyes were open."

"You see I was somewhat younger then; and this bright, joyous look was more frequently upon my face than now. This was an excellent picture then."

"It is now at times. I have seen your face light up a moment, with a look softer than this bright smile, but somehow giving the same expression to your features."

Why must a happy day be shorter than a sad one? Never in Judge Johnston's life had the hours been so short, so sweet, as on that rainy, autumn day, when he seemed to be wandering through fairy land with a nymph so fair beside him, who rather bewildered and puzzled him. She was a strange mixture of ripe ardent thoughts, and budding flowers of knowledge

He compared her to an orange tree, and explained to her why: now expressing a thought pure and sweet as the white flowers; now asking a question that showed the flower was forming into a defined shape; and again came the pure, golden fruit from her cherry lips. And when the day was done, the Judge sat down beside the window, when they had said good night, hopelessly enamored of the dark-eyed houri, and recalling sadly her sweet voice, and the last strains of the song she had sung to him; and there seemed floating in his room, even now, wandering strains of music that had surprised and bewildered him as she sat at the piano.

Her pictures — how lovely! not one of them but showed youth to be her ideal; and her master-strokes were in dark blue eyes and unwrinkled foreheads, except her copy of Moses, from Michael Angelo. Ah, and had she not said, "there is something grand, even sublime, in the face where Time has chiseled the thoughts, the hopes, the fears, the aspirations of man; there is something in it that makes a feeling of awe creep over me, and awakens a higher admiration than the rounded cheek and smooth brow of youth. There is no grander specimen of Angelo's genius than his Moses; and the copying of it was an education in itself!"

Why did he recall those words and repeat them to himself? Was it because the face of Moses was not young, and fresh and fair, but seamed, and with thoughtful, contracted brow?

And how was it with Juliet? As Bertie twined her fair arms about her waist, and laid her soft cheek

against ner bosom, drinking in Juliet's words and smiles, she would say:

"You are just the friend, Juliet, uncle always wished me to find. How good of you to think of silly little Bertie."

"Silly? you are the brightest sun-beam that ever fell across my path. I often wonder where you ever absorbed so much sunlight."

"Oh, from uncle, dear uncle. Alexis says he is one of those peculiar natures that has spent his youth in the absorption of sunlight; and, in his manhood, when other natures are dark and gloomy, he seems to scintillate and throw off rays of brightness to gladden the hearts of all about him. Alexis has grown up to be uncle's counterpart in everything except in appearance. Uncle has been the dearest friend we could have had — both father and mother. When other men would have been at the club or elsewhere, he has remained with us in the parlor or library."

"Did you learn to be unselfish from him?"

"I learned everything that I know, that is good, from him. He is the noblest, the best of men. What other man would have devoted his life to two orphan children, as he has to Alexis and me? And, since I can remember, there is no look, no word, no act of his life that does not exalt all men in my estimation. He is proud; but what an exalted pride! He is religious; but what a pure, humble religion is his!"

"Dear child, but did you never miss your mother!"

"I do not remember her. Uncle has taught me to

believe that her sweet spirit is ever near me, and I believe it is. Nothing has ever grieved me but the separation from uncle while I was in Europe. I could give up Alexis, because uncle talked with me, and told me it was better for him, both physically and mentally, to travel; but he could not tell me it was best for himself, dear soul, to give us both up, and be left alone in that great house in St. Louis. He always tells the truth, so he could not tell me that. And you know I thought about it till I made up my mind to run away."

Juliet thought it would be a blessing to any girl to have such a friend. She inwardly wished she had such a one — one who understood her thoroughly, as Judge Johnston did bright-eyed Bertie, who could convulse a houseful with a description of her stay in Europe, and a recitation in German; or make every eye swim in tears when she recalled her uncle alone at home, and determined to cross the ocean alone to see him: but in his great, broad heart, what a sacred haven of rest she had found. In questions of doubt, how like an anchor he had been to her soul.

CHAPTER XVI.

One morning, a week or ten days after the rainy day, they climbed the neighboring hills to find the source of a stream that trickled in clear drops from the rocks below.

Juliet and Bertie started in advance, and Abbe soon joined them; the Judge, taking a different route, came afterwards. Bertie and Abbe had strayed a short distance down the hill to gather some berries, and to start an echo that Abbe had discovered, and the Judge found Juliet alone. Her eyes were turned upward at the floating morning clouds; her glowing cheeks and fresh, red lips told of rapturous thoughts. Beneath them lay the deep gorge through which flowed the murmuring stream; around them, the rich foliage of autumn's prodigal beauty; above them, where her eyes were turned, were those sailing ships of blue and topaz. The spot seemed enchanted, and she, the lovely spirit of the place, all unconscious that human eyes looked lovingly upon her. Her thoughts were far away. Those clouds reminded her of others she had seen when different emotions stirred her heart and flushed her warm dark cheek; when every floating chariot carried the idolized image of one who had now passed out of her life, never, never to return. She had determined, though, that his absence should not make her

desolate. She had resolved to see new charms in Nature's harmonies, and from the picture spread out before her now she drank in a new inspiration. No, no! the faithlessness of one human being should not rob life of its charm, Nature of her glories; and, yet, had that love remained untarnished, how much more beautiful all earth would have been. But a sweet, pure, holy content was beginning to fill Juliet's soul. The great purpose she had in life was developing rapidly — the mind and heart losing hold upon its idol of clay, was laying hold upon grander things — from mortal to immortality. She was attaining that higher faith of which the artist had spoken when he said, "if when sorrow and trial came she could look up and still say, 'Oh! the beautiful, beautiful world that God in His goodness has made." She had learned the æsthetical philosophy of the German artist, and, without mixing it with her religious faith, it afforded her many fanciful dreams of unparalleled beauty and sweetness.

Judge Johnston, after contemplating the breathing spirit of the enchanted spot for a moment, followed her upturned eyes to the floating clouds above, at first loth to disturb her reverie, but, taking his hat in his hand, he approached her with a gallant compliment, and she pointed to a huge moss-covered stone near which she sat, and bade him be seated till Abbe and Bertie returned.

"What a heavenly spot for meditation," said the Judge. "One is as utterly shut out from the toiling, struggling world as if the place were fresh from Na-

ture's hand, and destined for the abode of another order of creatures from those who dwell in the hurrying, busy world not far away. I would not weary here soon."

"Yes," said Juliet, "it is in a place like this, shut off from the world, that we can think best, and for a moment catch glimpses of our purer selves, for we do have glimpses of ourselves, our better, more spiritual selves; and as these visions go floating past, we wish that we might hold them fast, and thus become more thoroughly acquainted with them; but they are only glimpses of what we may be, when indeed our existence is only spiritual."

"I have had such feelings as you describe, and I would not give up the sweet memories of those passing visions for all this earth. I believe," continued the Judge, "that our spirits are intended to be as separate from the body as the gold in the setting of this ring is from the gem; and if we are of the best material, both physically and mentally, they remain separate and distinct; but, if only common stuff, they mix in and become bound up together. Otherwise, there is the gem and the setting, always clearly defined."

"The Babe of Bethlehem," answered Juliet, "was the grandest illustration of that theory, for the spirit and the flesh, or master and slave, were always separate and distinct."

Thus they were soon engaged in a conversation of a speculative nature, and each was surprised to find the other giving expression to his or her own thoughts.

"Ah! it seems to me," said the Judge, "we could

readily explain these feelings if we accept the theory that our spirits came from some far off spirit world where they were akin, perhaps one, and lived in sweet communion till summoned to earth, and doomed to be imprisoned in these tenements of clay for a certain period. You understand me, I see, or you would smile at the suggestion, since I am so much older in years. In the spirit world, I maintain, there is no accounting of time, and you and I being spiritually of the same essence, differ only in the long separation that has taken place between us? Let me see, I became an inhabitant of this terrestrial globe thirty years before you left those visions of beauty and brightness. Might we not have known each other there, since our minds are so much alike? In your memory there is, of course, a fresher picture of the beauty and harmony you have left but comparatively lately — a memory so vivid that you can reproduce, as all artists can, visions of beauty that have faded from grosser memories."

"It appears to me," said Juliet, seeming to understand him without explanation, "that there lingers in your mind a fairer picture of those lovely things than any one I ever met. It is a philosophy most people would reject."

"My memory is good — much better than that of most people — but my surroundings have been different. If it is the true philosophy, it is easy to understand why I retain impressions of that other world better than most men, for I have had fewer things to tarnish their brightness."

"If it is joy for two mortals to meet in this world whose spirits are akin, who can remember and recall to each other's mind visions of that spirit world where they once have dwelt, and where again they hope to be, must it not be the very highest ideality of heaven to meet there once again?" said Juliet earnestly.

"Certainly! but could not this earth be a miniature paradise, if those natures we imagine have been kindred in that spirit land, when they do meet here, could dwell together during this earthly pilgrimage? What higher joy could earth afford?"

"Surely you are right," she returned, with a frank, unaffected smile. These were the only words he had uttered that she did not rightly construe, or at least correctly apply; and before the Judge could give any explanation, there rang from the hills and rocks the sound — "Joy! joy! joy! joy!"

It was Bertie's clear voice that sent forth the sound, and from the hills, rocks and trees the echo prolonged it; and the Judge and Juliet paused to listen to the magic word, that it seemed some spirit had sung through the air. Bertie and Abbe then soon appeared, with leaves and berries from the neighboring bushes, their merry laugh dispelling the speculative philosophy of Juliet and the Judge.

The days wore swift wings, and the time allotted by the Judge for his visit had flown away. He consented to Bertie's remaining; but she declared that she could not trust anybody to make his tea, and, now that it was turning cool, his dressing gown and slippers must be

warmed, his very napkin might be moist and give him the neuralgia; indeed, she could not trust him to anybody else in the world.

"The Judge seems to be remarkably strong and active, while any one, to hear your excuses, would take him to be quite old, decrepid, exacting and selfish," said Abbe.

"O! here, of course, he would be well and strong, with all of us; but there alone it's another thing; it would be barbarous in me to stay here and have good times, and leave uncle, like 'Glory McWirk,' to be able to think of 'em and not to be in 'em."

It was quite evident that merry, laughing Bertie was a trifle imaginative, and pictured to herself the worst results from her uncle being deprived of her care; and, though Judge Johnston would have appeared anything else in the eyes of the fair Juliet but a cross, rheumatic, neuralgic old man, he felt sure that she understood Bertie quite as well as she did himself, and that the child could have no sweeter fancy than that she was really necessary to ward off from her loving uncle every ill that flesh is heir to.

They promised that, when old Winter came, and great fires roared and sparks flew up the broad chimney, they would come again, and all gather round and recall the happy days of this their first visit.

During the winter, Saturday frequently brought the Judge and Bertie to remain over Sunday; and as they all sat around the bright fire, strange fancies came to the Judge — fancies that remained with him after he

was gone, and caused strange dreams to visit his pillow.

It was not often that he saw Juliet alone. Once or twice he came into the parlor and found her sitting alone, looking thoughtfully into the fire, while Abbe and Bertie walked the veranda. Such a sense of rest, such a peaceful joy stole over him then as would cause him to seat himself beside her, not even speaking lest he should disturb her thoughts, and watch every expression of her, to him, lovely face, that, in contrast, his own home seemed to lack something when he returned which even Bertie's love could not supply. He watched Juliet to see if she enjoyed his companionship, and he felt sure that she trusted him, and was beginning to miss him when he was gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

The latter part of February Mr. and Mrs. Hudson returned to New York, leaving Abbe and Juliet to pay a parting visit to Bertie Johnston, where we now find them.

Bertie's home in St. Louis was all she had pictured it to Juliet; and she, with several trusty servants kept the mansion in order.

She presided over the table, and was the sweetest hostess in the world. She knew, to the drop, how much cream would make uncle's tea or coffee just what it should be; and could measure sugar, to the very grain, to suit his taste.

She drove out with them every day, or went out shopping; but must always be home to meet uncle at the door. Indeed, her devotion was so great, without any affectation, that Abbe declared if he was not Abbe Hudson, he would rather be Judge Johnston, than any other man on earth.

It was the season when every evening offered some new amusement at theatre or opera, and the Judge accompanied Juliet, Abbe, and Bertie. Upon one or two occasions they remained at home, and, to the Judge, these were by far the most pleasant evenings. He did not enjoy the inquisitive gaze that was often fixed upon Juliet's lovely face, and his friends asking him if she

were his niece, and where she came from; but in his own parlor he could close the blinds, and with them close out the curious world. Here he could sit beside her, and listen to her voice, while Abbe and Bertie played and sang.

Ah, happy, happy days! and so different from what the Judge had intended, for he had had many struggles with himself, and determined to see her but seldom during her visit, and to give his undivided attention to his business; to be resigned and to live always as he had thus far — alone; and to try and be happy in the thought that he had never loved but one woman and she most worthy. But her presence disarmed his resolution, and he again harkened to the still, small voice which whispered strange music in his ears.

She did not dislike him evidently. Might she not even like him in a slight degree? Yet, would he be satisfied to be loved only in stinted measure in exchange for his worshiping idolatry? He could make her very happy. Ah, why not tell her so? A winter in New York society might rob him of her. All these things were revolved in his mind as the days passed away; but he sat upon the bench and heard evidence and pleadings, and no one knew of the strange voice in the Judge's ear and yet stranger music in his heart, and that, when he consulted his watch, he counted the hours till he should return again to his parlor to see the fair face in reality — a vision of which was ever before him now.

The last day of Juliet's visit was yet more trying to nim; for, after being absent from her all day, they were to attend an oratorio that night, and he must take her where every eye was as free as his own to gaze upon her beauty. But he would be nearest to her, therefore he could bear it. Judge Johnston acted as special escort to Juliet, and Abbe to Bertie.

The Judge was dressed with care, and though he could never be handsome, even when arrayed in richest cloth and finest linen, he was very distinguished looking — so Juliet acknowledged, as she turned to answer some remark of his, and met his fine eyes filled with eloquent fire, as he sat beside her in the brilliantly lighted music hall.

A glow came to her cheek and a throb of pride to her heart — for Judge Johnston's admiration was something to be proud of. Then she leaned back in her chair, and gave her whole attention to the music with the air of a connoisseur. A crimson velvet circular, falling carelessly away, revealed her fine form to the best advantage, and a turban, trimmed with graceful white plumes, displayed admirably the lovely face. Judge Johnston had a profile view.

She sat there listening to the music, as it were spiritualized. Roses played hide and seek in her cheeks; her eyes dilated and shone like stars; the bright lips were slightly parted, and she seemed to drink in the melody. Many opera glasses were turned upon her face. Whispers of "Who can it be?"— "*Wer mag es sein?*" reached Bertie's ears. In that vast crowd, only

two persons seemed unconscious of the presence of others — Juliet and the Judge.

Presently Abbe, whose attention had been attracted by the universal admiration which his sister won, began stealthily to view the various owners of the fine opera glasses, when with a sudden start of surprise he turned his head, and nervously took a tablet from his pocket, and wrote, "Jeffrey sits not far to the right, and farther back is Morton," and handed it to Juliet. He could not know how quick her heart stood still, nor with what an effort she kept from fainting.

"You are ill," whispered the Judge.

"Oh, no, the hall is close and warm, is it not?"

"I had not perceived it; but permit me to fan you."

He took her fan and used it so vigorously that the tiny toy trembled in his grasp. Then he took a survey of all the windows to see if there was proper ventilation, and as he turned to the right, just back of them, his eyes encountered two burning orbs. So fierce was their gaze, that the Judge returned it with one almost as fierce, without knowing what he meant. It was the glare as of two foes who meet and cross each other in a purpose of life.

There was another who saw the look and interpreted it — that other was Morton.

"Who is he?" asked the Judge, mentally. "I have seen that face before."

After he had studied the question with a puzzled expression, he turned his head to see his antagonist again,

but the chair was vacant, and the Rev. Constantine Jeffrey was nowhere to be seen.

As they left the hall, Morton addressed them, and asked permission to visit Juliet the next day, as he was the bearer of messages from her parents; but she only pressed the Judge's arm, and said, "I have an engagement. A letter from home informs me they are well; I am going home next week — Abbe and I."

It had turned cold and begun to snow. The Judge placed Juliet in the warmest corner of the carriage, and bade the coachman drive rapidly. Bertie and Abbe chatted pleasantly, but the Judge and Juliet were silent.

The gentlemen bade the ladies good-night in the hall, and sought their respective chambers.

"I suspect that party, whoever he may be, is, or has been, an admirer of Miss Hudson. He seemed to read my thoughts, and grew furious. Who can he be? Well, it matters not: let me recur to my own thoughts — to the fair Juliet. Aye, but this mirror tells me that I am a sorry Romeo — old and gray — and wrinkles, too. Youth was not kind to me, and Age seems to have been aggravated with me; for she has dealt more harshly by me than with most men of my years. But I have fortune — I have fame — I have an unsullied name and a spotless character. O, for some magic power to turn the wheel of time backward thirty years. Fie, fie! I am ashamed of myself. Fifty years of age, and more deeply in love than I could have been at twenty-five."

He stood before a mirror and scanned his image, and condemned himself. Half of his fortune would he have

given for the form and features of the handsome man whose face, even now, came so vividly before him. Where had he seen it before? The night waned; he pondered the question still.

"She said she would go away next week. I must decide quickly." And, so saying, he lit another cigar, composed himself in his chair, and began at the beginning, and studied the whole subject over again.

Juliet, tossing upon her uneasy pillow, dreamed of Mr. Jeffrey, Morton, and the Judge.

At the appointed time, Juliet and Abbe bade the Judge and Bertie adieu, and returned to New York, their future home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Judge Johnston sat in his comfortable parlor with a thoughtful brow. A feeling of sadness, almost of gloom, had settled upon him that even Bertie's smile could not dispel. Why? *Would* he, if he *could*, blot out that dark-eyed image from his breast, even though a memory of it gave him pain? Ah! *could* he if he *would?* Why did he dream bright dreams, only to awaken to the sad, sober thought, it can not be?

One evening the Judge seemed more than usually depressed, and Bertie, determined to bring back the old smile, seated herself beside him after tea, and offered to read to him.

"No," he said, "you may talk to me, but do not read."

She then seated herself upon an ottoman at his feet and looked wistfully up into his face, yet feared to ask him what thought, of late, so often contracted his brow.

He looked through the archway, down the long room, and then at the fair face, and the hands clasped over his knee.

"I fear I am dull company for you, Bertie, and that this great house is very lonely."

How many years had they lived thus, and he had never seemed to think of it!

"Oh, no! dear uncle; I find enough to do while you are absent to keep me busy; and when you are here, who can we need to keep us company until Alexis comes?"

"He remains a long time. When did you receive the last letter from him."

"Several weeks ago — he was then in Japan; but, uncle, I received a letter from Juliet to-day; would you like to read it?"

How eagerly he took the delicate missive, and while he read it she read his face — the first page, then the second, where Juliet wrote: "I envy you the companionship of your noble uncle — so wise, so good. Abbe and I often speak of those pleasant winter days when your presence made our circle brighter. Can you not plan to be with us next summer?"

How often he read and re-read that page; and when it was finished, he took her hand and said:

"You miss Miss Hudson, Bertie?"

"Surely, uncle, you could not doubt it."

"Do you miss her brother, little rogue?"

"Would it displease you if I said yes?"

"No, not displease me, Bertie, but perhaps make me sad?"

"Then I will not say it, uncle, for I believe you are already sad. But why should you feel so if I said yes?"

"I would want to know first that he missed my Birdie."

"Uncle, I really believe that he does, and that Juliet misses you."

"What makes you think so?" he asked, raising her hand to his lips.

"Because we were so happy when we were all together. What a paradise Mr. Hudson's house was when we were all there. O, uncle dear! could there be any joy on this earth equal to the thought of spending some such happy hours again?"

"Ah! they were blessed hours, but like all other pleasures have left us pain."

"I don't know, uncle, dear. You taught me to look for the bright side of every picture when I was a child, and I always do it now."

"Indeed! I believe you do. Would you tell me what the bright side of this picture is that is divided and broken up?"

"You promise not to call me vain or silly?"

"Yes."

"Well, put your head a little closer — I'll whisper it. Oh, no!" she said, covering her face with her hands.

"Come, come! I am quite interested. Tell me what it is that seems so bright in this picture that I had thought rather sombre — being separated from our friends."

"Well, uncle dear, since you promise not to say that I am silly, don't you think they miss us too?"

"Yes; and is that the bright side?"

"Yes, oh, yes! it would be dark indeed — too dark to bear — without that."

"Then Misery is content if she has company!"

"O! what a stupid dear you are! Must I have to explain a simple thing to the wisest judge in all the land?"

"I fear you will have to explain this."

"Ha! ha! ha! Of all the stupid dears in the world, a judge is the most stupid. Why, don't you know that if Abbe misses me as I miss him, he will be coming back soon?"

"Oh!"

"And don't you know — put your ear close! — if he cares for me, as I think he does, he will want to stay when he comes? Now, of course, you want to call me vain and foolish, for that is what you think of me; but that is only looking on the bright side of the picture. And, uncle, don't you suppose that Juliet thinks about like I do?"

"How?"

"Judge Silly, only this, and nothing more — that if Judge Johnston cares for her and misses her, he will do — what Abbe is going to do."

"Upon my word! I would give much for your confidence."

The Judge looked a little disconcerted at the bright face at his knee; but, strange to say, there was a light upon the picture he had never seen before.

"But Bertie, she is young and beautiful; I am growing old."

"You are not! and she does care for you more, I know, than she does for any one else."

"She has never been in society, and" ——

"Never will be. She —— uncle, will you do what I tell you?"

"I don't know — what?"

"You just ask her, and find out for yourself; and I believe she will tell you just what I am going to tell Abbe."

CHAPTER XIX.

A brilliant season in New York had passed, but Juliet turned away from every allurement, and enjoyed her library and studio more than she did the dazzling ball-room, or the fascinating play. She was ambitious to raise the standard of female life higher; to overcome difficulties that few women ever undertake, and prove that woman may outlive sorrow and heartache — aye, even slighted love — and rise superior to the grosser things of life — the follies of fashionable society. She realized that youth is the seed-time, and she resolved to strew along her pathway only seeds whose harvest could bring the richest reward. Though she must work alone, she resolved to accomplish all that she had hoped to do with a wise helper whom she had so truly loved. Her earnest labor assisted Time in slowly, but surely, erasing bitter memories from her mind and an image from her heart. She wrote regularly to Bertie, and enjoyed her long, cheerful answers. She read and re-read them, and always dwelt longest upon those portions where Judge Johnston's name was mentioned. Many times did she stop reading, and recall his image and words; but why she did so, she did not even question.

Bertie's words seemed to have a good influence on the Judge's spirits, and determined him to decide with-

out delay the question which absorbed his mind, and it was only a few days after Bertie's sage advice that he announced his intention of going to New York for a few days. Bertie was too busy with her dress-maker to leave home just then, and kissed him good-bye, with a whispered wish for his success, and seemed perfectly willing to see him set out alone. She would be ready to congratulate him when he returned, she said, for she never doubted the probability of any woman's refusing uncle! The idea was absurd! Juliet, too, would be the dearest aunt, and the sweetest sister! What bright smiles played round her pretty mouth when those pleasant thoughts would come!

Judge Johnston found Mr. Hudson's family absent from New York when he arrived. Hagar said they were at Cape May, and thither he repaired. He met Abbe soon after his arrival there, and, as Juliet and Mrs. Hudson were not to be found at their hotel, they sought the beach to find them. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson were strolling upon the sandy shore when Abbe and Judge Johnston approached them, while Juliet stood apart watching the tide as it came in.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson welcomed the Judge with pleasure, and pointing to Juliet, who stood out on the beach, said:

"She seems to be taking a venture with the waves; how near they creep to her; there! she is driven back!"

But, instead of returning to her parents, Juliet sat down to watch the waves, as with ceaseless song they

came, gathering strength, and mounting higher and higher, and then, breaking at her very feet, receded.

After a short conversation, Judge Johnston left them, and Abbe watched him with interest as he walked away alone towards Juliet, and saw him pause a few steps behind the bench where she sat. He paused a moment just behind her, and, looking over her head at the ocean, said mentally:

"How like human hearts and hopes these rolling billows are. They rush towards the sweet and beautiful things in view, but how often a rocky shore of uncongeniality turns them back again, and they recede, carrying with them it may be, the image of what they cannot obtain. So hearts reach out for what they cannot compass, and our idols shrink away from us, leaving us to wonder if it was really the great unseen hand of destiny that impelled us towards them by its own law of affinity, or some infatuation, that, will-o-the-wisp-like, leads us on and on until it vanishes, and leaves us alone with our hearts begloomed and the light all gone out of us."

How his heart throbbed as these thoughts rushed through his brain, and for a moment he half resolved to turn back.

Juliet, all unconscious that aught but the waves heard her voice, repeated musingly:

> "Life is a sea — as fathomless,
> As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
> As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven

Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon, dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth —
' And Hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.' "

Juliet started to her feet, and turned, as the last line was added by a well-remembered voice, and was face to face with Judge Johnston, of whom, in spite of herself, she had been thinking all day long.

"Why, you do not seem surprised to see me," he said, taking her hand.

"But I am glad. Strange to say, but you have not seemed so far away, to-day."

"Then you have thought of me?"

"Yes, oftener than usual — but where is Bertie?"

"She could not leave home just now; she will be with you soon, however."

They seated themselves upon the bench, and he repeated —

"So I have not seemed so far away to-day?"

Her own words sounded so strangely, when repeated by him, that Juliet colored. It was the first time that he had ever seen her even slightly embarrassed, and it made him bold.

"Ah, my fair one, I have been with you in spirit every hour since we parted; and I have taken this long journey to know if we may not, in spirit and in truth, be forever united."

Without waiting for a reply, he told her how long he had studied the question; that he felt keenly the fact

that he was old and plain, but hoped he might offer her a love as fresh and a name as unsullied as if he were a younger and handsomer man.

Juliet did not answer him immediately, but, taking a ring from her finger, she bade him examine it, saying:

"You perceive how plain, yet pure, the gold in that setting is — still the gem is the finest I have ever seen. Not a diamond in the Green Vault of Dresden surpasses it in purity and splendor."

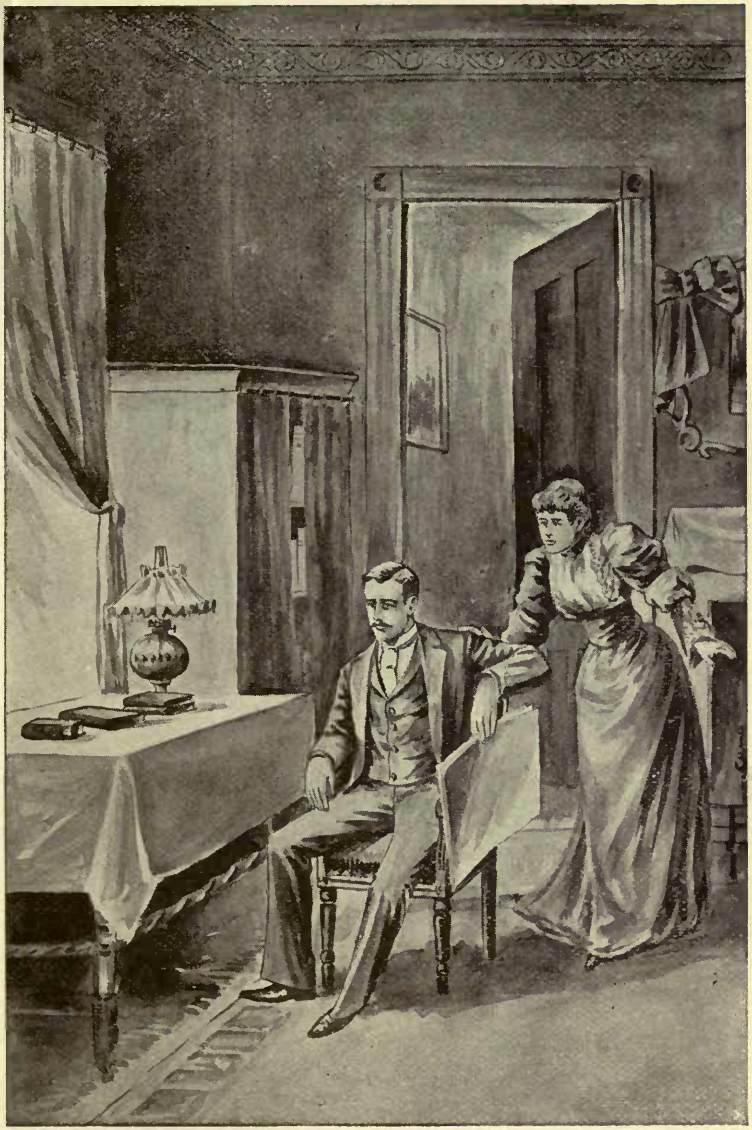
"It is magnificent," he answered, wondering if he understood her meaning.

"That ring," Juliet added, "has reminded me always of you, ever since the stormy day we spent together in our western home — its pure gold setting, and its rare, bright gem."

He was answered.

Old ocean sang in gladness at their feet; the clouds were floating visions, in whose faces they read unutterable love. Their spirits were awed by that deep, silent joy that sealed the lips of both. Rapt in still communion that transcends imperfect prayer, they mutually soared in mind and soul up to the Great Spirit, who had united them in wisdom and in truth.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, though somewhat surprised, gave their cheerful consent to the marriage of their daughter to Judge Johnston, for they esteemed him above any gentleman they knew. Quiet but hasty preparations were made for the coming nuptials. Judge Johnston took Juliet and her parents, and Abbe to see his residence on —— Avenue, where he had resided



"COUSIN ALVAH, OUR TIME HAS COME—VENGEANCE IS OURS—WILL WE NOT REPAY?"—Page 150.

before going to St. Louis; and they consulted upon refurnishing some portions of it.

Bertie was at once apprised of the result of her sage advice to her uncle, and hastened to Juliet, where she promised to remain until after the wedding, and made herself quite useful. She said that her uncle was so busy and so happy that, for once, she could leave him alone.

The Judge had many friends and acquaintances in New York who were glad to welcome him again in their midst, especially when he hinted to them of his approaching marriage.

In her choice, it must not be imagined that Juliet Hudson did not consider the subject of marriage of the greatest importance. She had been taught to do so since she had been old enough to consider it at all; but she had always been so sure that Constantine Jeffrey was her fate that she was a little startled at her own precipitation in her present engagement. She did not once ask herself: "Do I love my future husband?" yet she acknowledged, every time she thought of him, that she honored and respected him above all men.

Juliet had been very busy shopping, and the merry Bertie and a dozen dressmakers in the house had kept her mind partially off the great theme.

A few evenings before her marriage Juliet was troubled. The face or another — not Judge Johnston — haunted her, and the question, "if I had returned to the parlor the evening when Hagar delivered Mr. Jeffrey's message, would Judge Johnston and I ever

have been married?" obtruded itself again and again as she tried on rich dresses, rare laces, and bright ribbons to see their effect; but it was not till she was alone in her chamber that she faced boldly and answered the voices that had taunted her during the entire day.

"This question must be decided for once and all — do I, poor, miserable creature, still love that treacherous man? Am I capable of so mean an action as to marry an honorable man, and love a dishonorable one? Can love conquer pride? In his case it *did not;* in mine, it *shall not.*"

With clasped hands and throbbing heart, she sat there. Pictures came and went — fancies, dreams — and, foremost of all, was the pale face of the proud sufferer for whom once she would have died rather than to have caused him one heartache. As often as it appeared before her she met it with the same cold disdain that had prompted her words at parting. After a long, bitter struggle she proclaimed pride, resentment and self-respect the conquerors of love. Though the white face rose again and again, and battled with all three, at last it sank down and disappeared to rise no more.

"How will it be in regard to your husband?" came the next voice.

"If he loves me, respects me, trusts me with his whole heart, then I will honor him, reverence him, and be all to him that God has said a wife shall be to her husband."

After the storm of emotion had subsided, Juliet was calm. With natures such as hers, weighty questions are studied well, and decided in such a manner that

they rarely present themselves for consideration a second time; and thus, finding herself mistress of her own emotions, she awaited calmly her wedding day. She was a close reader and an ardent admirer of Plato, whose philosophy she considered unerring, whose wisdom was excelled by none. Thus she consoled herself that this change in her feelings was a natural one, as she quoted his words, "all things which have a soul change, and, in changing, move according to law and the order of destiny."

CHAPTER XX.

Morton had watched Mr. Jeffrey closely to see if there was any danger of reconciliation between him and Juliet; but, as the days wore on, he began to recall Judge Johnston's attentions, and to wonder if, in her resentment, she would encourage him. He was just beginning to study the subject closely, when he met Judge Johnston a second time in the city of New York. Morton asked the privilege of calling upon him at his hotel, but the Judge informed him that he had an engagement in the evening, but would be glad to see him at the Astor House the following day.

The next morning's paper contained the account of a brilliant wedding in —— Avenue.

All that day Morton schemed how he could see Juliet without being seen by her; for he was afraid to trust himself in her presence. But to see her once more he would almost give his life. "Still, I am not defeated," he said to his own wicked heart.

There was no other way to see her but to call upon them at the Astor House, from whence they were to leave for a short trip to St. Louis, where the Judge desired to wind up his business affairs. Juliet strove to be most fascinating, and almost drove the poor man wild.

"I'll punish him for his temerity," she said mentally.

Abbe understood her, and knew that her smiles were daggers to Morton.

"She seems perfectly happy, and as utterly lost to me as if she had married Jeffrey," he thought. But he chided his heart for so thinking, and said, "No, this old husband will grow irritable and exacting, and her proud spirit will rebel. She cannot love him so well as she did Jeffrey. My opinion is, she married him from chagrin — although he is a grand, old specimen."

Thus Morton, like a moth round the gas-light, hovered about Juilet, till train time, and then accompanied them to the depot.

During the time that Morton was at the hotel with the Judge and Juliet, Mrs. Morton had a visitor.

Belle had been elated since she read of the wedding as she sat at her breakfast, and had kept her room all day to glory in secret over the fact, and to plan how she should yet win Mr. Jeffrey.

Mrs. Morton dispatched a note to Mr. Jeffrey, which he promptly answered in person at the appointed hour.

He was ushered into her own room. A few moments after they were seated, and she had dismissed the servant, she inquired:

"How did this marriage come about?"

"I cannot tell. After I heard from Herr von Stein the most noble vindication of Juliet, and after I came to see how much I had wronged her, I left immediately for St. Louis to seek her, and, if possible, effect a recon-

ciliation, and win her back to me. I arrived in the city late in the afternoon, and was surprised when I registered my name at the Lindell Hotel, to find that your husband had arrived that morning. I wished to avoid him. I found out accidentally that Juliet was visiting Miss Bertie Johnston, and concluded to see her at once; but learning there was to be an Oratorio of the Messiah in the city that evening, and knowing her love for music, I felt sure she would be there. I met a friend who gave me his ticket, which happened to be in close proximity to the seats occupied by Judge Johnston, Juliet, his niece, and Abbe. I never saw her look so beautiful — surely our separation has caused her no pain! I could not keep my gaze off her face; but she did not see me. Then I observed Judge Johnston closely, and I read in his eyes that he loved Juliet, even as I loved her — and, under the circumstances, I believed she would marry him — I felt it to be true. I hurried home, buried myself in solitude, and was waiting daily the announcement of their engagement. I feel now there is nothing left for me but to forget her. You will keep your promise, that some day she shall know that I saw my grand mistake, and beg her pardon."

"Well, I could not understand it. I am sure Belle or Mr. Morton overheard Herr von Stein's vindication of Juliet to me, and he hurried to St. Louis to prevent your seeing her. I know, alas, too well, that though she is innocent, she is the cause of much misery. Belle is miserable, Mr. Morton is miserable, you are miserable, and I am most miserable of all. Juliet's pride

will sustain her, and the consciousness of her husband's love — while I have nothing! nothing! nothing! You will love some one else " ——

" Hush!" he said, rising and pacing the floor; " let this subject drop between us forever. I shall pray for you, and I shall pray for myself; for I have much need of prayer. I must leave you now."

" Mr. Morton told me that you and Belle were to be married, and I believe, also, that Juliet heard the same " ——

Mr. Jeffrey started as though an adder had stung him. He made no remark, but an expression of horror, disgust and amazement came over his face. He bade Mrs. Morton a hasty farewell, and left.

" So this is the way our clergyman conducts himself," said Belle, who had listened at the partially opened door communicating with the next room. " Madam sends for him in her husband's absence; he confides to her the secret of his lost love. Oh, Alvah! now has our day of vengeance dawned!"

She went to her room, and sat down by the fire, and waited till Morton should come, that they might lay their infamous plot to set on foot the most notorious scandal that the world ever knew.

Mrs. Morton had had many reasons for desiring a reconciliation between Mr. Jeffrey and Juliet. First, because, if Juliet were married, perhaps she could win back her own husband; and second, because she now hated Belle, who was almost a constant inmate of their house.

As soon as possible she had joined Mr. Jeffrey's church, which Belle also hastened to do.

We now understand the state of affairs when Belle joined Morton, after dinner, in the library. He had been reading a reported sermon of Mr. Jeffrey's, and was inwardly cursing the fate which seemed eager to place him upon the pinnacle of fame. His power as a minister was only equaled by his success as a journalist, and, as Morton was also a journalist, he had reason to be envious of him. While in this frame of mind, Belle stole softly into the room, and laid her hand softly upon his shoulder, and said:

"Cousin Alvah, our time has come — vengeance is ours — will we not repay?"

"Well quoted, my little Christian. What now?"

She drew a chair close to him, and turning her white face with its glittering eyes upon him, said:

"While you were gone this evening, your wife sent for Mr. Jeffrey. He came: I overheard their conversation. He told her how he had hastened to St. Louis after Herr von Stein had exposed our falsehood, as he called it; how he had intended to beg Juliet's pardon, and ask her to be his wife; but seeing her at the Oratorio (where you described her as more bewitching than you ever had seen her — to him, indeed, was she so), he realized there that Judge Johnston also loved her, and felt that his own cause was hopeless. Now he says he has nothing to do but to pray and forget her. *He loves her still.* Your *wife* has forever poisoned his mind *against me.* Tell me what I can do to serve you

in this matter, and whatever it may be, I will do it, so that they suffer."

After a pause, Morton answered:

"Ha, I have it, Belle! In his wounded love and pride he will also need a comforter outside of prayer; and Florine will also need a comforter. They will each derive comfort in seeing how miserable the other is. Let him come as often as he pleases; I will give him many opportunities, and then — ah, Belle!" he chuckled, and patted her head, "*we will see how fares the wretch who scorns you, and dares to love and be loved by the woman whom I love.*"

CHAPTER XXI.

Juliet is mistress of a great, massive stone house on —— square, New York — a house which had a peculiar fascination for her, inasmuch as it was unusually large. She loved to wander through the various apartments that she might become familiar with her own surroundings. The east wing was darkened and unused, and, on going through it, she found the rooms were furnished with quaint old-fashioned things, dating back two hundred years. Old portraits, with powdered wigs; and an old clock, taller than herself, stood in the corner of one room. The chairs, the portraits and the clock seemed all to have lived in the same days, and to have hidden away and shut themselves out from the new and fashionable crowds of furniture and pictures that were in portions of the main building. Old mirrors, with heavy gilt frames, reflected the quaint objects; and the old portraits seemed to watch each other through them. Upon examining the clock, Juliet found that it was in perfect running order, and wound it up, and waited until she had seen the huge pendulum swing back and forth with regularity long enough to know that it would continue to run; and she promised not to forget it, and to keep the time always there — it would keep the pictures company. The west wing was modern in all its

"WHY, THE YOUNG MAN WASN'T THE GIRL'S UNCLE WHEN HE FIRST FELL IN LOVE WITH HER."—Page 160.

appointments; and Judge Johnston had told her that it had been occupied by Alexis, and remained just as he had left it. She wandered there one morning while Bertie was out. The hall she entered was richly carpeted, and on the rack were the equipments of a fashionable gentleman. She opened the first door and stepped into a bed-room fit for a king. Beside a deep velvet chair was a cigar stand of costly wood and silver; near by stood an alabaster table strewn with books and poems; on the dressing-case, collars, handkerchiefs and neckties; on the floor, a pair of velvet slippers, and, tossed on a chair, a rich dressing-gown.

"Ah!" said she, "Alexis seems to be a gentleman of taste, but I should say a trifle careless," and passed to another room. There were stained glass windows on one side, of the most beautiful pattern and rich colors, that cast a mellow light on every object in the room. It was evident that the young man had given full range to his taste here, for it was perfect. There were books and tables, and paintings and statuary, strewn here and there in enchanting disorder. There was a portrait of his mother and father in heavy gilt frames. The mother, a brunette, with dark eyes and ripe cherry lips — a dashing, brilliant beauty, full of fire and passion. The father resembled Judge Johnston, though a much handsomer man than he; but there was the same broad, square shoulders, the same marble cast of features, the same look of marked distinction that sat upon the Judge; the same piercing eyes, the same sweet but firm mouth. Their eyes followed her about the room —

the eyes so unlike, the faces yet more unlike, those two whom she heard had loved each other so well.

Strange fancies floated through Juliet's mind as she looked again and again at the portraits, who seemed in mute interchange of opinions concerning her, for their faces were turned towards each other as their eyes followed her. Did they approve her being here? Did they ask if she loved Judge Johnston as they had loved each other? Did they ask her what thoughts she had of their roving boy? They asked so many things with those mute lips and wandering eyes, that she sat down in a velvet chair and tried to answer queer questions to herself. She was rapt in a strange, dreamy pleasure, when she again returned to her own cheerful parlor where Bertie had been waiting.

She would never be lonely in this house! There was a nook to shelter each changing thought and mood; and she sat down, and asked Bertie about her brother, and when he would return.

* * * * * * *

Wherever Juliet went, her unusual beauty, her elegant and distinguished appearance, made her the object of general admiration.

Judge Johnston might have had serious misgivings as to his future happiness had not his young wife been so attentive to him, and seemed to appreciate a word of praise from his lips more than all the adulation she could receive from others.

Juliet was a sensible woman, and determined to

have her husband's love and respect. She saw in him new virtues each day, and honored him more and more. Though she knew in her heart that her love for him was not the kind of love she had once known, yet there was something peaceful about it that promised solid happiness, and she felt that her husband was a very anchor to her soul. She knew that he was proud of her, and she strove to please him in all things. If he wished to receive his old friends, she gave them a royal reception, which made quite a stir; people commented upon it, and for days afterwards the Judge met acquaintances who were full of praise and admiration of his young wife, which made him more proud and happy than ever. Every evening she met him at the door with a smile and a kiss that brightened his face like a schoolboy's. She learned from Bertie all those little attentions that he had been accustomed to, and added a thousand of her own.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson were better satisfied with their daughter's choice every time they met the Judge. In their estimation, there was no disparity between them, for their suitability of mind and purpose canceled the disparity of years.

Juliet occasionally met Belle Morton and her mother, the latter of whom still employed herself in setting the world aright. She still preached the errors of people and the increased wickedness of the world, and forced her opinions upon every one she met, trampling theirs mercilessly under her feet. The world is dreadfully wrong; for perverse men and women get

new ideas into their heads every day, and, with unbridled tongues, speak out. No sooner did Mrs. Morton meet a hydra-headed man or woman than she cut off his or her head, to find, in a week, that two had grown in its stead. She no sooner settled the perverse Jeffrey on one "ism" than he boldly asserted another from his pulpit. And yet Christ would not come. Abbe says He had better not, for Mrs. Morton had laid by for him a story of these days of trial that would put to shame His first earthly pilgrimage.

Mrs. Morton, Sr., was one of those persons who have blood. You might have influence or position, the Hudsons and Judge Johnston might have money, but *she* had *blood!* And it was well for her to make the most of it in her conversation, as she invariably did, because the idea of her having a better quality of blood than her neighbors would never have forced itself upon you. She talked more, and louder, and upon subjects not always suited to the time and place, than a modest woman would have done. For instance, if a charity mission called her to visit one of her lawyer friends, or to call at any business office, she generally spent two-thirds of her time while there discussing scripture or politics. Her blood seemed to make her less womanly than if she had had a poorer quality of it. She did not manifest any superiority in any act or word, and yet she forced the conviction upon you that all of her peculiar characteristics were owing to her blood. Indeed she made herself, at times, so disagreeable with her blood that one would secretly wish that she might swoon, and

"'BLESS MY SOUL!'" EXCLAIMED THE JUDGE, "'THIS IS A MOST WONDERFUL PICTURE, YOUNG MAN. ARE YOU THE ARTIST?'"—Page 165.

render it necessary to tap a vein and draw off some of the obnoxious fluid. Mrs. Morton's blood made her very extravagant in her language and very profuse in her adjectives. Her blood made her unjust to her friends and to her enemies, for she overrated the former and underrated the latter. Her friends were grand, glorious! her enemies, diabolical!

She began to discuss the blood question the first time she met Juliet as Mrs. Johnston, and, after a long tirade, Juliet incensed her by asking her how she accounted for members of the same family differing so widely in taste and disposition, and ofttimes verifying the Scripture, "The potter can make of the same clay two vessels, one to honor, the other to dishonor."

Again she remarked:

"Although I have nothing but my observation to warrant the assertion, I believe that you might place the blood of a plebeian in a golden goblet and that of a patrician in an earthen vessel, and half the champions of this blood theory would jump at the conclusion that the goblet held the blood of the patrician. I would rather be the bright star of a family who had no blood to speak of, than the dolt of a blooded race."

"O! well, tastes will differ," answered Mrs. Morton. "As for my part, give me blood! Sometimes when I have lamented the fact that my husband was not so energetic as I would like him to be, and a trifle too democratic, I have always congratulated myself with the fact that *I knew he had blood.*"

"But, Mrs. Morton, do you not really think that the difference in people consists in qualities of mind, the mental training, etc.?" Juliet asked.

"No, it is blood! the blood has its natural functions to perform upon the brain, and what the brain is the blood makes it!"

"I would hate to think I was born with a certain kind of blood that forbade my being anything but what my ancestors had been, strive I never so hard, if they had not been what I would want to be."

"I would rather accept Herr von Stein's theory of the origin of the soul; that spirits unseen dwell among us, and enter the new-born babes, pure, gentle ones, seeking the lowly cot to dwell with peace and love, even sometimes preferring toil; while vain, ambitious spirits hover round the rich man's home, oftentimes taking possession of the heir of fortune, and ruling him for his ruin. It is a broad field, Mrs. Morton — too broad for me. If blood is all, I would say give me only pure, healthful blood, free from taint of disease."

Years afterwards, Juliet looked back over the career of the Morton family, and wondered if indeed Mrs. Morton's blood theory was right, and that the only thing in which Mrs. Morton was mistaken about it, was the *quality of the Morton blood.*

Abbe Hudson was a frequent visitor at Judge Johnston's house. Upon one occasion when he called, finding Juliet and the Judge out spending the evening with a friend, he walked into the parlor and sat down, and gazed musingly into the fire.

Abbe had had strange moods of abstraction since Juliet's marriage. He seemed very glad to be alone just now, and taking up the poker he broke a piece of coal, and, as he watched the gas blaze up, he said impatiently:

"It's a very uncomfortable position to find one's self in, very."

As he pondered some question silently, he became so restless that he got up and walked the floor, repeating at intervals that it was an awkward position, until the door opened and Bertie peered in.

"Why, Bertie! I thought you were out with Juliet and the Judge," he said, pausing in his walk.

"No, they left me to keep house; but what is the matter, Abbe? you seem annoyed."

"So I was saying when you came in, that it is a very unpleasant position to be in," he said abstractedly.

"I do not understand."

"Well, it is this, Bertie; for a man to be in love with a girl and suddenly find himself that girl's uncle."

"That would be rather unpleasant."

He walked on and she walked beside him; he was silent for awhile and then asked abruptly:

"I say, Bertie, a girl could not marry her uncle?"

"Certainly not, Abbe; but it would seem strange for a man to fall in love with his niece."

"What if he did not know it at the time; never suspected such a thing possible?"

"O! he would be excusable then; but it would certainly be a very strange circumstance."

Bertie looked very much puzzled.

"Come, Abbe, sit down and tell me about it; or do you prefer to walk? very well. Certainly, if a man should fall in love with his niece, and did not know it, but afterwards found it out before they were married, it would be all right, but quite romantic. Do tell me all about it."

"I am more disposed to call it selfish than romantic."

"How?"

"Why, the young man wasn't the girl's uncle when he first fell in love with her."

"Was not! then how in the world could he ever become so?"

"Why, by this incomprehensible thing of matrimony."

"I do not comprehend."

"Why, the young lady's uncle is married to the young man's sister."

"O-o-oh!"

"That's what I say."

"But how could that make him her uncle?" looking earnestly into his face with laughing eyes.

"Why, isn't the young man's sister then the young lady's aunt?"

"Yes, by marriage."

"Then wouldn't the aunt's brother be the young lady's uncle?"

"I do not see how."

"Well, let's suppose the young gentleman *could* marry the young lady; would not his own sister then be his aunt?"

"I cannot see how."

"Bless my soul, Bertie, how could it be otherwise? If this is true about people when they are married being *one*, wouldn't the young man then sustain the same relation to the Judge that his wife (the young lady) did?"

The word "Judge" caused Bertie to start, but, perceiving that he had not noticed it, she was silent.

"I say, if they were *one*, and his sister was married to her uncle, wouldn't it make the sister who married the young lady's uncle her brother's aunt, and the young man his own wife's uncle? Bless my soul, it is quite dreadful."

"*One* means in mind, and *purpose* and *heart*, Abbe, don't you think?"

"But the Bible says *one flesh*."

This was too much for Bertie. She could not undertake to unravel the tangled skein; but she sat down in a deep chair, and allowed Abbe to resume his walk alone, while she took a quiet little laugh to herself, which might not be so laughable after all, she acknowledged inwardly, if he did not get the knotty question answered to his own satisfaction and hers.

"I say, Bertie," said Abbe, at last stopping short in his walk, and facing her.

"Well, Abbe?"

"There is no nonsense about you, is there?"

"I don't know, Abbe; to be frank with you I am afraid there is. But explain what you mean by nonsense."

"Well! you don't hold that every word in the Bible is true."

"Why, I hope so — I believe so "——

"But, don't you suppose there may have been a misconstruction in the translation now and then, a wrong word used; for instance, " ——

"Such an error might occur; yes!"

"Well, if there is a mistake in that Good Book, let's you and I agree on that word; and that Juliet and the Judge *are not one flesh*, and — that I am not your uncle!"

He leaned over her, and her curls hid her blushing face.

"Come, there's a dear! Juliet and the Judge *can not be one flesh!* We have decided that, and therefore I cannot be your uncle."

"Yes, but —— Abbe, if Juliet and uncle are not, neither could we be, and it would not be a true marriage."

"Why, bless my life (raising himself erect), aren't you the very girl who told me that *one* meant in *thought*, in *purpose* and in *heart!* And who in creation would want to be more? For instance, if I should lose a limb would you want to be crippled? Come, no nonsense, Bertie."

And there was no use for two such natures to have any such nonsense about them. So Bertie allowed him to raise her from her chair, and, as she stood beside him, she acknowledged that it would be quite satisfactory to be *one in mind and purpose, and in heart.*

CHAPTER XXII.

Judge Johnston had been very select in the choice of the friends that he introduced into his house, for he knew that society life is hazardous even with power to choose associates. How it was then that Alvah Morton had insinuated himself into the Judge's confidence and respect may puzzle one. But Morton was, as we have said, a man of no mean attainments, and moved both in Brooklyn and New York in the very best of society.

Juliet treated him with reserve, and watched his course of conduct towards her husband with some apprehension.

No one could know Judge Johnston and not respect him; Morton felt this, but he envied and hated him.

Judge Johnston was a man with broad, liberal views, always looking on the best side of human nature, and ever ready to find an excuse for an error of mankind, which was the reverse of the Morton principle.

Although she refused to be identified with any religious association, Juliet was not slow in seeking out a sure method of doing noble deeds of charity. Soon her name became as well known among the toiling poor as that of Mrs. Morton, Sr., was among church people and society at large. Struggling youths and maidens

sought her aid, and in no instance was a worthy applicant turned from her door without assistance. Nor did she wait always for them to apply to her, but she sought them out. And we will say here, that Juliet did good without thought of a reward; while Mrs. Morton always saw, or thought she saw, some good result to herself in her charity.

One evening a young artist was ushered into Juliet's presence, while she sat in the library writing one of those terse articles with which she frequently furnished the public under a *nom de plume.*

The young artist handed her a letter of introduction from a prominent lawyer, and a friend of Judge Johnston. After reading the letter, she asked:

"Have you any specimens with you?"

In reply he unrolled some sketches from the Yosemite Valley, and other American scenery.

"I see you have no figures. Can you paint portraits?"

"O, yes! I think I am equally proficient in that line. I would like, at least, to try to paint your portrait."

"Portraits are such stiff, tiresome things; but I have a fancy to surprise my husband with a picture of myself after the style of Evangeline."

"Capital! your face will adorn that gem of a picture."

She smiled at his earnest compliment, and told him he should call the next day and begin his work, and if the picture suited her husband she would pay hand-

somely for it, and, after buying one of the sketches he produced, dismissed him.

Every day the young artist came, and worked upon the picture — copying the attitude and drapery of the Evangeline, while the features were life-like of Juliet.

When it was finished, she told him to call some evening and offer to sell the picture to the Judge.

Wednesday evening the parlors were brilliantly lighted, and Juliet sat down beside her husband to read.

"What shall it be to-night?" she said.

"Give us the sad, sweet story of Evangeline — faithful, loving Evangeline!"

The poem was not yet read when the artist came in, as though for the first time in his life, and, unveiling the picture, placed it before the Judge.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman, shading his eyes with his hand; "this is a most wonderful picture, young man! Are you the artist?"

"I am, sir."

"What do you ask for it?"

"You shall name the price."

"Why, Juliet, my love, this is like yourself! Call Bertie! Well! well!"

Bertie uttered an exclamation of surprise also upon seeing the portrait. The Judge seemed positively jealous that the artist should have an inspiration to paint a face so like that of his idol; and to be offering it for sale was sacrilegious.

"Come!" said the Judge, "three hundred dollars,

provided you give me your word never to paint another like it."

The artist smiled and cast a furtive glance at the original, who seemed well pleased.

"That will do," he said.

"Juliet, love, I pay this price because it so closely resembles you; I would pay double the amount if it were your picture."

"Would you? then I think I will give this young man a check for that amount, as it was painted from life, as a gift from me to you."

Judge Johnston was so well pleased that he gave Juliet and Bertie a hearty kiss, and shook hands with the artist a dozen times; and Juliet wrote him a check for six hundred dollars.

Judge Johnston became so much interested in the young artist, that he made inquiries of his friend who had sent him to Juliet, to learn something more about him. And when she asked him the result of his inquiries one evening, when they were all sitting in the parlor, and he, never weary of studying the picture which had first surprised him so much, answered:

"It is the old, old story, Juliet! One of poverty's gifted sons, with a family of brothers and sisters to support. I find him to be worthy our best support and encouragement. He has taught school, been a brakeman on a railroad — in fact, turned his hand to anything where he could make an honest living; denied himself for the sake of others, and has only

occasionally found time and means to improve his artistic taste. Unknown and friendless until my friend met him, encouraged him, and sent him here, he has been too poor to paint pictures unless sure of their sale, and, therefore, has few specimens of his art.

"He is safe, now," said Juliet, "for I see he has aroused your deepest sympathy. I will interest some of my lady friends in him, and I think we can find room for several more pictures. I had intended to paint Abbe and Bertie's portraits, but he shall have the work."

Indeed, they all bethought themselves of friends and acquaintances in whom they could awaken an interest in the young artist, and Juliet at once sent her father a note which she said would not fail to result in substantial advantage to the young man.

"Ah!" said the Judge, "what a pleasure it is to aid such a cause! No people on this earth do I honor so much as the strong natures that have the self-control to crush down the higher aspirations of the mind and soul, and make them subservient to the good of others — to perform faithfully a task imposed only by pride and honor! — to still the voice that cries out for sympathy, leaving idle their best faculties, and, instead of exalting the sublime spirit God gave them, to be only as a machine, all the time conscious of the higher position they might attain with only an opportunity! They are the spirits most nearly resembling that of the Divine Son of God who can do this thing. And how many there are day after day exhausted by ceaseless toil only

for shelter and raiment for the body, while the starving soul lives on in silent agony. The reverse of these natures are those who are idle and worthless simply because circumstances do not place in their hands means to do just what they would like most to do for a livelihood. The people who achieve most are those who take hold of that which opposes them, and break down every barrier that rears itself between them and the object they would achieve. These are the people, Juliet dear, that we must seek out and aid? Find them where you will; let them be men, women or children, these are they that we must assist!"

"But," said Juliet, smiling, "they are the people whom it seems never need assistance!"

"Ah, my child! there is where you err; these proud natures might refuse to receive any material help, but there is always a way to further their objects, to lighten their burdens, and send them a step nearer their goal than they would be without your aid. There it is where money and influence can best be utilized; there is where your noble father has done more real good in this world than any other one man I know — in assisting the worthy and developing genius and talent. His western farms now furnish labor for dozens of men who are out in the fields with the trees, and flowers and birds, to brighten their toil, away from vile associates, and the unwholesome city. He told me that of every thirty applicants to him for assistance, only ten would accept labor on a farm to earn a living. Such he would take, and those who refused and preferred the crowded

haunts of the city, with a bare subsistence, rather than earn an honorable living, he had told never again to apply to him for help, that he assisted no vagabonds! But of that proportion, one-third, who applied to him and accepted his offer of farm labor, he had given employment, and they were all doing well."

"Yes, papa has always declared that he would only aid the deserving, and those who showed a disposition to aid themselves."

"He has done much real good; his life-work is something to be proud of. If there were more Hudsons in the world, and fewer Mortons, I rather think the world would be set to rights quicker and more satisfactorily."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Morton was never so well pleased as when he found Judge Johnston alone in his library, and felt himself a privileged guest. Then it was that he paid compliments to Madame, as he called Juliet, averring that he had acquired the habit of calling married ladies Madame in Paris, and could never rid himself of it. (He had spent two years of his life in Paris, and the rest in America.)

The Judge, at first a little chary of making his wife the subject of conversation, gradually let his pride get the better of his judgment.

"It is wonderful," he said one day to Morton, "how perfectly harmonious our natures are. Juliet, proud and untamed in spirit, admires my thorough self-command; while I worship with the enthusiam of a boy her beauty, wit, and grace. She is as thoughtful of me — now, she planned the sweet surprise of her picture as Evangeline, with as much joy as if I had been as handsome and as youthful as Apollo. I have sometimes been puzzled to understand how quickly she adapted herself to the whims of a sedate old man."

"Ah!" said Morton, "that is not so wonderful when we consider that she had educated herself for the church — not the world! — to be a minister's wife — in which, happily for her, she was disappointed."

The smile of Morton was bland enough, and the words and tone most choice, perhaps; but the Judge started and lost color, and the smile faded from his lips. Morton knew the poisoned drop had entered the Judge's ear, and would find its way to his heart.

Judge Johnston would question no man about his wife. But this was the secret of Juliet's devotion, of which he had been so proud, simply because she had loved another man, in whom she had been disappointed, and married him through chagrin.

As the conversation flagged Morton left.

"That fellow has a smooth way of saying disagreeable things," said the Judge, when he was alone with his own bitter thoughts.

But who could the minister have been? Impossible! Had he not seen her soon after she returned from Europe? It could not have been before she left, for she was a very child. So Judge Johnston tried to allay the pain in his heart, and had almost succeeded when, the day after the above conversation, Mrs. Alvah Morton called on Juliet, and during her stay warily brought up Mr. Jeffrey's name, his growing fame, and lastly the fact, that, soon after he had seen her in St. Louis, he had come to her and told her about Herr von Stein's noble vindication of her name, and explained the way in which she had been led to believe that Juliet had corresponded with her husband. She confessed to Juliet how ashamed she had been for her unjust suspicion and begged her pardon. She furthermore told Juliet that Mr. Jeffrey had made her promise

to tell her how bitterly he censured himself; how miserable he was, and how he had hastened to St. Louis to see her — to beg forgiveness and effect a reconciliation. She told her that he had seen her at the Oratorio, and there realizing Judge Johnston's devotion, and, believing his own cause hopeless, he had returned without speaking to her; his despair at her marriage, and his utter denial of ever intending to address Belle.

Juliet flushed and paled at the recital and even asked her to discontinue it, but Mrs. Morton seemed to feel in honor bound to redeem her pledge to Mr. Jeffrey, as she said, and to secure Juliet's forgiveness for herself.

So great was her effort to appear calm and indifferent to the above recital, and so abased was she that Mrs. Morton should remember her slighted love, and imagine that she heard the message with pleasure, that Juliet was quite ill and nervous when Judge Johnston returned home. He too was nervous and ill, but the sight of his wife's glittering eyes and feverish cheeks made him forget himself. She had retired to her own room, and was reclining upon a sofa when the Judge entered, and Bertie was bathing her head.

Bending tenderly over her, the Judge asked many questions concerning her indisposition, relieved Bertie of her task and took her place beside her.

Juliet tried to smile and expressed her annoyance at not being able to meet him at the front door, when he came, as was her custom.

The Judge was no better pleased when he found that Mrs. Morton had been there.

"These people do us no good. I find Morton has perfectly upset me, and Juliet is thrown into a fever by seeing Mrs. Morton," he said mentally.

Judge Johnston sat down beside her, and showed her every gentle attention that love could suggest, although there was a jealous pang at his heart. Finally, Juliet seeing him in this unusual state of mind, sat up, and leaning over him put both arms caressingly around his neck, and laid her hot cheek against his.

"If I had known it would worry you so, I should have feigned to be quite well.

"But you could not deceive me."

"You think not?" she said kissing his forehead.

"You think not?" once would have meant nothing. Now there came a dreadful thought.

"Have I not in reality been deceived into believing that she loved me?"

Oh! the bitterness of that moment! And the bitterest part to his noble heart was, that such a thought could find entrance to his brain; and he fought manfully against it.

Later in the evening some one called to see Judge Johnston. He promised Juliet not to remain absent long, but in a little while returned and asked her to excuse him for an hour, and Bertie also, as they must both remain with the visitor below; and begged of her not to read, but to keep very quiet.

The Judge had left the room only a second, when the door was gently opened, and Hagar stole in. She looked at Juliet lying upon the sofa with her eyes closed

then took a survey of the elegant room, and gently touching her arm, said:

"Young mistress!"

Juliet started, sat erect, and said:

"Ah, Hagar! I am a little nervous."

"Yes, mistress, so I see, and feverish, too, which only makes your eyes the brighter. I came to you to-night, mistress, to beg you to listen to your old Hagar, though she is only a servant with a colored skin."

"What is it you would say?"

Hagar looked cautiously round the room, and then peered out each door, closed them again, and coming back, crouched down beside her, and began:

"Mr. Morton has not given up his plot against you yet, mistress — don't stop me — I must tell you what I have overheard him and Belle say. If he can't make the Judge jealous, and commit suicide, he will divorce his wife and run away with you. Those Mortons have always had a devilish plot afoot. I don't believe anybody ever suspected it, except that old German artist and myself. But they could not live and not be making trouble somewhere. When you thought them friends, I dared not speak; but since you know some of their treachery, I will tell you what more I know of them. This is what brought me here particularly to-night. Morton has told your husband that the reason you made so charming a wife for an old man, is, that you were trained to be a minister's wife."

Poor Juliet! she started to her feet, and then fell

back. "Why must the curse of that mistaken love for Mr. Jeffrey follow me all my life?" she groaned inwardly.

"I was listening, and heard him tell Belle how that the Judge turned pale as paper when he said that, and could not praise you for your attention to him any more afterwards. He has forced his wife to tell him what she said to you to day. Child! child! Morton must never hear that you are ill to-night! Let me dress you; brighten up and go down stairs. If Morton should hear that you are ill, he will put his own construction upon it, and tell your husband. You see, dear child, I go there often—I took my daughter and hired her to Mrs. Alvah Morton; I told her to listen and watch them close, and tell me all they say. I go there to see her almost every day. And I listen, too! Ah, child, I watch as well as pray in this world, and I beg you to watch those people well. Come, honey, you are better now, I see. Let's put on that garnet silk that Mr. Abbe says makes a Juno out of you."

"Judge Johnston has company; I may not disturb them."

"Company he will only be too proud to have you see. I heard the girl say it is Mr. Alexis, Miss Bertie's brother, and that you were ill; and Judge Johnston would not tell you who it was for fear you would exert yourself to come down."

"Then I will go; assist me to dress."

After a hasty but exquisite toilet, she told Hagar

good-bye and descended the stairs, at the foot of which Hagar whispered:

"I'll come again, but you must tell Judge Johnston all about that old courtship; don't let him hear it first from any one else."

She stood a moment at the parlor door. Her husband sat upon a sofa drawn out near the fire, and Bertie sat near him. Before her own picture a tall, finely formed man stood, gazing upon it like one entranced.

The Judge's face seemed changed; she thought he had suddenly grown older and more gray.

"Why, Juliet!" cried Bertie.

Judge Johnston got up and took Juliet's hand, and the tall young man turned slowly round.

"Juliet, my love, this is my nephew, Alexis." The young man stepped nearer, and took her offered hand, and in the bewilderment of his surprise said: "Uncle, I congratulate you."

"Congratulate me too, Alexis," she said, with a smile upon her husband.

"I do, dear aunt; in my estimation, your husband is the noblest man that walks the earth."

The remainder of the evening was spent delightfully, Bertie telling Alexis about her first meeting with Juliet in Germany, and that after she returned her uncle had taken her to see her, and they had fallen in love and married soon after.

Judge Johnston insisted that Juliet should not keep late hours, and leaving the brother and sister alone together they sought their own apartment.

"This is certainly a very strange marriage," said the young man; "Bertie, are they happy?"

"The most congenial couple in all the world, Alexis; he idolizes her, and she looks upon him as more than human."

Long after the household slept, Alexis stood before the picture of Evangeline, and then paced the floor.

"Trouble! nothing but trouble can come of this!" he said, every time he looked up at the beautiful face, that even when he closed his eyes haunted him still.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The family circle of Judge Johnston had seemed perfect before the arrival of Alexis, and yet every one was conscious that he added a new additional charm to their pleasant evenings. He recited interesting incidents of his travels around the world, and Judge Johnston was delighted to find him so improved in health — indeed, quite robust now, and thoroughly acquainted with all those useful things one can only learn by traveling.

Alexis sang well, and, though somewhat averse to making use of this accomplishment — for he said large birds never sang, and only made themselves ridiculous in the attempt — yet he sometimes joined Juliet, Bertie, and Abbe, and completed a most excellent quartette. Alexis' chief ornamental acquisition consisted in rare elocutionary powers. He would, if in the mood, which came to him oftener than any other mode of entertaining them, hold them entranced listeners for hours. He was the reverse of Abbe in looks and disposition, but he was not displeased when Bertie told him of her engagement, and that her wedding had only been postponed until he should come.

Judge Johnston was proud that his nephew admired Juliet and that she seemed to regard him as superior to other young men.

Alexis found his apartments unchanged from what

he had left them, and Juliet told him the impression her first visit to them had given her, and asked him to order any changes that he desired made.

"For," she said, smiling, "I suppose it is agreed that this will be your home until you get married and have one of your own. But, even then, you and Bertie must not go too far away; if you choose some one who can share our love like Abbe's choice, then indeed we will be the happiest and most fortunate family in the world in our matrimonial alliances."

He assured her that if his home was to be with them until he married, he was afraid that it would be a long time; for that his uncle had taught him to be so difficult to please that he dared not hope he would ever find the exact ideal he had pictured as the future Mrs. Johnston, junior.

"Well, well! so long as you are contented alone with us, we are going to try and please you," said the Judge; "but when you see how very happy we are, I am afraid when Abbe and Bertie set up an establishment of their own, you will be thinking of doing the same very shortly."

Alexis strayed through the home of his uncle from room to room of the marble Eden, as he called it, with the eye of a connoisseur. Judge Johnston pointed out with great pride Juliet's own paintings, which Alexis found to be the finest on their walls. The more he studied her and her rare accomplishments, the more puzzled he became and the more frequently intruded his first reflection —

"Nothing but trouble can come of this!" He had as yet no defined plan for the future, though he had always intended to have a life-purpose. But as he wandered there in a kind of bewildering maze, everything so real and yet so unreal, so natural and yet so unnatural, so peaceful and happy, he lost for a time all thought of any plan for himself. It seemed to him as though suddenly he had been transported to a different world, where he was robbed of the old thoughts and aspirations that had once been his, and was forced to live an idle participator in a delicious and intoxicating pleasure that to him seemed to pervade the very air of his uncle's dwelling, and to wander among things of beauty with a dreary sense sometimes that he could not always dwell there — a keen pain attending the thought that he should be up and doing, and throwing off the spell that seemed to bind up his best faculties. To-morrow, to-morrow! but to-day he would idly wander here down the long hall with its tessellated floor, high columns, its niches and statues, and up the wide marble steps.

Through the rich salons, with their pictures, engravings, etchings and statuary, reflected and multiplied by magnificent mirrors, he passed — for they are all familiar objects in every luxurious dwelling; but he turned always first and last to the great dark eyes of Evangeline, and asked, why they haunted him, waking or sleeping, and, looking down into the very depths of his heart, saw there something that made his head reel to think of, and made him ashamed and

abased before himself, and yet rendered him powerless to tear himself away forever.

The library had the greatest attraction for him, for it was there that every object seemed to wear something of Juliet's own individuality. A table strewn with books, periodicals and magazines he always approached first. Here a translation from the French or German in her own delicate handwriting; there a criticism or an article for the press, with here and there a word in uncle's writing — showing that even in these labors, he was her companion, friend and guide. How near her taste was like his own. For here were certain pictures — copies of originals that he had seen abroad; and he wondered why it was that she should choose the very ones that he had done. One especially attracted his attention, a steel engraving, *Die Verbannung des Satans.*

It hung so that from her accustomed place she could see it whenever she lifted up her eyes.

> "Er floh mit Murren ohne, Zaudern fort,
> Und mit ihm flohen all' die nächtigen Schatten."

In his peculiar frame of mind he wondered again and again why this picture was there — the sword of the arch-angel pointing, it seemed, not at the fiend in his flight, but at himself; and, as he noticed the features more closely, he fancied the dark angel resembled himself. He repeated the words of Milton, first in German and then in English. He turned once

more towards the table. His glance took in her labor of yesterday. No hour is lost to her. Each day she had a task to perform, while he walked idly about. He passed on down the room, pausing before a case of books, reading the titles of some of them, lingering near a statue here and there in which he traced a likeness to Juliet, as he did in all the most beautiful, whether it be a Juno, a Hebe, the Muses, or the Graces. At the end of the library was a stained glass window that shut out the back view and threw its softened rays in quivering colors over every object. To the right was a door which opened into a hall that communicated with his own apartments.

The study of chemistry had always been the most fascinating to Alexis. Before he traveled he had spent many hours trying experiments, and telling the result to his uncle and sister.

He had also classified discoveries already made, and begun to write a useful treatise on the subject which he had intended at some time to publish; but day after day he put off resuming his old labor, till all at once the thought occurred to him, *How surely will this course make her despise me!* A few hours later Bertie found him earnestly at work. He had one of his rooms fitted up as a laboratory, and there he worked all day and far into the night.

CHAPTER XXV.

Alvah Morton continued to be a frequent visitor! He had formed the acquaintance of Alexis as soon as possible, and had striven to lead him into his circle of friends. Never had Morton been so jealous of the Judge as he was of Alexis; second to Mr. Jeffrey, he had never met a man whom he feared and hated more; and he recognized in him every quality that it was evident to him Juliet most admired.

He would step in upon him at the most inopportune hours! He never failed to dexterouly introduce the name of Madame! — her beauty, wit and grace. "You work," he said, one day when he had failed to induce him to go out with him, "like one seeking the elixir of life, or the waters of Lethe! — which is it, old boy, that you covet?"

At such remarks Alexis would frown, and then upon second thought, perhaps, stop his work and talk pleasantly, or walk out with Morton; or show and explain to the intruder the result of his last experiment. One thing he could not be influenced to do, and that was, to make his uncle or his uncle's wife the subject of conversation with Morton.

Upon one of these visits, some time after Alexis had become deeply interested in his work, Morton entered his laboratory, and after a few remarks, said:

"By the by, the Judge has been telling me that Abbe

and Bertie are trying to persuade Madame to have private theatricals and operas, and he wishes me, in case his lady consents, to become a member of the amateur club. It is a pleasant idea, and will cause the winter to pass as quickly as a dream. Judge Johnston enjoys such things — but here is Madame and your sister."

And he rose from his chair, and placed chairs for the ladies, who refused to be seated.

"We only came to tell you, Alexis, that auntie has decided to permit the theatricals, provided we write our own plays. She says that will improve me, and keep Abbe out of mischief, and insure fewer entertainments."

"Capital," said Morton, "here in a select circle Madame has honored us — but perhaps I am bold."

"No, no!" said Bertie, coming to his relief, "you are to be one of our number. Uncle says you have written one or two good plays — and brother can, I know, if he will only try!"

"I do not think I am more than equal to the task of memorizing a portion of what another writes; however I am willing to contribute my share to the enjoyment of others. By the way, aunt Juliet" (Alexis could not say Juliet or Mrs. Johnston, so he always addressed her as aunt), "N —— is here, and I would like to hear Faust to-night. Can you not persuade uncle to go?"

"Certainly, if he has no other engagement."

When evening came, Judge Johnston informed them that he had an engagement to meet a friend at a hotel,

HIS EYES ARE UPON A TABLEAU OF JULIET AND ALEXIS—Page 192.

and insisted that Juliet should go with Alexis, Abbe and Bertie to the opera, adding:

"We shall have Faust for our first private opera."

As usual, Morton occupied the seat just behind that of Juliet at the opera, and busied himself with the study of her and Alexis. How handsome they both were! How privileged he was to sit beside her, to speak softly, to hold her fan and opera glass — aye, would not Alexis enter with his whole soul into his part of that same opera should she play Marguerite? "We shall see! I will solve the problem then!" He revolved such thoughts in his mind during the entire performance.

Nothing puzzled Alexis more than Juliet's methodical study. Every day had its hour set apart for mental improvement, and every week the Judge learned with pleasure what she had accomplished, and praised and encouraged her.

It seemed to him that she was striving to cancel all difference in point of knowledge between herself and her husband, and aiming to raise herself to his standard in all things.

"The day shall come," he heard her say to the Judge once, "when you shall no longer call me child, but wife."

How often he recalled those words as he saw her studying or writing.

One day he found her absorbed in a book on phonography, and taking it up he laughed at her for spending her time upon a thing which she never would

make any practical use of. "Unless," he added, "you do so to discipline your mind; and it is fine for that — almost equal to mathematics, or the study of foreign languages."

"It is the queerest and most fascinating study viewed in the light in which I have been studying it this morning. For instance, here is a page covered with phonographs. A little mark in this position means one thing, there another, and here another. And if you place it on an unruled sheet of paper, it might mean either of a half dozen things that one would choose to make it. The thought occurred to me as I was poring over them, how like human nature it is. The people are phonographs, and these lines circumstances. What different strokes of the pen are in the different positions they are placed, is also true to human nature. Did you never notice that language itself, the very words we speak, if we consider them, bear resemblance to the human character? There are some words that are wholly dependent upon others to express the simplest meaning, and are utterly void of sense when taken alone; and yet, mixed in with other words, they go a great way in making up an interesting history or romance; and we might say the same thing of some people. There are other words that, like a few grand natures, are self-sustained, and express a volume even when written alone. They need no adornment. Each separate and alone, is complete in itself, as Love! Wisdom! Hope! Truth! Joy! Honor! Shame! Glory! Despair! Revenge!" said Juliet.

"There are as few self-sustained natures as there are words, then," replied Alexis, musingly. "But I had never thought of language in that connection before. Why should you?"

"I do not know. These analogies and comparisons force themselves upon my attention as I study books and people. I have had this thought in my mind this morning. When we can see that this is true — that we can no more read human nature in different situations than we can tell what these marks are without their lines to define their true position — the question came to me, 'Why *will* people judge of others — who they are and what they are — without a true knowledge of the circumstances which force them to appear what they do to us?'"

"Ah! I see Uncle has not failed to imprint some of his broad, liberal views upon your mind."

"Yes; all that makes me stronger and more liberal than I might have been — I have learned from my husband."

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was decided that the first home opera should be Faust, and from that time on there were rehearsals, which necessarily brought Morton more frequently to the house of Judge Johnston. A young lady friend of Bertie's and the young artist were added to the number and at last the day arrived. A number of choice musicians were to render the orchestral part of the music.

Juliet having the finest voice was forced to take the part of Marguerite. A number of friends and acquaintances were invited.

Abbe said that he could do himself more honor as Mephistopheles, but that Alvah Morton could still excel him so far in the impersonation of his Satanic Majesty that he must allow him to do so for the benefit of the audience.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the friends arrived, and were rewarded by a good opera, and excellent refreshments.

"How much the world has lost in your gain," said a lawyer friend to the Judge. "Your wife's voice ..er than many a one on the stage, and her acting is ..erfect — Alexis, too, seems born for the stage!"

Who could read the thoughts in Judge Johnston's mind. He had looked on and admired the artistic skill and taste of the amateurs. His thoughts stopped not

there. Alexis' manly beauty, his grace, — aye, even grandeur, had never asserted themselves so strongly till now. His fine voice — ah, well! — he was just the kind of a man to drive men mad with envy, and women with admiration.

Bertie, Abbe and the artist supported them well; while Morton's rendition of Mephistopheles was inimitable.

Before dispersing for their several homes, Morton took occasion to congratulate Alexis upon his performance and voice, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the Judge.

"I tell you, old boy!" he said, putting his hand on his arm, "there seemed to be something *fearfully real* in your acting, as though it were given you for the moment to play a tragic part of your own life for the amusement of others. Your words were not the words of the author, but they came up in rich song from the heart that sent them forth. Aye! I saw the quiver of your arm as you supported Madame in the prison scene. Beware, my friend, how you play Faust!"

Alexis was for a moment dumb with indignation, but he knew that he must take the sarcasm kindly, so he returned the thrust with a similar compliment.

"Your fortune would have been made if B—— had seen you. So perfect and accomplished a Satan as yourself could not be found this side of Hades! And, truth to tell, you seemed to be acting only your real character — or, as you say, there was something *fearfully real* in your part."

A laugh such as Satan himself might indulge in over a lost soul burst from Morton's lips as he turned away with the image of Judge Johnston's troubled face in his mind, and Alexis' struggle to hide his abasement that his secret was no longer his own.

So wise, so honorable was Alexis, that Juliet had never suspected his secret; but now that he felt that another had, he was struggling with himself to tear himself away from her forever. Where should he go? Somewhere to hide himself from the world, that it might never know his shame — not to seek forgetfulness amid busy streets and crowded places. He did not want to forget Juliet; he wanted to forget that she was his uncle's wife. He did not wish to forget the face, the voice of her he loved. He would retain the sweet influence of her presence and carry it with him wherever he might go. But he would remember her only as a sweet dream of one who was dead, who came from the angels to soothe his wounded spirit; not as a real, living woman, his noble uncle's wife — that was the thought that humiliated him. He must preserve his manhood; he must leave his uncle's house. Oh, if he could find the moral courage to go without letting her suspect the secret that must ever darken her memory of him.

Some persons, who view this subject differently, may imagine that Alexis would have had his love returned and would have loved Juliet more for her sympathy. But in his own heart he honored her more, because she was so far exalted above any suspicion of or desire for

his own admiration. He was glad that it was so. It only convinced him of her superiority. He was glad that the trial was his alone. There was no heartache for her — no remorse.

Thus he reasoned with himself, resolving to do his duty and to leave his uncle's house. Alexis Johnston had been the pride and joy of his uncle's life. Upon him he had bestowed a liberal education and a substantial fortune. And it had also been the Judge's aim during his intercourse with Alexis to stamp life-long impressions upon his mind and heart of the noblest virtues of man — courage, honor, and truth. As he grew to manhood the Judge saw his fondest hopes realized.

He had also spoken to him upon the subject of love and marriage, and Alexis' view upon these subjects were molded and fashioned by his uncle. No man that he had ever known had Alexis honored and admired so much as his uncle, therefore he had striven to emulate his example in all things.

Love he had studied in all its phases — religiously and philosophically — although no object had ever called forth the most exalted feelings of his nature, which he called love, and he resolved never to marry until he met and was loved by such an one as his heart demanded to satisfy its yearnings.

She must be beautiful as sinless Eve when Adam first gazed upon her lovely face, and he would accept her from God as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

He studied the Bible for his religious ideas of love,

and Plato to strengthen his philosophical belief on the same subject. He believed it to be a high, ennobling feeling to be inspired with true love. With all these grand ideas and feelings it was not wonderful that Alexis at twenty-four had not met his ideal, and was fast becoming skeptical on the subject, and deciding to be a bachelor. For his experience had been that beautiful women ofttimes lack intelligence, or are vain and selfish. The truth was, Alexis wanted too many excellent qualities combined. There must be a fair and just proportion of the spiritual and material, he reasoned, to make him happy. He did not want, and never expected to find, an angel wearing women's clothes, and associating with mortals. But she must be beautiful and amiable — a real flesh and blood creature, with a proud spirit, and one that could love him even as Alcestis of old loved her husband, so that she was willing to lay down her life for him.

Without being vain Alexis put a just estimate upon himself, and acknowledged gratefully that he was handsome and intelligent; and might reasonably expect favor from the fairest of the land. But, as we say, he had grown skeptical, when news of his uncle's marriage reached him while abroad. He had never seen Juliet, and had formed no imaginary picture of her.

In answer to his uncle's letter, he said:

"I infer from your step that you have either changed your views upon the subject of love and marriage, or else your patience has been rewarded by at last finding all the charms you wish for combined in one mortal.

If such is the case *I* will not despair, but hope some day to meet *my* affinity."

Alexis was, as we gave our readers cause to know, at once sensible to Juliet's magnetic charms, but hoped in course of time to see something in her nature which would counteract the effect her beauty had upon him; but as the days passed on, and he studied her more carefully, he grew more deeply interested in her until at last, to his shame and remorse, he found himself hopelessly enamored of his uncle's wife. If she had seemed conscious of it he would then have been safe, for he would have scorned her vanity; but from her lofty throne she ruled wholly indifferent to the admiration or love she inspired.

Alexis saw, too, that she was unconsciously being molded by her husband's strong, loving hand, into something even superior to her present self.

Day after day Alexis struggled with himself; day after day only sealed his fate, and he was tortured by his love, tortured by a consciousness of his baseness in loving her. He watched her closely to see if she really was happy; if she indeed loved her gray-haired worshiper. Only once had he seen her slightly depressed, and fancied that he saw an inward struggle taking place. She had stood quite still for an hour beside the window, looking out in the street at a heavy rain. He wondered whether she and his uncle had had a misunderstanding, and she was waiting for his coming that she might be reconciled. He never knew what hidden feeling was indicated by the smoldering fire

in her dark eyes, and the red stains upon her rounded cheek — he did know that her husband's step in the hall was the first thing to rouse her; that she met him half-way and seemed to fly into his arms as a refuge from her bitter thoughts, and to nestle there, as though she was safe from every ill of life. Tortured by the scene, by conscience and jealousy, Alexis went quickly into his room and locked his door, and sat there pondering again the question of leaving his uncle's house.

* * * * * * * *

This is the last incident during Alexis' stay in Judge Johnston's house.

A cold winter evening — the grate is glowing, and only enough light to be cheerful. The Judge just a little rheumatic, reclines on a crimson couch, and Bertie sits on an ottoman at his side. His eyes are upon a tableau of Alexis and Juliet. They have sung his favorite songs, and Alexis has read for them as only he could read; and now they lean, deeply absorbed in a game of chess, toward each other. He thinks how handsome they are. He watches Alexis follow Juliet's hand as it guides her men over the board. He sees him make an unlucky move, and Juliet looks at him with a smile of triumph. Alexis raises his eyes to her face; Judge Johnston knows that she reads in them just what he does — admiration, love — for she pushes the board away, calls him a bad player and smiles at the Judge, who, gloomy and silent, pretends to listen to Bertie.

The young man leaves the parlor with an awkward good-night, and a chill frost settles upon the circle. There is no anger in the granite features of the noble Judge, only sorrow seems with invisible chisel to carve lines upon them that will never be erased; and self-reproach touches the old man's heart. He blames nobody but himself. He sees the genuine look of esteem in Juliet's eyes when they turn upon him, but his heart is sore when she smiles.

"I must finish my article for the Paris paper," she says after awhile; "will you go to the library, Judge?"

"Not, yet, dear; you can write better if alone."

"Follow me soon, then," she says, kissing her hand to him.

She reached the library, and spreading out her writing materials tried to collect her thoughts, but they were scattered like wild birds by the hunter's rifle, and would not come.

Alexis' face flitted before her as she tried to write; its expression amazed her; she could give it no name, and then her husband's sad countenance and gray hair came with a new meaning in his loving eyes. No anger, no doubt, no distrust, no reproach — but O, so sad! It troubled her so much that she laid aside her pen and sought her chamber; she found her husband already there, and putting those magic arms about his neck she kissed the throbbing temples till the cloud vanished from them.

The next morning Alexis sent for his uncle to come to the library, as he was going away and desired to

speak with him; and there was a *tête-a-tête* between them. No one ever knew what passed; but after breakfast, Alexis announced his intention of going to Canada, and a few hours later bade them farewell.

Bertie and Abbe appeared in all the diversions of fashionable society. Juliet, who never relished society life, appeared less frequently in public, and her receptions, though losing nothing in splendor, were more rare. She devoted herself to her home and to study. Alvah Morton she never saw in her own house now when she could avoid it, though he was a frequent visitor of her husband.

What their friends thought of Alexis' sudden withdrawal from New York she did not know, but supposed Judge Johnston had explained it to their satisfaction. His name was seldom mentioned except by Bertie, who corresponded with him, and from whom Juliet learned he was residing in St. John, New Brunswick. Juliet hailed the summer with joy, since it scattered city people, and she hoped to find a quiet retreat in the mountains. She consulted her parents, and they all mapped out their summer excursion. Bertie and Abbe liked Saratoga, Judge Johnston Lake George, and finally they decided to divide the time to please each. It was while at Long Branch that Belle Morton, her mother and Alvah, appeared, the latter, of course, desiring only to keep Juliet in view. But she kept them all at a distance, treating them with the most chilling politeness.

Judge Johnston and Abbe vied with each other in

their dashing turn-outs, the two being by far the handsomest that were driven upon the beach that season.

Alvah Morton, it was evident, was pre-occupied and in trouble. He was suddenly much changed in appearance, and apparently much depressed, the cause of which was speculated upon by all who knew him. That he had taken Judge Johnston into his confidence was also evident, for he seemed to be in sympathy with him.

The scene is the parlor in a villa where our friends are boarding.

Abbe and Bertie and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson are having a drive over Hoey's grounds, while Judge Johnston reads the morning paper, and Juliet sits beside the window musing.

She is startled by this ejaculation from her husband:

"Ha! this is dreadful!"

Juliet thinks it must be a murder or suicide, and muses on. But Judge Johnston appears unusually annoyed, and finally gets up and lays a New York paper in Juliet's lap, drawing her attention to an article which contained a scandal, wherein the Rev. Constantine Jeffrey's name is associated with Mrs. Alvah Morton's and also her confession of guilt, etc., etc.

Juliet's face burns as she reads the shameful article.

The Judge withdraws to order his team, and when he returns he says:

"It is shameful! Morton is mad, or else he would never have done such a thing! If he knew these facts,

why didn't he shoot Jeffrey? Any jury would have cleared him! But, to use his wife's name in such connection publicly, certainly exceeds any piece of villainy I have ever known! For his own sake, his daughter's sake, heavens! how could a man do such a deed? He told me about the affair, but I had no idea he had such intentions as these. But come, we will have a drive and forget the miserable creatures."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Rev. Constantine Jeffrey met Morton's charge boldly, asking the matter to be investigated, appointing a committee of some of the leading citizens of New York and Brooklyn, both of the church and the world, to make a thorough investigation, and report.

Based upon so slender and unreasonable a foundation, it would have been difficult to secure the services of able lawyers in any other case, but it was, indeed, only a war of legal Titans; and behold Juliet's surprise to see her husband's name among the appearances for the plaintiff.

Great preparations were being made. Nothing else was thought of or discussed, it seemed, by all classes of people in the United States, to whom the names of both men were familiar; Jeffrey as a minister and journalist, and Morton as a journalist.

Juliet was resolved that her husband should not appear for Morton. She debated in her own mind the most proper method of approaching the subject. While revolving it in her thoughts, a circumstance decided for her, in the shape of a prayerful letter from Mrs. Morton, declaring her innocence, and stating that her husband had forced her to make the confession, and adding that she "was incapable of being truthful, or anything but what he desired her to be in his presence." She

affirmed that the whole publication was false, and wrung from her by threats from her husband. She begged her not to think too hardly of her, but to pity her weakness and misery; that she had been only the tool of her husband by which he sought to ruin his literary rival, Jeffrey.

Juliet's scorn for this miserable woman was only deepened upon reading this letter, and as she placed it in her husband's hand she said:

"Can you assist in the prosecution of any one for so weak, if not base, a creature?"

The Judge smiled, and said:

"She has made half a dozen such statements. I shall take care that this letter does not get into the possession of the defense."

"The letter is to me," answered Juliet, calmly, "and it shall be read in evidence on the part of the defense, if it goes into court at all."

"You will be making our fight the harder one," he said.

"Be it so! prepare yourself for a battle, strong as it may be."

She reached forth her hand and the Judge placed the letter in it with a gallant bow.

"Have you any particular reason, Juliet, for me not aiding in the prosecution of Mr. Jeffrey?" asked the Judge, after a short silence.

"Yes, sir," she said (for the truth is the shortest way out of any difficulty). "In the first place, I believe the whole plot and scheme an infamous libel to injure

Mr. Jeffrey as a journalist, and to give Morton a chance to divorce his wife."

"Do you know Mr. Jeffrey?"

"Not now; but when I was quite young, I was engaged to be married to him — Mr. Morton and his cousin Belle contrived a plot to break the engagement."

Here she gave a true statement of the facts stated in the first chapters, her meeting and parting from Jeffrey, and her words to him when they parted.

"Heavens above!" cried the Judge, "and I have been throwing you constantly in contact with this villain. I see — I see it now; Juliet, why did you never tell me this before?"

"Because I never had an occasion, and thought it would perhaps be unpleasant for you."

"Did Mr. Jeffrey never apologize for his treatment of you?"

"No; Mrs. Morton told me that Herr von Stein cleared the matter up to his satisfaction, and that he hastened to St. Louis to see me, but we did not meet."

The Judge almost sprang to his feet, but, endeavoring to calm himself, paced the long room, and as he came to the further end where his favorite picture of Copperfield hung, he stopped, smote his forehead with his palm, and almost groaned aloud. Day after day and week after week had he admired that picture. How often had he gazed upon it with the impression that he had seen a face like it before, but where he could never recall. The same features — ah! it came

to him now like a scathing gleam of lightning — at the Oratorio! That was the face that had haunted him for days, and those the eyes that, soft as they lay upon the canvas, painted by her brush, had once glared at him! Ah! if Jeffrey had only met Juliet, would not a reconciliation have taken place?

Juliet sat where her husband left her, gazing into the fire. What thoughts came to her! Only once did her pulse quicken and a strange fear steal over her. What if Judge Johnston should imagine she had married him through resentment? It was only a moment. She somehow felt in her soul that Judge Johnston could never wrong her in his thoughts, and she sat there wondering if she should allow him to remain alone and recover from his surprise, or should she join him. She decided in favor of the latter course, and came to him in time to see that he recognized the resemblance to Mr. Jeffrey in the picture; but, strong in the consciousness of her truth and honor, she approached him, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said:

"My dear husband, I was very, very young then."

"O, Juliet! my child, my child, how I have wronged you!"

"Do not call me child. Have I not striven to profit by your wisdom and example to lift myself up to be worthy the name of wife?"

He looked at her — her whole face so full of honor, trust, and faith in him that he could but feel she was right, and that he had no right to call her child.

"Juliet, dear, this separation must have caused you pain; and somehow I feel but for me there might have been a reconciliation."

"Oh! no; never, never."

"But how could you love me after loving so different a man?"

"Ah, what does a woman's heart cling to? Not to men like that — though he awoke the first wild music in my heart, and roused all my ambition. I will not deny to you that I loved him then — loved him with a different love from that which has bound me to you. But you, my husband, knowing my heart, must judge which love is the best — the first impulses of a wayward child, or the heart of the woman that, scorning such a nature as his, turned to you with a faith, trust, and devotion, that has never wavered for a single moment. You have been an anchor to my soul. Oh, my husband! I honor all men more because of you. Take back that word you called me — child — and give me the name I have tried so hard to win, and that, before God, no woman more justly merits."

He reached out his arms, and folded her to his breast.

"Juliet, my wife, God bless you for those words; and while I live I shall always bless this hour, the dearest of the many happy ones with which you have brightened my life."

And then the Judge sank down in his chair, bowed his head upon his hand, and trembled from head to foot.

How vividly that night came back to his memory when he gazed into those burning orbs — that man was Jeffrey — that the man from whom he had won the prize once his own — that the man he had concentrated his whole soul upon ruining, because, forsooth, able lawyers were defending him: he did not believe in his guilt. A long silence, and then he raised his head and said:

"Juliet, love, come here; what would you have me do in this matter?"

"I would rather you would not assist in the prosecution."

"Now I must leave you, and send a note to Morton."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In his sanctuary sat Constantine Jeffrey overwhelmed with shame and indignation at the foul attack upon his character. Recalling all his struggles in life, he cried in his heart that this was the bitterest drop in the cup; and somehow as he sat there a beautiful form appeared, wearing the face of Nemesis, and a clear, cold, sarcastic voice said: "Go, sir: you will find that even the sacred pulpit is no shield against vile tongues. Go, and may you live to feel what I cannot tell you."

Now, for the first time, he realized the agony that proud soul suffered, smarting under his cruel words the injustice of which he knew long ago. Now he realized all too well.

"God help me," he cried. "Memory makes the blow more cruel, and yet, O God, it is just! Did I not lend an ear to the vile story and tear her pure image for a time from my vain heart? I could not think of being wedded to one upon whom the breath of slander had fallen ever so lightly. I could not give her my name but I must wear it now, when it is dragged before the world, and the lowest creatures in the streets laugh at it in scorn."

A knock at his door roused him from his bitter thoughts. Opening it, he admitted Judge Johnston.

"May I speak with you a few minutes?" asked the Judge.

"Certainly, sir; be seated."

After a few minutes, during which, perhaps, each recalled the first and last time they had faced each other, the Judge said:

"I came to offer my services to you, Mr. Jeffrey, in this suit."

"Sir," said Mr. Jeffrey, with sudden emotion, "I understood you were of counsel for plaintiff."

"I have withdrawn for the purpose of offering my services to you."

"I thank you with all my heart, and accept most gladly so able an addition to my counsel."

A conversation ensued in which the Judge made a note of every time, and the circumstances under which Mr. Jeffrey had ever seen Mrs. Morton.

They shook hands at parting, and the Judge went home to fortify himself behind these proofs against the enemy. How he succeeded, we shall see.

The long weary war waged hot and fierce. The papers were filled with the reported proceedings. Jeffrey sat there, day after day, listening to the charges brought against him in silent, wondering horror. At times the veins in his forehead swelled almost to bursting, and his friends feared the result of so dreadful a strain upon him.

Day after day, week after week, and month after month, the plaintiff brought forth new witnesses and new charges; and then came the defense bringing in

Mrs. Morton's letter of denial — her affidavit that she had lied in every accusation. Belle was made a witness for the defense.

How well Judge Johnston drew out the dark malice beneath, how he met every point with sharp, sarcastic rebuttal, the public remembers without recital here. Then it was laid before the jury. They retired. With beating hearts they waited the verdict. Not many minutes elapsed until the foreman entered and said, "We agree that the defendant is not guilty."

Morton's chagrin at the verdict of the jury cannot be described. For the first time he was balked. Newspapers, which at first were loud against Mr. Jeffrey, before the trial was over began to change their tone, and now they were more bitter against him than they had ever been against Mr. Jeffrey.

Belle had hoped in sheer gratitude for her evidence in his behalf, that she would receive some word or message from Mr. Jeffrey, but weeks passed and none came.

Both Morton and Belle were at sea, tossed by the waves of scorn and contempt. Their bitterest thought was that they had fallen victims of their own malice. Belle hopelessly separated from Jeffrey, and Morton despaired of ever seeing Juliet again, for the Judge passed him unnoticed upon the street; and Juliet's carriage dashed past them as though her driver took special pains to bespatter them with dust or mud.

Morton had succeeded in being divorced from his wife, but of what avail was his freedom? The suit had

made a sad inroad upon his fortune, and irremediably blighted his character. He was maddened by the reflection that Juliet's immense wealth was as unattainable as ever, and her contempt for him changed into loathing. Thus he was further from success than when he began to plot.

Once again the young artist was employed in Judge Johnston's house. Juliet persuaded the Judge to sit for his portrait. The young artist worked with earnestness and pleasure, well knowing that no mean pittance would reward his effort. He loved to study the fair face with its changing color, which was always near the "haughty old Judge," as he called him; and the proud and happy light that came over his pale features, as her voice with loving cadence pronounced his name, and the quick objection she made to a certain line the artist drew near the mouth of his picture: "That is a legal line — does not belong to the home face — I won't have it," she said. Both the Judge and the artist laughed heartily at the remonstrance; but the line was erased, and the artist praised her artistic perception, for it materially marred the expression of good nature that the Judge's smile soon spread over his face.

It was while painting this picture of the Judge with his young wife ever beside him, that the artist conceived his ideal "May and December," which he sold for a fortune.

When the portrait was finished, Juliet praised the

young man's skill, and expressed her gratification more fully than words could do by giving him a check for a handsome amount on her bank.

"Hang it beside Evangeline," she said; and when it was there, and the Judge, moved by this token of his young wife's regard, had stepped aside to the further part of the room, Juliet and the artist stood taking another and still another view of the portrait.

"What a grand, noble face it is — you are a fine artist, and study character well," she said.

"Thank you, madame; it is a great privilege to study character from two such faces; one the loveliest and the other the noblest I have ever had the good fortune to copy." With another bow he left her.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Spring had come again, and already the people of the cities were planning a change of scene and air.

Bertie and Abbe were going West with Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, to look after the home they all loved so well, and would then go to Colorado for the summer, and return home by way of Canada and visit Alexis.

One evening after Juliet and the Judge returned home from Mr. Hudson's, where they had all met and discussed the summer programme, he called her to him, as he sat on a sofa and said:

"Would my darling mind if I asked a very selfish question?"

"She would say it was very unlike you; but ask it."

"I have a fancy to have you all to myself this summer; and we will go away to some quiet place where there are a few people, or where we can be entirely alone."

He saw that she seemed pleased with the suggestion, and paused for a reply.

"Nothing would please me more," she said, stroking gently his gray hair.

"It does seem selfish; you are so young — so capable of making other people happy."

"But who on this earth should I take so much pleas-

ure in making happy as yourself? And, besides, I love to know that you can be happy with me alone."

"Ah, Juliet! I could be happy in a cave, shut out from God's own sunlight, with you. But in all things I would make your happiness my first object, and you must never doubt this, or ever hestitate to speak your wishes. I have thought all winter of the plan I have just proposed; but I was afraid it was too selfish to mention, and would not have done so if you had indicated any choice in a place for spending the summer."

She put her arms about his neck, and laid her cheek against his for a moment.

"Do you know, Judge Johnston, I never anticipated so pleasant a summer as this?"

"Why, my own? Because you know you will make it such a blessed one to me?

"Because you have made my life so happy by preferring my companionship to that of any one else."

He kissed her tenderly, and said:

"You do enjoy making other people happy, my love."

"Yes; I think there is nothing on earth so sweet as making others happy."

"Then I will give you a grand opportunity, not only to make me supremely happy, but I know a little woman, who, for many years, has been shut off from the world and the companionship of others suited to her tastes, but who has fought a noble battle in life. I know but little of her history, but perhaps all. Years ago she came to me to ask my advice about investing some of

her earnings. She was a teacher, and also gave private lessons in French and German, and taught English to Germans in this city. By judicious management, her money was made to double, and treble, and quadruple. She is now living with a couple of elderly people on a litte farm of mine on the Hudson. I have a fancy to go there this summer; and it may be, darling, that you can throw some of this God-given joy into her life."

"Nothing could give me more pleasure; and I will make immediate preparations for our summer trip."

"I will write and see if it will be agreeable to her, and —— but I know it will."

* * * * * * * * * *

Judge Johnston and Juliet stood upon the broad, rock platform in front of the —— House, which is built upon one of the stone terraces of Pine Orchard Mountain (one of the Katskills), at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet above the Hudson river.

Before them fell the mountain in one perpendicular dash to the plain; to the right, the broad Hudson, winding through the valley; and on the horizon, the Hudson Highlands, the Berkshire Hills, and the Green Mountains, forming one continuous line of misty blue; and, as the sun came up, tinging everything with a radiant glory, Juliet gave an exclamation of delight.

"I saw nothing in Europe more beautiful than this."

"So I thought. Take this glass, and you can descry

Albany in the dim distance; and now," turning to the right, "do you see that old house perched upon a sloping hill that seems to run down to the water's edge? That is where we are going to spend the summer. We will come here often, and, I hope, some time see a thunderstorm, which is the greatest phenomenon of this spot. And then, some foggy morning, we shall also see the apparition which is said to be like the 'Spectre of Brocken.'"

"It is so charming here, that I would be loth to leave the spot but for anxiety to see the old house where you were born, and the brave little woman who lives there."

"We will set out immediately after breakfast, and this summer, for once, we will live in Fairy Land; for this is the only American Fairy Land filled with Indian traditions and abounding in old German superstition."

CHAPTER XXX.

The birth-place of Judge Johnston was an old farm nouse, whose oaken beams had vibrated with the roar of cannon from the British ships of war, in the Hudson river, during the Revolution. The cows lowed, the birds sang; it seemed the very sunlight laughed with joy to greet Judge Johnston once again. Surely, the old people could not have looked more pleased, as they met him and Juliet, and almost carried them up the stoop, where stood a sweet-faced woman of perhaps thirty-five years, trembling with her great pleasure. She was not awkward in her timidity; but came forward with a winning grace, and welcomed Judge Johnston with a hearty hand-shake, and looked kindly at his beautiful young wife.

"You see," said the Judge, laying his hand lightly on her head, "I wanted my wife to see the old place; and I knew you would be the better for a sight of her. Juliet, this is Miss Christine Fabian."

Juliet soon found that the old people rather looked upon Christine as mistress, and treated her with an air of deference; but that Christine, without assuming any authority, left them to manage everything, and that they were all very happy.

The best room was very plain, but very neat. There were old pictures, with clinging vines trained over

them and flowers in every window, and every nook and corner.

Christine had a pale face, that had, perhaps, never been handsome; large, dark blue eyes, and rather a wide but well shaped mouth, and pretty teeth. Her hair was a rich, dark brown, such as art cannot imitate. Her voice was so clear and sweet, her changing expression so winning, that no one could call her plain, although she wore the simplest of lawn dresses, without even a bow of ribbon at her throat.

One thing Juliet noticed quickly, and that was a handsome ring upon the third finger of her left hand, which was unmistakably a genuine ruby.

"I'll take you first," said Christine, "to a room up stairs — the sunniest room in all the world — the room where your noble husband first saw the light." And she led the way, Judge Johnston and Juliet following.

It was a broad, low room, with a fine view of the Hudson Highlands. The furniture was massive and old. The fresh matting and the pure white bed-spread and pillows were all that seemed new; but there was an air of sweetness and cleanliness pervading all.

There were a few portraits, copies of which, in more elegant frames, Juliet had in her stone mansion in New York; and over the mantle looking down upon them was a fresh boyish face she had never seen before, but knew it was her husband.

The Judge sat down in a straight-back oaken chair and watched her as she looked at that boyish face. And

he lived over his life again — from the time when he, his widowed mother's darling, had sat for that portrait, until now, when his beautiful young wife stood before it. There was no memory he would erase — no hour he would recall; and he thanked God again and again for the boon of life, and the joys that it had brought to him.

Christine seemed to grow young again that summer. Her heart went involuntarily out to Juliet, and she treated the Judge with a grateful love that Juliet enjoyed to see. They wandered over the hills and through valleys, and rowed out on the Hudson; and the old folks who had been in the service of the Judge's parents when he was a boy, gathered the new-laid eggs, and waited for the coming of them all with smiles of pride, as they glanced at the table with its snowy cloth, and thought with pleasure they had provided just what the dear boy (for he was a boy to them still) and his wife and Christine would like.

If these simple old people looked no further than these "creature comforts," and provided them with pleasure, who shall say it was not an offering of love acceptable even in the sight of God?

Days wore on. Judge Johnston was never weary of the simple pleasures they enjoyed. He smoked his cigar on the stoop, he listened to the old people recall incidents of his boyhood and that of his sainted mother, and watched Juliet and Christine walking in the shubbery, or, when they went into the parlor, and sat down to the old piano, which, like Christine,

seemed to have retained all the sweetness of its youth, he listened to them singing the sweet old songs Christine had loved so well, and never could forget.

To his dying day Judge Johnston held sacred the memory of that summer.

Juliet failed to draw from Christine the history of her life, or the romance she believed to be connected with the ruby that she wore; but a few days before they left, while Juliet was writing a letter to Hagar to apprise her of their return, Christine stole quietly to her chair, and, leaning over Juliet, when she had finished her letter, stooped and kissed her cheek, and said:

"I have a manuscript, dear Mrs. Johnston, that may interest you to read — not here, but some time in your city home, surrounded by wealth and fashion it may rest you to turn your mind upon the lonely little hermitess upon the Hudson. It is a life-story, faithful, and true — filled with smiles and tears, and joys and sorrows: some of them experienced beyond the sea. I know you'll love me for it when I tell you that your husband's hand has dried those tears, and removed the anxiety that made me old when I was young, and makes me young, now, when I am getting old."

Juliet returned her kiss and took her manuscript, knowing it to be Christine's own life-history; and when they parted, it was with the solemn promise that she would spend Christmas with them in the city of New York.

"What was the story Christine gave you?" asked the Judge, one evening, in early winter, as they sat before the parlor fire.

"Shall I read it, or tell it from memory?" Juliet answered.

"Tell it to me just as you remember it."

"It was the story of an English girl, who met in her girlhood, somewhere in Tyrol, a German artist, with whom she fell in love, and who loved her.

"Several years they were very happy, but could not be married because they were both poor; and the artist's mother (they were of noble birth) was bitterly opposed to their marriage; and finally, when the young artist was in England, came to her, and made her believe that all of her son's hopes and aspirations would be crushed if she did not give him up entirely. She so wrought upon the girl's imagination and love for her betrothed, that she promised to give him up, although she had promised to be his wife, and he even called her so when they were alone, and in his letters to her when he was absent traveling.

"She has finely depicted the struggle in the girl's mind about giving up her lover, and whether it was her duty to cling to or give him up. At last she reasoned that if he loved her as she loved him no earthly power could separate them; but that she would test his love, and would come to America, work, and save her money, and, if he ever sought and found her, she would marry him. She kept his letters, and wore his ring, and worked on. He never came. She has given up

the thought of ever seeing him again, and is contented. She says you have made her happy and independent."

"Where is her manuscript?"

"I gave it to Herr von Stein when he was here the other night, and made him promise to read it and tell me what he thinks of the faithfulness or faithlessness of woman after he reads that."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The next event of importance to chronicle is the wedding of Abbe and Bertie. It did not take Abbe long to consummate the matter when he had thoroughly made up his mind that he was not Bertie's uncle, and they could agree with each other in a new relation. He bade his sister make no delay in the preparations, and when Judge Johnston protested against their haste, Abbe slyly reminded him of his own impetuosity on a similar occasion. The Judge smiled good-humoredly and said it should be when they pleased.

Several weeks had been spent in preparation and to-night the great house is brilliant with gas-light, and the most expert florists have done their part with credit to themselves.

Juliet and Bertie had had several conversations in regard to the officiating clergyman. Bertie wished to confer the honor upon Mr. Jeffrey, as she had admired him from their first acquaintance, and his persecutions, she said, only made her more anxious to show him this mark of confidence and esteem. Abbe was willing that she and Juliet should decide the matter, and Juliet had referred it to the Judge. It finally rested upon Bertie; she thanked them, and Abbe had waited upon Mr. Jeffrey. And thus, for the first time in all these

years, Juliet and Mr. Jeffrey were to meet. More than one person wondered what the result of that meeting would be — Abbe and the Judge most of all. Bertie was ignorant of Juliet's former relation to Mr. Jeffrey. It must be stated for Juliet that the prospect of meeting Mr. Jeffrey did not make her so uneasy as she at first feared. His last trouble, she doubted not, had had the effect to erase entirely the remembrance of her from his mind, and she looked forward now to their meeting without any emotion whatever.

Alexis was the first to arrive — a couple of hours before the guests began to assemble. After seeing his sister and presenting his gift, a rare set of pearls, he was urged by his uncle to see Juliet, and entered for the first time their private parlor. Its white carpet with delicate roses crushing beneath his feet, rich curtains, mirrors, paintings, carvings, chairs, tables and statuary, were lost upon him. In the center of the room, just beneath the chandelier, stood Juliet. She wore a gold-colored satin, with flounces of lace over the sweeping train that lay like sea-foam about her. Enough of her delicate throat was visible among the rich laces to display a diamond necklace, and the rounded arms wore bracelets to match. Her ebon hair, fresh from a French artist's hands, was adorned with a glittering feather of diamonds.

Juliet turned her head as her husband entered, and saw Alexis towering his six feet two far above him, suffering himself to be led into her presence.

He saw not the costly lace, the flashing jewels, and

sweeping train — only a vision of her lovely face, her queenly form, and glorious eyes burst upon him.

"Alexis!"

"Aunt Juliet!"

"How well he appears," said the Judge, "in these sombre clothes;" for Alexis was dressed as a clergyman.

After a short conversation, maintained principally between Juliet and the Judge, they went down to the parlors to receive the guests.

It is not necessary to describe the bridal couple more than to say, that a sweeter bride than Bertie never wore white satin, orange flowers, and pearls; or a handsomer or happier bridegroom was never seen than Abbe Hudson.

Juliet's meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, which occurred a short time after the ceremony, was even less embarrassing than she had anticipated. During the course of the evening they had quite a pleasant chat together, in which she found he had been a careful reader of her articles, and admired her style of writing.

He found her much changed, and knew that her time and opportunities had been improved. Indeed she was the most thoroughly educated woman he had ever met.

There was a dash of the old hauteur and sarcasm about her still, which was only in keeping with her character. There were only high and noble sentiments expressed, and Mr. Jeffrey saw that the Judge had stamped his own character upon the pure blank pages

that he himself had once hoped to write upon in indelible characters.

"I see," he remarked to her, "that you have preserved your own individuality, and that society has not impaired the most striking traits of your character."

"Oh, no, I believe not; my husband's first lesson to me was: 'Remember, Juliet, your individuality must not be lost even in mine. Every intelligent human being should remember this. There never has been an influence brought to bear upon me,' he has said to me, 'which made me forget this fact. No comrade could persuade me to do a thing if I did not believe it right; not to take one glass of wine more than I felt was good for me — not that I did not enjoy wine and love my comrades, but I had a character to maintain separate and distinct from all the world and its influences; and I would not do what others did simply because it was popular, but have endeavored to do only that which would strengthen the best traits of my character, that my individuality should not be lost among others and I be forgotten when the season was past.'"

"Your husband is certainly a most gifted and noble man, and I see your relation to him has perfected all your charms."

Juliet bowed her thanks, and when another claimed her attention, she swept on in her majestic way, feeling that there was nothing else in life to dread. The great ordeal had come and past.

There had been no heart flutterings, no dead love awakened by the music of that voice. She had only turned back in her book of life and re-read a page, all dimmed and tear-stained, and saw that her girlish heart had construed the page wrongly. She was not afraid to let even her husband see that blotted leaf, for, knowing her character as he did, he would feel no jealous pang.

After all Juliet blessed Bertie's decision, which settled forever in her mind this question. Not that the red blood would not surge up at the memory of that parting hour. Pride and resentment paled and flushed her brow and cheek, but that was all — UNFORGIVEN, but forgotten.

She congratulated herself again and again when she recalled that meeting and conversation. She did not speculate upon his feelings; doubtless they were as her own. She cared no more than to feel the proud assurance that her heart still beat the word UNFORGIVEN, UNFORGIVEN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

We know that Christmas has come when every face is bright. When, for a time, selfishness is forgotten, and every one seems to be planning how to make others happy.

Juliet and Bertie and Mrs. Hudson were busy with preparations for the holidays.

"I can scarcely wait," said Juliet, one day, to the Judge, "for Christmas to come; I have never prepared to receive a fashionable crowd with the pride and pleasure that fills my heart to receive that little hermitess on the Hudson."

They would stand beside the window of evenings, looking out at the passers-by, and each remarking upon the change in every face that old Christmas brought, and thinking how much a better world it would be if Christmas would come oftener.

Whether it is or not the anniversary of our Savior's birth, we know nor care but little; yet we do know, or believe, rather, that the world is better for the observance of that day, in the way in which it is observed.

"Herr von Stein and Mrs. Hellwald will be here too," she said to her husband.

It came at last, Christmas eve, bright, clear and cold. Juliet's carriage called at the depot for Miss

Christine Fabian, and Juliet herself took off Christine's warm furs before the glowing fire, and put her feet upon the fender.

Judge Johnston watched with pleasure Juliet's tender attentions, and when something called him away after tea, and they were left alone, Juliet sat down on the sofa beside her.

"I read the manuscript with much interest," she said, "and saw as much between the lines, and in some tear-stained pages, as I have read in many books. I take it from what you said when you gave it to me, to be the history of your own life."

"Well, yes, dear," said Christine, "it is. I could not tell you, and somehow I thought it would please you to know that, though I am a recluse, I am not a stranger to human feelings and human sympathies; and that little story might tell you what caused me to lead this lonely life."

"You have given up your old love as dead!"

"Dead to me; and with him died every hope of earthly love and happiness; but I am content."

"You do not believe your lover was false?"

"I do not believe anything now, dear friend. The questions that tortured me long ago, never trouble me again. All dreams and fancies, with me, are over."

"If he should be alive, would you love to meet him?"

"Ah, it is hardly possible that could be."

"There is no bitterness in your memories of him — nothing to forgive — nothing to resent?"

"No, no; we were happy in our love and parted friends. His mother, through pride and other mistaken impulses, separated us; and —— but God forgive me, for she is dead! She may have prejudiced him against me. I believe she would have thought nothing she could do was wrong to attain her object."

"Excuse me for pressing the question — are you sure you have forgotten him?"

"I am quite sure I have not"——

"I meant that you had not ceased to love him."

"All the love I ever had for any man, I gave to him. His place in my heart could never be filled or shared by another."

"Is this your engagement ring?"

"Yes; and inside is inscribed '*Tiens ta foi* — I have kept the faith.'"

"Have you a picture of that man?"

Christine drew from her bosom a medallion, and Juliet after looking at it with a smile of satisfaction, almost joy, excused herself and withdrew from the room, and left Christine to nestle down on the velvet cushion and to dream.

In the library, Juliet met Herr von Stein.

"Ah, mein Herr — what do you think of the manuscript?" she asked in German.

He trembled so, as she laid her hand on his shoulder and looked into his eyes, that she felt the tremor of his frame.

"Where did you get it? Tell me — for I know the handwriting."

"I got it, mein Herr, from the hand that wrote it."

He clasped his hands with a spasmodic gesture, and said: "Tell me all you know of her."

"I know but little, except what you have read in that. But come, go with me to the parlor."

She took his arm and led him into the room.

Christine was gazing still into the fire.

"Miss Christine Fabian, this is Herr von Stein."

"Christine! my long lost darling."

He opened his arms, and Christine staggered to her feet, and then, pale as death, fell forward in his open arms; and Juliet heard a word whispered that sounded like "little wife," and she went out and left them alone. And when the Judge came, she told him the story that had filled her mind a long time, and made the approach of Christmas promise so much joy.

They were reunited. How they had been separated matters not to them now, so that each had been faithful; and as his mother was the cause, little was ever said on the subject; but he told Christine how he had sought her, and despaired ever finding her, and how he had grown old and gray in one short year.

They were married on New Year's day, at Judge Johnston's house, and went back together to Christine's home on the Hudson.

CHRISTINE WAS GAZING STILL INTO THE FIRE—Page 236.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Suddenly it was perceived by his friends, and realized with dismay by Juliet, that Judge Johnston's health was rapidly giving way. And as the tiny worm enters the heart of the mighty oak and saps the fountain of its life, so disease had crept upon the grand old Judge, and before he was aware of danger he was almost prostrate in its grasp.

Change of scene and climate was urged by his medical adviser, and Juliet made hasty preparations for a voyage across the ocean. No one would accompany them but the faithful Hagar.

The fond solicitude, the prompt preparations of his young wife to take the journey alone with him — although he knew she dreaded it — were appreciated by the Judge.

When they sailed all their friends were on shipboard, to say farewell and wish them a prosperous journey and a safe return.

While Juliet was the center of a group, composed of her parents, Abbe and Bertie, Mr. Jeffrey, who had also come on board the ship to take leave of them, stood on the deck near enough to the Judge and Alexis, who had returned to say farewell to them, to hear the former say:

"Alexis, promise me that, should the time come

when I wish you to join us abroad, you will be prepared to do so."

With his hand clasped in his uncle's, Alexis promised.

* * * * * * * * * *

Our party reached Europe, and during the first few weeks of travel Juliet fancied that her husband improved. After visiting the principal cities of the Old World, and making such collections of art and literature as he desired, the Judge said, while they were at Lucerne:

"Now, love, that I have finished traveling, let us turn our faces towards Zurich, where we will have a long rest."

Having reached Zurich, they took rooms at a hotel on the banks of the lake, which was almost surrounded by beautiful gardens, one of which ran down to the water's edge, from which they had a magnificent view of the lake and the Alps.

Juliet found that in his choice of a resting-place her husband's loving thoughtfulness had considered her tastes.

There were row and sail boats for pleasure and fishing excursions to be had at all times.

The sunset, the twilight, the evenings, were the most delightful that she had ever found. Hour after hour she sat beside the Judge in this garden, reading or conversing with him, or recalling her first visit there, while Hagar, at a distance, strolled within call.

The music, vocal and instrumental, on the water — the air, loaded with the perfume of flowers — made it an enchanting place.

The orchards, vineyards, and villages, and, beyond, the towering, snowy Alps, made up the picture which day after day charmed the invalid, whom Juliet, to her dismay, now perceived grew daily weaker, till at last he was confined to his rooms, and she went out alone for a breath of fresh air.

A dreary sense of loneliness was creeping over her, and the shadow of death seemed very near.

"Juliet, love," said the Judge one day, "you are growing pale and have left off jewels and flowers, till you scarcely seem yourself — why have you done so?"

"I have no heart for such things," she said sadly, while the great tears came into her dark eyes.

"Do you wish to return home?"

"No, not till you wish."

"Come, dear, do not be sad. Let your face, bright as when I first loved it, beam upon me to the last. Wear the gems that I have loved to see you wear, and in no way grieve my heart by showing that you are sad. These have been blissful years to me, and when you return home, gather round you the gifts my love has chosen for you. My fortune is unconditionally yours; and all your life you can have the sweet assurance that no woman ever made her husband more happy and blest in her love."

"You speak," she said in a frightened tone, "as if you do not expect to return home."

"Juliet, I feel certain that when my poor body returns to America, it will be in a casket. But, darling, take me back to America and bury me where you may come to my grave. Do not weep so, my sweet one. It would be cruel for you to make this journey with no one but Hagar, therefore I will send for Alexis."

Juliet was not prepared for this intelligence, and her heart sank heavy within her breast.

In due time Alexis arrived, and shared Juliet's hours of watching beside the sick man, who, without much pain, was nearing rapidly the final dissolution.

Soon after Alexis came his uncle had a long private talk with him, after which the old gentleman seemed very peaceful.

A week after Alexis' arrival Judge Johnston died calmly with Juliet's and Alexis' hands clapsed in his, and his blessing upon them both.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Juliet arrived in New York, and after the interment of her husband's remains in Greenwood Cemetery, went to her own home. Her parents had hoped to have her with them again, but she answered:

"No, our home shall not be rented out; I will live there. I can see you twice a week, and you can visit me often."

Alexis returned to Canada.

The first few weeks Juliet devoted to unpacking and arranging the last gifts of her husband. They should be distributed in the rooms he loved best, and as she proposed to spend most of the time in her private parlor, a large front room on the second floor, and in the library, it was here his last tokens of love should be kept sacred to his memory. Hagar assisted her in the sad task. First, his portrait must be removed and occupy the place over the mantelpiece, where it was ever present with her in these dark days of grief, with nothing to comfort her but the memory of his noble love.

* * * * * * * *

The months rolled on, and still Judge Johnston's chair sat where he had occupied it last, and seemed sad to be so vacant. And when the shades of evening

gathered, his dressing gown was laid tenderly upon it, his slippers near, and upon a mosaic table beside it lay his favorite books. Then Hagar would bring in her mistress' tea, after which she sat down on a stool on the left side of the mantel, with her knitting. Juliet would oftentimes take up one of the books, and with her face turned towards the empty chair, read aloud, as she had been wont to do, his favorites.

Thus the room became a sacred place — hallowed by the vacant chair, dressing gown and slippers, and the books that he had loved.

Juliet did not mope and grow morbid, though she was, indeed, bowed down by a great sorrow, which she felt had come too suddenly upon her. After a few weeks she devoted herself again to her studies, spending most of the forenoon in the library. She remembered how glad he had been to see her there; and she resolved to live as nearly as she could as she would have done had he been spared to her. In spirit, he seemed ever near her, and she was guided by his influence still. Weekly visits she paid to his grave, where she had caused a handsome monument to be erected.

Perhaps the death of no one private citizen ever caused more universal regret than that of Judge Johnston. Newspapers, East and West, spoke in the highest terms of him, and expressed deep sympathy with his young widow. They gave him the title of "the Just Judge." Could mortal man have higher?

Juliet turned her thoughts again to the poor. Ha-

gar many times sought out those who needed help, knowing that nothing gave her mistress more pleasure than to aid deserving persons.

But in all these years Juliet had never entered a church. She had kept the vow so rashly made.

Her fashionable friends wondered that the marble mansion remained so long closed, and the widow clad in her sable dress, emerged therefrom only to drive out for her health, visit her husband's grave, or to do deeds of mercy.

Hagar had prevailed upon a son of hers to come to New York and act as coachman for her mistress; and Juliet was glad of the opportunity of making Hagar so happy, and at the same time securing the services of so good a servant.

"You must be very lonely indeed," said Bertie one day.

"O, no, not at all; I read, practice, and write, and have my own thoughts for company."

Juliet heard from Bertie that Alexis visited her at long intervals, and that she and Abbe expected to visit him soon in his hermitage, as she called his house. She wished her to accompany them, but Juliet quietly declined.

This happened nearly a year after Judge Johnston's death, when the wounded heart was beginning to heal. Not that Juliet did not mourn daily for the loving voice, and miss his coming every evening. But now she realized fully that his chair must remain vacant forever, and the empty slippers grow old and

faded, waiting beside it; that all that was left to her of the loved, lost friend, was the luxurious home, that, turn where she would, gave evidences of his mighty love, and his portrait, before which she would stand for hours recalling their past life. There seemed nothing strange to her that she had loved him and been his wife, though few people had not wondered at it. She would not have had it otherwise for all this earth. She did not wish, and never had, that he had been a younger and handsomer man. His love had filled her heart with sweet content, and she had honored the ground upon which he trod; and his companionship had made her a wiser and better woman.

And yet, how different was the home of Abbe and Bertie, and how different their love — gushing, sparkling, and, O, so bright!"

Perhaps, indeed, there were misunderstandings between them, such as she and Judge Johnston had never known; but there was more than sweet, holy content there — it was happiness in purest, highest form mortals ever know.

CHAPTER XXXV.

In their own joy, Abbe and Bertie did not forget Alexis, whose withdrawal from their midst had been a source of deep sorrow to his gentle sister, and, consequently, to Abbe, who sympathized with his little wife in everything.

When they had consulted over the matter, they resolved not to attempt to dissuade him from his purpose, whatever it might be, since their faith in his judgment was sufficient to convince them that he knew best what to do, as he understood the circumstances which had led him to take so decided a step, and they were in total ignorance of them. However, nothing should cause them to seem to forget him, or to appear to lose faith in him.

So it was, that, as often as practicable, Bertie and Abbe had set out to see the bachelor in his quiet quarters at St. John, she carrying with her all those thoughtful little things that make up the great comforts of home; and thus it was that several months after the death of Judge Johnston, Abbe and Bertie stepped in upon Alexis one evening in September.

"How sweet it is," said Alexis, folding her in his arms the next morning, as she wished him good morning in the parlor, "to have you come, Birdie. You

brighten and cheer the silent rooms; when you are gone, everything wears something of your individuality, dearest little sister."

"Nothing attending these visits is more comfortable, old boy," said Abbe, laying his hand on his shoulder, "than her persistence in overhauling your clothing, to assure herself when we set out for home that there is not a loose or missing button, nor a broken stitch to be found in your entire wardrobe; that everything not needed is neatly brushed and put away with the inevitable tar-paper."

"We do appreciate those little, thoughtful attentions, Abbe, all of us; they say so much in their mute, comfortable way, of love and tenderness."

"Every man don't appreciate them rightly," said bright eyed Birdie; "some men accept them as attentions specially due them because they are men, and those who perform those little tasks of love for such people get no words of encouragement and praise. How I do pity those poor women! I love to sew the buttons on, for I know that you and Abbe remember that they came off, and know that Birdie will find it out without being told, and put them on again, thinking all the while of the dear hearts that love her, and the dear kisses she will get; and just like dear uncle, who used to say, 'darling, I owe you five kisses, or three kisses,' and in that way I knew he counted the buttons; and one day" ——

"Yes, one day she sewed a rent for me, and declared there were five hundred stitches, and demanded pay-

ment in so many kisses. Was that just before or just after our marriage, Bertie?"

"Oh, you wicked man; it was at least a week afterwards."

"At least a week? then he tore it intentionally, just to get to pay you," said a joyous voice at the door, and Dr. Provine joined the merry laugh that followed.

He had come to breakfast with them; and when Bertie had taken his hand and hat at the same time, still blushing at the thought of those five hundred kisses, knowing that Abbe had multiplied the actual number by the largest figure that he thought would be credited, and knowing, too, that if she denied it he would straightway remember that it was a thousand instead of five hundred, she said nothing, but led them all out to the table, where she presided with that queer mixture of childishness and dignity that Abbe said never failed to make him drink more coffee than was good for him, just to see her pour it out.

Dr. Provine was Alexis' most intimate friend, the minister with whom he studied theology, and always breakfasted with him when his sister and brother-in-law were there. He declared it the most charming breakfast-room in St. John, and they planned their drives and amusements, always counting him as one of their party; for he, like Alexis, was a bachelor.

One day during this visit, when Abbe remarked upon Alexis' changing manner and the return of his old cheerfulness which seemed so long to have for-

saken him, Dr. Provine said that he was quite right, and that he often noticed that his old nature was returning as remarkably as it had seemed to have deserted him.

Bertie, looking up from her task of making Alexis a pincushion, said:

"You are both right. Alexis is — well, I can only explain it this way: He seemed for a time to have lost himself on the high seas of life. He was like one who stands at the helm, with his eyes fixed upon some approaching or vanishing shore, upon which his goal lies, heedless of all else. I never knew which it was, for he never told me; but I know now, for the object is nearing his view, and he is more confident of surely winning his prize."

Their eyes turned upon Alexis with a quick, penetrating glance. Bertie — laughing, merry Bertie — read without knowing it what Alexis himself could not have told so well.

He looked at her a moment, wondering if her words implied a deeper penetration that he would have had her fathom, and then with a smile said:

"If there is a man living who could wrap himself up in gloom or sorrow, or any far away object as you suggest, and see nothing but his own object in life while you were around, I am not that man."

But after the gentlemen went out and left her for awhile alone, Bertie sang softly to herself and paused now and then to smile and shake her curly head doubtfully at the chair where her brother had sat.

"Bertie Hudson is not deep — oh, no, Mr. Johnston! but she sees things plainly when they come near the surface of a clear stream as well as another. Eyes do not brighten, and words grow more tender, and life wear a new charm, because a sister sews on your buttons. Oh, you naughty, naughty man to tell me such a fib! There is another, not your sister, mixed up in this affair; the one who stood a year ago upon that far off shore. Who can she be?

So Bertie sewed on buttons, rocked herself, and shook her pretty head at Alexis' chair till Abbe came in, and then she told him the thoughts that had floated through her brain.

Abbe walked the floor and strove to solve the riddle, and then after a long time said:

"Birdie, it is not likely that any person ever disappointed Alexis. Just think over that winter we were all together; whom could he have cared for?"

And on he walked. Not one person could he recall whom Alexis had seemed to notice particularly, nor could Bertie, and yet it must have been that which caused his abrupt departure, and this lonely life since then.

"Dear brother, what if he had loved somebody even as I loved Abbe, and that somebody had not loved him!"

"Ah, ha! I have it! Bertie, feel my pulse. I'm not feverish, but what a wild dream it is."

"What, darling?"

"Your face was a mirror, and I looked into it and saw only my own image reflected there. He loved a

woman into whose eyes he dare not look for the picture he would have loved to see."

"Who, Abbe?"

"This, Bertie, must be true. I say it to you as I think it in my soul;" and although Abbe tried to smile, his face was pale as he said, "Little wife, your brother, although, perhaps, a wiser man than you a woman, did what you did."

"What?"

"You loved your uncle, he his aunt."

"Juliet?"

"Aye, so sure as that I love you."

Dear brother! How little had she imagined his sufferings were so great; for well she knew it was deepest, because it brought with it the sense of shame, perhaps, or wrong, towards their uncle. Dear uncle! Had he too suspected it, and been unhappy because he knew his loved ones were? Juliet! Had she known it too? Had a thought flitted through her brain or a pang through her heart that Alexis would have been a more suitable companion for her? No, no! Juliet had never thought of that. She was a nobler woman, a better woman, by having had dear uncle's love! for his love was something to lift any woman, as it had lifted Juliet, up above the ordinary things of life.

Bertie's work slipped from her hands, and it lay idle in her lap. She recalled those visits long ago, when uncle grew young again, and she had first loved Abbe. Ah! back, back, old Time! let me see clearly how it all was, and how it might have been! Had uncle

waited till Alexis returned, how much sorrow it would have saved dear brother. Would it, though? Uncle, dear uncle, up in heaven, then would have known no sweeter joy on earth than his little Birdie's love. Juliet, somehow, would have been a different creature but for uncle's love; and Alexis, even he was grander, nobler, better now. On, on the moments fled, and the clock pointed the fleeting hours while bright-eyed Bertie mused, living over her bright life, with all that had brightened it; and when the revery was over, she whispered, "I would not have had it otherwise."

When Alexis joined her she was so lost in thought that she did not perceive him enter the room, nor had she observed that Abbe was gone, and she alone, with those slender fingers idle.

She raised her face as Alexis bent over her, and touched his hair lightly with her loving hand, and looking into his deep, quiet eyes read her brother's soul; silently putting her arm about his neck, as he kneeled down beside her, she laid her pretty head against his dark hair, and they knew, without words, that each read the other's thoughts.

"Alexis! noble brother! How deep, how awful must have been that sorrow — how heavy that great cross! But you have borne it bravely, and my heart tells me it is best."

He said nothing, but his whole frame quivered a moment; then kissing her, he rose and left the room, and it was hours before she saw him again.

Their visit was over, and when they departed Alexis set out with them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Alexis visited Juliet soon after his arrival in New York and received a most cordial welcome.

"You are pale," he said, as he bade her good-bye; "do you not study too closely?"

"Perhaps; at any rate I have just written Herr von Stein a letter accepting an invitation to spend a few weeks with them."

Alexis brightened.

"I am glad and I am sorry, too; for I came to the city to spend a few weeks, and hoped to see you frequently. Why may I not accompany you? I need a short vacation, too."

"Certainly; perhaps Abbe and Bertie will go, and there will be quite a party of us. You have never met my old master?"

"No; I always happened to be out when he called."

Thus it was their little plan was made and almost immediately executed, and as Bertie and Abbe could not accompany them they set out alone.

Although the memory of her first and last visit to her husband's old home brought the same aching pain to her heart that seemed never to die out, Juliet was too brave and tender to show her emotions before those two dear friends whose joy at receiving her was so unfeigned and so rapturous.

Alexis, too, entered straight into their hearts, and

after tea the gentlemen strayed out among the shrubbery and down the sloping hill to the river, while Christine took Juliet all over the old house, which was even sweeter than of yore; for the shadow of the lonely little woman's sorrow was gone now, and every nook and corner bloomed with her smiles and flowers.

Juliet had set out without question or thought, only to enjoy a view of the dear old place, and to see her friends. One bright morning, when she sat on the stoop alone, Alexis joined her, and, as their host and hostess and the old servants were engaged in some household duties, they were sure of a long talk together undisturbed. She was fresh and bright, and her countenance wore the old look of peaceful content that Alexis had always worshiped.

"Aunt Juliet," he said, seating himself in the chair that Christine had recently occupied, "you are improving rapidly, the roses are blooming again in your cheeks, and, instead of asking you to climb those barbarous hills with me this morning, I shall ask permission to sit beside you here."

The expression of Alexis' face as he said this was one to make any woman proud and happy.

Herr von Stein looked at them through the partly open curtains casually at first, but grew more interested in the tableau as he gazed upon them conversing like two handsome statues. There was no affected toss of her head, or effort to attract or to please him. She talked to Alexis as to any one else whom she esteemed so highly. The artist smiled complacently as he looked

at them; Alexis in spotless linen and faultlessly fitting cloth, his noble, intellectual features, his majestic form bending slightly towards Juliet to catch her reply. She wore a soft muslin that fell in graceful folds about her, with delicate lace about the neck, and at her throat flowers arranged by Christine. Her loose sleeves displayed a portion of her rounded arms that was fair, and fine and smooth in texture as a child's. Her hair was wound in a simple coil low on her neck, and over her left shoulder two long silken ringlets floated, while a light breeze tossed a shower of tiny curls over her forehead.

Knowing her many noble traits, Alexis looked upon her now as the embodiment of every good gift a woman can possess. Not that voluptuous beauty that attracts every common eye, but a beauty of that grand type which awakens admiration only in the purest and best of hearts.

Alexis was living the sweetest chapter of his life during these few days. The spirit that rules the world, which shapes the life and destiny of every man, ruled him entirely now. That powerful love, born of respect, strengthened by daily association, and made tender by sympathy, was master of him, and the eagerness with which he watched for a smile, or drank in her silvery tones, surprised even himself.

Those evenings in the old parlor, when she and Christine sang and played, and he and Herr von Stein listened or talked low that they might not disturb them — what peaceful, blessed hours!

During conversations about his uncle, he noticed that sometimes Juliet bowed her head as if in a struggle for self-control, and then went on in her praises of him.

Herr von Stein had a light boat which he placed at Alexis' command, and as he was a fine oarsman he had several times taken the ladies out.

One morning he joined Juliet as she sat alone under a spreading tree, with an open book upon her lap. She had soared upon the wings of thought away up among the floating clouds, with the imprint of past years upon her memory. They ever remained with her. What a strange fate had led her to this hour where the past blended with the present, and a phantom hand beckoned her from the clouds!

Alexis' words recalled her:

"Will you go out in the boat with me alone?"

"Certainly."

Without another word, she rose, and, calling to Christine, who stood at the window, and, apprising her of her intention, walked on towards the river.

Once in the boat on the picturesque Hudson, Alexis rowed for a little while as though he was out on a trial regatta, but suddenly stopped, and the boat, continuing only by its momentum, glided along guided by one oar.

They had not conversed at all. Juliet, at first, watched Alexis' impetuosity with an amused expression, and then drawing down her hat to shade her eyes, watched

the receding shores and farm house as they turned a point in the river.

"Those are happy people," Alexis said, alluding to Herr von Stein and his wife, and following her gaze.

"Yes; it makes one glad to look at them, or to think of them."

"Quite a little romance is connected with their lives the artist tells me."

"Oh, yes! they were separated a long time, but loved each other all the while. A woman could not help loving a man who had proved as faithful as he," she answered.

"Nor could a man help worshiping a woman who was so constant as she."

"I believe that is true of a good man."

Juliet had removed her gloves, and now drew one bare hand through the clear water.

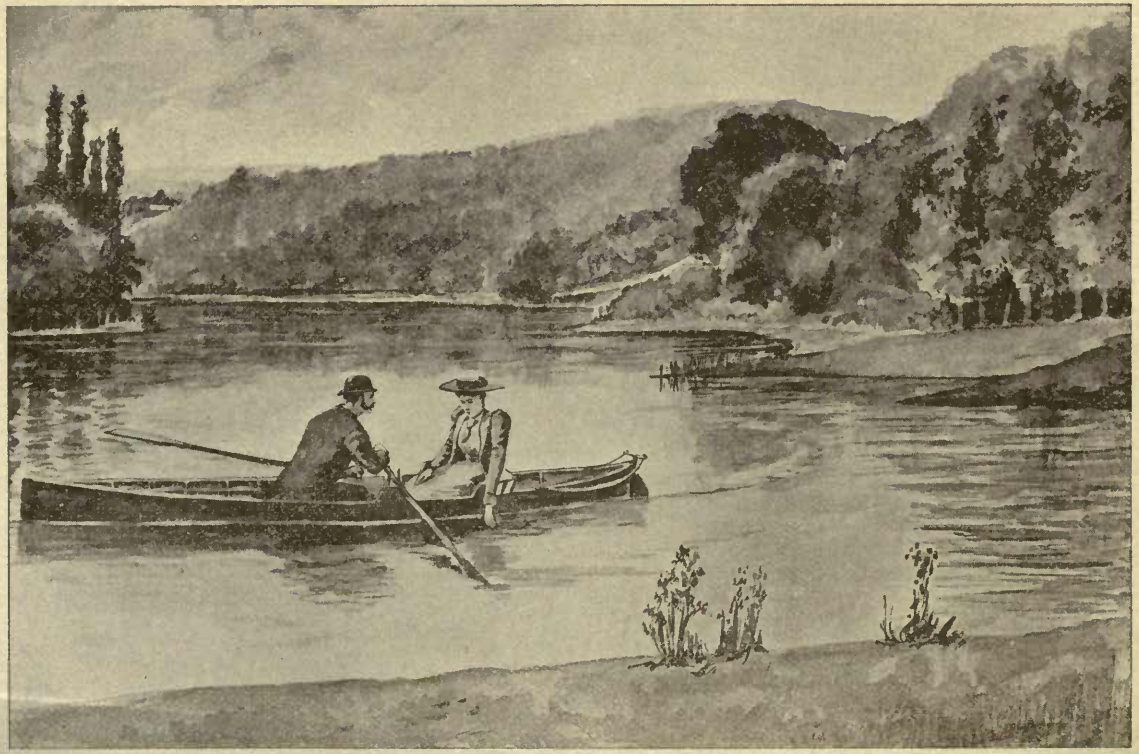
"Do you believe a person can love more than once," he asked.

"Yes, it is possible for some hearts to love more than once, I believe. Their love may vary in degree or quality, but it is love still."

"It is wonderful she never loved and married before she found her old lover," he continued.

"Not at all; she lived in such seclusion, it was not possible for her to meet any one she could care for, and she was not the woman to marry only for a home," said Juliet.

"If love differs in degree and quality I would like you to describe the degree and quality you think is



"DO YOU BELIEVE A PERSON CAN LOVE MORE THAN ONCE?"—Page 256.

the truest and the purest," he said, glancing at her and then looking down into the water.

"There are so many degrees and qualities of what is popularly called love, that I would be afraid to define my ideal."

She raised her hand — it was the left one, and the water dripped off in sparkling drops, and her wedding ring blazed up in the sunlight so that Alexis started at its brightness — only its brightness.

"For instance," she continued, "your uncle's love for me and mine for him was a different love from that of my brother and your sister. Again, Herr von Stein and his wife love each other with another and different love."

"What do you think of a love that makes up the most of a man's being — is light and life, and air and sky, and robbed of which he is nothing?"

"If that love is wisely bestowed and freely returned it is the best."

On glided the boat, and her answer seemed to cause him to be more disposed to reflect than to converse; and she, thinking of something that wholly absorbed her, drew her fair hand through the water, and, raising it, let the memory of his dead uncle's idolatry flash ever and anon before him.

How fast the days glided as they watched the flowing river, bearing them on, on! — whither?

Juliet loved to sit in that old oaken chair where the Judge had sat and recalled his life. She loved to look at the boyish face turned earnestly upon her. She

loved to wander through all those rooms where his little feet had trod.

The artist and Christine loved to watch those two, and wove a little romance of these bright days.

Herr von Stein had not forgotten how to read character, and he read Alexis aright, and with every mute glance blessed his old pupil in her dawning joy which would not, he knew, awaken her till it burst upon her in a glorious day, flooding her life with a light her wildest dream had not pictured.

Another chapter in their life was lived in that short visit, and when it was over Alexis took Juliet to her home, assuring her of the pleasure her companionship had given him. And when he was gone, she was alone in that great house once more. Among the old things and the new she strayed again; and oftentimes sat down in the rooms that Alexis had once occupied to muse, and thus the days wore on until the anniversary of her husband's death.

* * * * * * *

The anniversary of Judge Johnston's death came, upon which day Juliet was to open a sealed letter that he had given her, with the request to read it then for the first time. There had been no request made about what time during the day it should be done, and although as eager to read it as if it had been a voice from the solemn grave, she repressed the feeling and determined she would wait till evening.

Ordering her carriage, she took Hagar and sought

Judge Johnston's grave early, and found a fresh wreath of flowers already upon it and a crown of oak leaves. To her mother or to Bertie Juliet attributed this token of love.

She kneeled down beside the grassy mound and strewed her flowers upon it, and buried her face among them and bedewed them with her tears.

"Mr. Alexis was there first," said Hagar, when again on their way home.

"How do you know?"

"Because I saw him standing at another tomb not far away, that, Miss Bertie once told me, is their mother's."

"Yes, their mother's grave is near that spot; but I saw no one there."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Later in the evening Hagar entered Juliet's parlor with a card. Juliet had been very thoughtful and sad to-day, and when the card came she was so confident that it was Alexis' that she did not read it, for in her thoughts his face had come. In that last dark hour he was with them, and the truest earthly friend she had ever known passed away with one hand in his. She said:

"Hagar, ask him to come up here."

How great was her surprise when Hagar ushered into her presence, not Alexis, but Mr. Jeffrey. "Ah," she said, rising quickly, and extending her hand:

"I was so sure it was my husband's nephew that I bade you come here without reading the card — perhaps you will prefer the parlor — Hagar, go down and draw the curtains — but, no! that cannot be to-day."

"I beg of you to allow me to remain here."

Mr. Jeffrey took the chair that Hagar placed for him.

Nothing was lost upon him. He read here the history of Juliet's life the past year better than he could have done in all the other rooms of that great house. And when, after some conversation, she remarked that it was the anniversary of her husband's death, be begged pardon for the intrusion, and would have left her immediately, but she insisted kindly that he should

remain, and gradually their conversation turned upon her last voyage, and ended by Mr. Jeffrey and Juliet rising to examine the last purchases of her husband.

It was a sacred place, he considered, and surely the most sacred feelings of the heart might be uttered here.

When at last they stood before the window, the soft light falling upon her lovely face, chastened by sorrow to a sublime purity, Mr. Jeffrey reached forth his hand and took hers.

"Juliet, after all these years of silence may I speak, if only to ask forgiveness?"

She withdrew her hand quietly, but firmly, and asked:

"What have you to say, Mr. Jeffrey?"

There was not the slightest cadence in the clear tone that had once pervaded the old, loving one, in which she had once called his name — "Constantine!"

"First of all, to implore your forgiveness for the great wrong my jealous heart did you in listening to words against you."

"Ah! Mr. Jeffrey, it took you a long time to repent, not until Herr von Stein, as Mrs. Morton informed me, had justified me. Your faith in my honor and innocence was not strong enough to close your ears to the first breath of scandal —"

"Juliet! Juliet! it was selfishness, jealousy, everything but a Christian spirit that ruled me then! Forgive me! by the memory of our early love; by the long years of sorrow that have come to me! Alone in my bitterness has the time been spent, and now I am more

fit to love you, and to be loved by you, than ever in my life."

Her position before him reminded her of that parting. She trembled violently; he could not fail to see she was deeply affected, and thought the words just uttered had had the desired result; his heart gave one joyful bound. She paled, and her bosom heaved and her proud lips quivered. Thus she stood for a moment battling with herself and the memory of that hour; then regaining her composure she stood firmly.

"Mr. Jeffrey," said she, "do you believe it lies in the heart of a true woman to forgive one she has loved and trusted, when he proves false to the extent you did? Had you listened calmly and heard my enemies planning to murder me and had taken no active steps to deliver me from them, I could have forgiven you. But, considering the relation which we bore to each other then, and that when I was absent and could not protect myself you listened, and therefore became a party to a scandal which had no foundation save in the wicked minds that created it——"

"But, Juliet, I hastened to St. Louis and saw you when I believed it was too late to speak. And, oh! I was so weak. I believed, because I had no hope that I could win you then, that I should not see you. Later, I wished that I had sought you out and begged your pardon even on your wedding day."

"It is better as it is," she said. "We are both wiser now. You can the more fully appreciate my feelings, and I understand myself. I accept your apology."

"Accept my apology! Oh, Juliet! Won't you forgive me, and let this long deferred union take place?"

"Mr. Jeffrey, it would be more possible for yonder chair to hold its former occupant in his bodily form again than that I could forgive and marry you who stood before me, looking into my tortured face — witnessing the agony of my bleeding heart in its effort to wring your image from it — and then and there, when I stood before you more dead than alive, reject the love I had lavished upon you from my earliest girlhood. No! no! a thousand times no! To no living man would I give the love he once has scorned, were that man a crowned monarch who had power to rule the world!"

Mr. Jeffrey bowed his head. A thrill of pain for a moment made him tremble from crown to sole, and then he was immovable as a statue. For many minutes he did not speak. At last, gaining strength to move, he took her hand, kissed it reverently with his pale, cold lips, drew from his breast pocket her picture, and handed it to her, and turned slowly and walked sadly away, feeling for the first time in his life that she was indeed forever lost to him; and as he walked away, he murmured: "After all these years, still UNFORGIVEN!"

An hour later Hagar brought her mistress tea and scanned her features closely, but read nothing unusual there.

When the tray was removed and the light turned

on and the curtains lowered, alone in the sacred presence of her dead husband's portrait, she read the letter his noble hand had penned:

My Precious Love:

When you read this I hope my spirit may be near you.

[She looked at the vacant chair, and then closed her eyes. Had she indeed expected to see it occupied?]

Since I have been confirmed in the knowledge that death is near me and threatens almost daily to separate us, I have concluded to write for you (to read at a time I shall indicate to you verbally) something that has been in my mind this long time.

Juliet, angel of my life! I will not recall the past, nor speak of the unutterable sorrow of the present, when I feel the dark veil shutting in around me. Death's sting is parting from you! I have wondered how this first long year would be spent by you; I doubt not in loyal remembrance of me. No! Juliet, I doubt it not. Where, and how you will read this letter when the hand that traced it is dust and ashes? My darling, my heart is full of love and confidence to overflowing. But my death must not darken for a long time my darling's brow; and lest my precious one knows not wholly how to forget me, I would say that my spirit would grieve could it know that you will not grow bright and happy again.

The world is beautiful, my sweet one! and God has been lavish in His blessings upon you — youth, beauty, fortune and friends.

And you must again turn your thoughts from the dead unto the living. Understanding your disposition as I do, and knowing my influence over you was ever for good, I want you to consider, from the hour you read this, a new future: that of entering upon a new and holy relation with a grand and noble companion, who loves you with all the intensity of a refined and exalted nature — one into whose hands you need not fear to trust your precious life.

The sweet content that crowned your life with me will then bloom into happiness. Dreams will change into realities, and life will each day be adding a new joy. I know that voice will stir the deepest music in your heart, and awaken an echo that will never cease. Juliet, love! be not afraid; act according to the dictates of your heart. I need not tell you, the one of whom I speak is he whose face is near you when I die.

Trembling and weeping, Juliet leaned over and put her arms lovingly about the vacant chair and buried her face in the folds of the dressing-gown, and when Hagar again entered she found her mistress sobbing as though her heart would break, and the eyes of the portrait looking mournfully down upon her.

True to the wish of her husband, Juliet allowed the subject to be presented to her mind and carefully considered it.

Had it only been content that she had enjoyed? Was there really a great earthly happiness, such as fancy had whispered to her in her first love, yet in store

for her? Was the green leaf in her heart really not withered, and were songs to be sung there? Was the companion who could bring this earthly joy Alexis?

Every time she had ever seen him rose to her memory, from the first time when she saw him standing entranced before her portrait, then at her husband's grave, last to those happy days on the Hudson, and now a great desire to see him rushed upon her. She folded the letter and locked it in a small ebony box. She looked now for the first time upon the picture that Mr. Jeffrey had returned, an exquisite pearl painting, and then at herself in a pier glass, and studied the change that time had wrought upon her; as the flood of memory rushed over her she grew quite unconscious of the present, and was still rapt in mazy thoughts, when a tall form bent over her.

"Alexis!" she cried joyfully. Then after a moment she said: "How silly I must have appeared to you standing before a mirror with my own picture in my hand, studying myself."

"No," he answered, "not silly; for whom else should we study so much, and try so hard to understand, as ourselves? but let me see the picture."

After a few minutes he asked:

"And what conclusion did you arrive at?

"None at all when you surprised me. The more one studies one's self the more puzzled one becomes."

"Shall I read the difference between the two faces," he added.

"Yes."

"The picture reminds me of a joyous song bursting from a young and untried heart, and making radiant every feature with a brightness that fascinates and bewilders. Your face, now, reminds me of a glorious psalm, that follows in grand music upon that rapturous song, and casts over the radiant light it has thrown, a purer, stronger ray, and lifts the eyes up from a beauteous world to the more sublime beauty that faith alone can see, and hears the hymn resounding ceaselessly, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Ah! I could read on, on a long time, only to your praise and advantage."

"That is pleasant, and I hope true. But come, be seated. The evenings are cool now, and Hagar has made a little fire in the grate to make the room more cheerful."

Alexis observed everything in the room without appearing to see anything, and then took the chair Juliet had lately occupied beside that of his dead uncle.

The hours flew on golden wings. They spoke of the books they had read, and of the places which they had seen in Europe, of the pleasant days on the Hudson, of the noble traits of character of Judge Johnston, and his favorite books. And now for the first time Juliet studied and understood Alexis.

In form and feature, in thought and feeling, how entirely he filled her ideas of the noblest work of God! Time and sorrow had chastened him. The calm dignity that sat upon his pale brow, the subdued light of his fine eyes, went to make up a face that is seen only once in a life-time — there was something so brave, so heroic

in its every line, and in his majestic form something so grand and god-like! It would have been a sad thing for Juliet had she read her companion thus before that hour!

Alexis went away, and came again for many, many days.

Who can describe his joy when one evening he visited her, after studying the great question so long, and hoping and doubting, his love made him so bold as to turn his face upon the fair creature at his side and their eyes met.

With a joyful cry he reached out both arms, and the beautiful face was buried in his bosom. He clasped his arms about her and looked up at the portrait. It seemed to smile upon them, and in all the broad universe there beat not two happier hearts that night.

There, in their loving confidence, Alexis told her that his uncle, though he deprived him of his fortune, had left him his treasure, and bade him seek zealously her love, and to wear her with honor to both. And Juliet told him how all at once a knowledge of her love had burst upon her soul, flooding it with sunlight after she had read her dead husband's letter.

Alexis further informed Juliet that he was a clergyman. She promised to be a loving and faithful helper in the field of labor, thus canceling the rash vow she made long years before.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A month after the above chapter, Juliet and Alexis were married by the minister with whom Alexis had studied. They promised to visit him in his home at St. John once every year, and he was to spend the anniversary of their wedding day with them.

Our story is finished. Soon after Juliet and Alexis were married, Alvah Morton put an end to his wicked life by his own hand, and Belle was known to be hopelessly insane. Physicians attributed her malady to the chemicals used in the process of bleaching her hair before applying the blondine, others to disappointment; but Juliet, sitting beside her grate, looking at the dying fire and recalling all the incidents of her momentous life, assigned perhaps the right cause for the unhappy fate of the maniac and suicide: That looking back upon their wasted lives, spent in intrigue and treachery, betraying every trust that had been reposed in them, digging pit-falls for others only to find themselves at last entrapped, scorned by all good people, feared and hated by the bad, they for one moment had paused to take a retrospective glance of their lives; and Belle, facing the demons of her own creation, with wild eyes paused to look at the horrid ghosts of the past, and, when they were gone, reason

too had fled; and Morton, too cowardly to undo the past so far as his weak wife and wronged children were concerned, risked the leap that landed him upon the "other side," unprepared.

Mrs. Morton, Sr., still berates the wicked unappreciative world, and calls for Christ to come; but it grows no better, and deaf ears are turned against her bold hypocrisy.

Old Mr. Morton has laid down the burden of life.

Mrs. Alvah Morton returned to her friends, and the world knows nothing of her; she is remembered only as the weakest and most degraded of all the miserable tools who work their own destruction.

Mrs. Hellwald is well and happy, and has just returned to her brother from another visit to Germany.

Mr. Jeffrey is doing a good work, and building up a great reputation. Abbe and Bertie are very happy. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson live on in the noble life-work of assisting the deserving, and are blest in their own and their children's happiness. But it may be truly affirmed that in the union of Alexis and Juliet is shown —

> "Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one."

As they stand, this evening, his arm encircling her in a loving, protecting way, before the portrait of the "Just Judge," old Hagar peers through the half-open door, and watches them and prays by turns.

So may their lives ever be — happy in the faith of their own love, and in the truth of the

> "Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

FINIS.

Unforgiven.

By ANNA C. ELLIS-REIFSNIDER,

Author of "How She Earned It," Etc.

Second Edition. **Illustrated.**

[St. Louis Republican, on First Edition.]

The word has a grim, relentless look, but it just happens to be the title of a genial, sunshiny book. Under the covers, while there are clouds, there are also rainbows, and after tears blooms more divinely the rosy radiance of youth, forecasting a coming brighter life.

"Unforgiven" is a novel by Anna C. Ellis-Reifsnider, of this city, and is just issued. It is an out-and-out home production, and although the book is a beauty, that is the least of its recommendations. There is genius in its conception and contents, and that is its greatest claim to public attention. The author is unknown in what is called the "literary world." This volume is her first offering upon the altar of that temple where ambition is worship and intellect incense. Will she get a hearing? All that can be said in advance is that many less worthy efforts have been enrolled as accepted achievements and consecrated as literature by the high priest of criticism.

This gifted woman evidently does not merely write to make a book. She is seized by a subject that has been nursed by both heart and brain, until it has taken form and is embodied in a mental result—a book which must appeal to every reader as a conviction of the author. While the evolution was compulsory the serious purpose is not obtrusive in its pages, and the current of the simple story flows on, rippling in the alternate sunshine and shadow of necessity. Of plot, as usually constructed, it has none; but there is full compensation for the absence of it in the direct course of narrative and the natural surprises of incident. There is no mystery set darkly in the beginning, and artfully concealed till the end. The story is too busy with its absorbing theme for episodes of "hide and seek." The interest springs from a different source, is fed and abundantly satisfied by several inevitable climaxes and denouments. There are evidences of afterthoughts, but they are gracefully introduced in pleasant by-ways and do not disturb the harmony of the main design.

The author introduces just enough people in her pages to serve the various threads of purpose and develop the design, and no more than absolutely needed. She follows her characters where they naturally go, with a true instinct of human motives and, skillfully grouping them, makes contrast do the work of description, thus avoiding verbosity. Her style is fluent, and her method is full of surprises, and though she sometimes dallies a little with sentiment, it sparkles with gems of thought, and no reader can afford to skip a page.

The theme of the story is the development of the true life through loving, conscientious work. The author has strong convictions on this subject, and by a very ingeniously contrived social situation, proposes a difficult problem, which is solved as conclusively as the fiat of destiny. Life is not living without the right work, by and through which alone men and women truly live. That is the result attained through the story telling argument, and in the treatment, doctrines and theories are not conspicuous, while the poetry and philosophy of sentiment shine like guiding stars lighting the way to truth.

No serious effort of character-drawing is made—it is rather character-showing by position, situation, occupation and contrast. No words are wasted and no time is lost in

pen-picturing. Character portraits come like shadows cast in the camera by the sun. Juliet Hudson is an exceptional girl—the germ of the ideal woman—who does not weakly grow in a hot-bed of wealth and luxury, but recreates herself by the work she is best qualified to do—under the inspiration of her literary and artistic tastes and longings. She does not aim at impossible things or calculate improbable results. Women have done, and there are women still who can do all she is represented as doing. She is a genius—not especially because she writes and paints and plays and sings, and charms in all—but because she loves, and lives in effort. She has a genius for life, and art culture is a necessity of her individual being. Thus she blooms and grows, and develops the true life—the ideal of womanhood. So may every girl create the woman, according to her tastes and abilities. Advantages of birth and early education are not allowed by this author. In her view Juliet's wealth was a positive obstacle to her growth by work, and therefore the advantage is on the side of the lowly born and poor, who are compelled to struggle with hard fortune for bread. Here chance developments of genius may come; with Juliet, the higher life of love and duty is a struggle through the quicksands and swamps of luxury. This is the lesson of Juliet Hudson's example, and the moral of the book which thus reveals a noble purpose.

The other characters revolve around Juliet Hudson—not as servile satellites—for all have a certain independence and influence in their several spheres, some of happy and some of baleful light; but she is the central figure and social magnet, whose power pervades her entire circle, and gives the motive to the whole movement. Any outline or hint of the story itself does not come within the purview of this notice—intended simply as an analysis of the author's design and methods which prove her a true artist. She is original, she has something to say, she says it in a new way, and hence the book. She has certainly seen, and evidently been a part of some of the scenes she portrays. She has certainly felt the truths she utters, and no one save a woman who has suffered could depict, as she has done, three different growths and qualities of love in one true woman's heart.

Anna C. Ellis-Reifsnider, whatever may be her personal history, is evidently a lady of high culture and varied accomplishments, who knows from observation and experience every person and everything she describes; and, morever, she has a cheerful philosophy, which she knows how to apply to everyday life, not for ostentatious display, but for practical good. Knowledge of foreign countries from travel also seems to be among her acquisitions, and the scene moves easily and gracefully from America to Europe, and among the art treasures of Germany, France and Italy; back to New York, along the picturesque Hudson, and west to St. Louis, where several of the important events take place. There are two or three ministers in the story, and as many journalists, but this book, picturing how to live, is better than all the sermons they ever preached or creeds they may have written on human duties and the arts of life, and there is also a "just judge." May the public, into whose hands this volume is about to fall, be as just to the unknown author, and "Unforgiven." Once read the book will be often taken up again.

Paper, 50 Cents; Cloth, $1.00.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOK SELLERS.

Published by

The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Company,

ST. LOUIS.

How She Earned It

OR

$25,000 in Eleven Years.

By THE WOMAN WHO DID IT.

Author of "Unforgiven," etc.

Third Edition. **Illustrated.**

Rev. David Swing, Chicago.

MRS. ANNA C. REIFSNIDER: Dear Friend—The book, which in its first manuscript seemed so good, now, in print, impresses me even more deeply. I not only like the book, but I thank you for living such a life. Your energy and wisdom would inspire me were I young. You are a leader of the doubting ones. I wish all hearts might read your story. Should they not all reach the same money they would reach a better character and a rich self-consciousness. Always yours,

David Swing

January 21, '93. 66 Lake Shore Drive.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Sunday, January 29, 1893.

The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis, publish "How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It. The story of a woman's struggles and success. She tells how and why some people succeed while others fail, and points out the stumbling blocks. Paper, 204 pages, 50 cents.

Cincinnati Enquirer, Sunday, January 29, 1893.

The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis, brings out in paper covers, "How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It. The author was one of the first, if not the very first, lady stenographer in the West. When she entered the business lady stenographers were thought out of place. But the book tells her struggles and her success.

The Houston (Tex.) Daily Post, Monday, January 30, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," is the title of an interesting and suggestive book by The Woman Who Did It. It is the story of a struggle, a hard one, and of resolute effort crowned with success, and while the reader may not, and probably will not, coincide with the writer in all she says, and even this progressive age can hardly turn out self-supporting boys and girls at as early an age as the author proposes to do, and it would certainly be a very remarkable child that would be able to read at the tender age of three and a half years, yet she holds out a light, and if only one boy or girl will take advantage of it, much good will be accomplished. The book teaches courage, resolution and perseverance. Paper cover, 50 cents. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., publishers, St. Louis.

Children's New Church Messenger, Vineland, N. J., February, 1893.

We have received from the Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., a new novel, entitled: "How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years." By The Woman Who Did It. It is a sensible book, written by a sensible woman, whose purpose is use and whose practical insight into the fields of labor open to women will make the book profitable reading for many who are beginning the heavier problems of vital mathematics. Paper 50 cents, cloth $100.

Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Col., January 29, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis. This volume may not be able to endow its readers with the abilities of its author, but it is written in a kindly spirit and certainly does contain many helpful hints and much useful advice. Price 50 cents.

New Haven (Conn.) Palladium, Thursday, January 26, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," tells how an earnest but inexperienced little woman thrown on her own resources, with others dependent upon her, took up the battle, fought her own way, in new fields, to victory and a competency. It was written and is published to show other willing but unguided mortals, of whom the world is full, how to get into paths of peace and prosperity. If it does this and becomes a guide to wavering wanderers who now grope their ways through the darkness and doubt of inexperience, there will be abundant excuse for its innovation upon the paths of lighter literature so abundant in this day and age of books and books. Its author was one of the first, if not the very first, lady stenographer in the West. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis.

Boston Daily Traveller, January 28, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It just brought out by the Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis, is a remarkable book. It is not a record of "hard trials and great tribulations," told with tears for sympathetic ends. It tells how an earnest but inexperienced little woman, thrown on her own resources, with others dependent upon her, took up the battle, fought her own way in new fields, to victory and a competency. It was written and is published to show other willing, but unguided mortals, of whom the world is full, how to get into paths of peace and prosperity. If it does this, and becomes a guide to wavering wanderers, who now grope their ways through the darkness and doubt of inexperience, there will be abundant excuse for its innovation upon the flowing paths of lighter literature, so abundant in this day and age of books and books.

The Evening Item, Phaladelphia, Monday, January 30, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years." Anonymous. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis. This is a work which might be placed with advantage in the hands of every young woman who is compelled to depend on her own exertions for a living. It tells how a woman, unassisted, earned a sum of $25,000 in eleven years, and at the same time supported and educated two children. It is a common sense and thoroughly interesting effort on the part of its author to solve some of the questions with which the young woman who is compelled to support herself is confronted at every step. The author tells us how she applied herself to the study of stenography and exerted herself to become proficient in her art; how she contented herself with little, dressed simply and plainly, and found a higher pleasure in saving her money than in clothing herself in silk. The writer's style is graphic, forcible and direct—a true index to the character which we may reasonably suppose her to possess. Her pages are full of sound, common-sense maxims, conveyed in plain and occasionally epigrammatic English, and a careful perusal of them cannot fail to be of advantage to any young woman who may be inclined to imitate the author's independent exertions. The book, however, appeals to all sorts of readers, not only from its literary merit, which is unquestionably great, but from the fact that it is a record of woman's ability to achieve success when urged to the effort by the combined forces of ambition and maternal affection. The latter sentiment, which is such a powerful influence in shaping a woman's conduct, shows throughout the volume here and there, and gives it an interest of a peculiarly pleasing character. It is to be hoped that the work will receive a large circulation among the self-dependent young women of the United States. The lesson which it conveys in difficulties encountered and overcome, and in self-denial patiently practiced, is one which if carefully studied, will exercise a useful influence in encouraging those women who are obliged to depend on themselves in the great struggle for life.

The Appeal-Avalanche, Memphis, Sunday, January 29, 1893.

"How She Earned, or $25,000 in Eleven Years." This book is by the woman who earned this money. There has not been written a book containing more good advice, or more encouragement to the wage-earning public, than this little volume. It is written out of the full experience of the author, therefore the beautiful sentiments are more than skin deep. Heart and hope speak on every page. The author takes her stand squarely on the old saying that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and shows the wage-earners that the cause, largely, of hard times and poor pay is poor labor. She recognizes the fact that all workers cannot become experts, because of the lack of opportunity or capacity. But she wisely points out that the majority may become proficient, and by so doing better, not only their own condition, but that of their less skillful co-laborers, for, rising to a higher plane themselves, they thereby decrease the number of drudges and increase the chances of better pay. Not only does this author insist on good work, but she advocates the following of those avocations for which one is naturally fitted. Thus she decries the idea of spoiling a good cook to make a poor type-writer; she believes that all labor is good, and that this principle should be instilled into our boys and girls. She writes from experience and observation, and her conclusion is that people not only accomplish more in those pursuits for which they are fitted by talent and intellect, but that they are happier and more hopeful. This book appeals to all classes of women wage-earners, stenographers, dress-makers, shop-girls, cooks and servants. There is also a strong appeal to parents to educate their children for some profession, and well it will be for those who heed the advice. The book is bound in two styles, cloth and paper, by the Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis. Mrs. Reifsnider "is the woman who earned it"—the author of this book.

Pittsburg Times, Saturday, February 11, 1893.

A book which women ought to read is "How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years." If they are strong and hopeful it will make them stronger and more hopeful; if they are despairing in the struggle of life it will give them courage and cheer. The author says: "I do not believe that I have done more than any other woman can do." She is a Missourian by birth, was about fifteen years old when the war closed, and when her father, having lost his slaves by emancipation, was to endure further loss by becoming security for a friend, and so she had to think of providing for herself. In the Fall of that year she became a teacher at a salary of $95.00 a month, and at the end of the collegiate year found herself $18.00 in debt. This was her first lesson. It taught her the importance of using her money wisely. She was married before she was eighteen years old, and at twenty-two was left alone in the world with two little children to support. How she supported them, gave them a start, and meanwhile earned $25,000 as a stenographer is the burden of the book. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis. J. R. Weldin & Co., Pittsburg. Paper, price 50 cents.

Omaha Daily Bee, Monday, February 20, 1893.

Mrs. Anna C. Reifsnider, in her book, "How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," makes an earnest appeal to all working women to be earnest and conscientious in their work, and to never be satisfied short of the top round in the ladder. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis.

Galveston (Tex.) Daily News, Thursday, January 26, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," is the business-like name of a book by The Woman Who Did It. The author was a young Southern woman, educated and refined, happily married and left a destitute widow with two children to support. She tells how she went to work by learning short-hand, how she economized and managed, how she saved and how she trained her children to earn their own living. It is a homely and straightforward narrative that teaches the advantages of practical education. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Philadelphia Evening Herald, Thursday, January 24, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," is a new publication which tells how an honest, but inexperienced little woman, thrown on her own resources, with others dependent upon her, took up the battle of life, fought her own way in new fields, to victory and a competency. There is room for other such publications, and this little book should meet with a wide sale. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis.

The Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Monday, January 30, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis. To an ambitious girl or woman this book can hardly fail to be an inspiration. It is written for the encouragement of women who are—from necessity or choice—breadearners. The author was left a young widow with two dependent children, and by her energy, perseverance and attention to business, supported and educated them, as well as earned a competence. What she did others may do—perhaps not all. Her advice is sound and sensible, and every girl, and boy, too, for that matter, should make it a point to learn her views.

The Chicago Daily Sun, Saturday, January 21, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It, comes from the press of the Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co. of St. Louis. It demonstrates in a simple and practical form what man has done man can do, and woman too. It is an interesting volume, written in everyday language, and is not a story of trials and sufferings, but a bright narrative of facts culled from experience and observation, showing why some succeed and others fail.

Savannah (Ga.) Morning News, Monday, January 23, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., publisher, St. Louis. Paper, 50 cents. This is a very readable story, and possesses unusual interest for those who are seeking to make their way in the world.

Pittsburg Commercial Gazette, Saturday, January 21, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," is the title of a new book issued by Anna C. Reifsnider, the well known woman publisher of St. Louis, which book will no doubt find ready sale among ambitions young womanhood. It is not a record of hard trials and great tribulations, but rather tells of how an earnest, inexperienced little woman, thrown upon her own resources, with others dependent upon her, took up the battle and fought her own way to victory and competency. It was written, the author states, and is published to show other willing but unguided mortals, how to get into paths of peace and prosperity. The author was one of the first women stenographers in the West, and began long before the days of typewriting.

Albany (N. Y.) Times-Union, Wednesday, January 25, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It (Anna C. Reifsnider). This is not a record of great trials, the telling accompanied by tears, but is a story of how an energetic woman, thrown upon her resources, with others depending on her, took up the battle and fought her own way to victory and a competency. St. Louis: The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co. Happy Hour Library, $2.00 a year.

New York Daily News, Friday, February 3, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," is written by The Woman Who Did It, and published by her own company, under her own directions. It is not a record of "hard trials and great tribulations," told with tears, for sympathetic ends. It tells how a woman, thrown on her own resources, with others dependent upon her, took up the battle, fought her own way in new fields to victory and a competency as a stenographer. It is published by the Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis, price 50 cents.

Columbus (O.) Evening Dispatch, Saturday, January 28, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," is the attractive title of a book written by Anna C. Reifsnider, who was one of the first, if not the very first, lady stenographer in the West. The book details the experience of one woman in carving out a fortune, and as it is a live story it should appeal to a much larger class than the brave women who are now trying to follow in the successful leader's footsteps. In every way the story, if such the plain recital can be called, is worthy of attention. Published by the Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis, the Happy Hour Library.

Baltimore-American, Thursday, January 26, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It, is Mrs. Anna C. Reifsnider's entertaining account of how she succeeded in stenography. It is illustrated. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis.

The Sunday Tribune, Minneapolis, January 29, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," is an odd sort of narrative detailing the process by which a St. Louis woman, Anna C. Riefsnider, gained wealth by stenography. The account is interesting, since it is the story of a plucky fight against adversity and the chances of self-maintenance. She was left a widow with children to support and helpless in every way save a determination to get ahead. In her case, fortune smiled upon resolution, and through the aid of a lawyer's clerk she acquired short-hand to such perfection of accuracy and rapidity that after a time she filled a position paying $2,500 per year. For the benefit of other women engaged the continent over in just such enterprise, it would be valuable to know just how she managed her children while away from home so much. Her task seems to have been an Herculean one, yet she accomplished it. To read her story is instructive and helpful. She gives some good advice and appears to know what she is talking about. The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis.

The Philadelphia Record, Monday, January 30, 1893.

The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis, has published a book entitled "How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It. It is a record of struggles, perseverance and success which shows what a woman can and may do. Mrs. Reifsnider, who tells her own story, was left a widow when only twenty-two years of age, with two small children to support. How she fought life's battle unaided, how she began as an amanuensis, then became an official stenographer and reporter in the courts, and private secretary to a railroad president, all this is told in a simple, modest and direct way that not only attracts, but carries conviction. Outside, however, of the charm which surrounds Mrs. Reifsnider's story, the book is valuable because of the shrewd and kindly advice which the author gives to young men and women as to their dress, their pursuits and their companionships, and as to the dignity which attaches to all kinds of labor. Any young person who reads the book will find it as fascinating as a novel, and no one can fail to be impressed with the sunny spirit which it breathes and the lesson which it teaches.

The Evening Star, Washington, D. C., Saturday, February 11, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It. Illustrated. St. Louis: The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co.

The Cleveland World, Sunday, February 12, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years." By The Woman Who Did It. St. Louis: The Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co. This book contains any amount of good advice to young men and young women, both real and anticipatory. It is hardly probable that very many young women will meet with such success in a monetary way as that which crowned her labors, for the women are conspicuous by their fewness who command the wages that she did; however, she writes in a very sensible manner, and it would be well for us all to follow her advice. "The Woman Who Did It" is Mrs. Anna C. Reifsnider, the head of the publishing house that produces the book.

Ohio State Journal, Columbus, O., March 5, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," is a book that will give aid and strength to many thousands, whether of those who are just embarking on a life of effort, or those who are almost despairingly inquiring as to how they are to begin the work of making a living for themselves in the world. The author of the book, Mrs. Anna C. Reifsnider, details therein her own experience, tells how her mind was bent on making her way to comfort and a competency, shows how she overcame the difficulties that confronted her, and how, spite of all back-sets and discouragements, she came out triumphant. The reader must not expect to find the book a story of trials and tribulations and sufferings written for the purpose of exciting sympathy. Not at all. Had she been a woman ready to dissolve in tears over every obstacle that came in her way she would never have surmounted obstacles. It is the record of how a brave, hopeful and energetic spirit, thrown upon her own resources and with others dependent upon her, took up the battle of life and conquered, because she saw that efforts and not tears were the means of winning success. Not all persons who read the book will be able to do as much as Mrs. Reifsnider has done, but no woman will read it without being stimulated thereby to do at least her best. Price, paper 50 cents, cloth $1.00. St. Louis: Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co.

The Toledo (O.) Commercial, Monday, February 27, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," is the title of a very interesting number of the "Happy Hour Library," and it details the struggles and success of a bright, energetic woman, who was left a widow at an early age, encumbered by much unprofitable "book learning" and two little children. She turned her attention to stenography, and as at that time the field was not so much occupied as at present, she won prompt recognition, and soon was a noted law reporter. From this position she was invited into a responsible post in the office of a railroad president, at a salary which permitted the saving of a very respectable sum each year, which was wisely invested in land. Her secret is soon told, and will apply to any other business; it was simply thoroughness and system. Published by the Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis.

Delaware (O.) Daily Gazette, March 30, 1893.

"How She Earned It, or $25,000 in Eleven Years," by The Woman Who Did It, Anna C. Reifsnider Book Co., of St. Louis, is a book remarkable in the great practical value it holds, especially to young women ambitious to win an honest success in life. The story itself is most charming, told in so simple a way, of a plucky fight against adversity, and over against which was so resolutely held a mother's tender love for two little children, coupled with a woman's laudable ambition to conquer success. This book has interest for all classes of readers. It has unquestioned literary merit—shows to the young what may be done, by what has been accomplished by woman unaided in life's battle. It is full, too, of shrewd and most valuable advice to both young men and women as to dress, companionship and habits of life, while the author with most graceful and ingenious pen, through all its pages dignifies labor, and throws round all kinds of honest work the attractive glamor of a success attainable by all who are willing to pay the price of sincere and honest effort. And especially in the wholesome lessons it conveys of self-denial practiced and difficulties overcome, is this book a healthy innovation on the flood of lighter literature now sweeping our land, and we can with Prof. Swing most heartily thank this brave little woman "for living such a life." Another interest attaches to the canvass of our city for this book in the bright little canvasser "Carrie Gorgas," who in this brave starting out, has no doubt caught her inspiration from the book she is acting agent for.

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